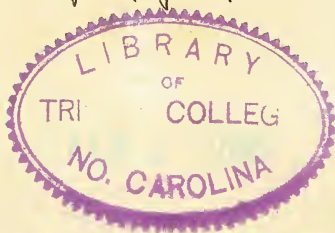


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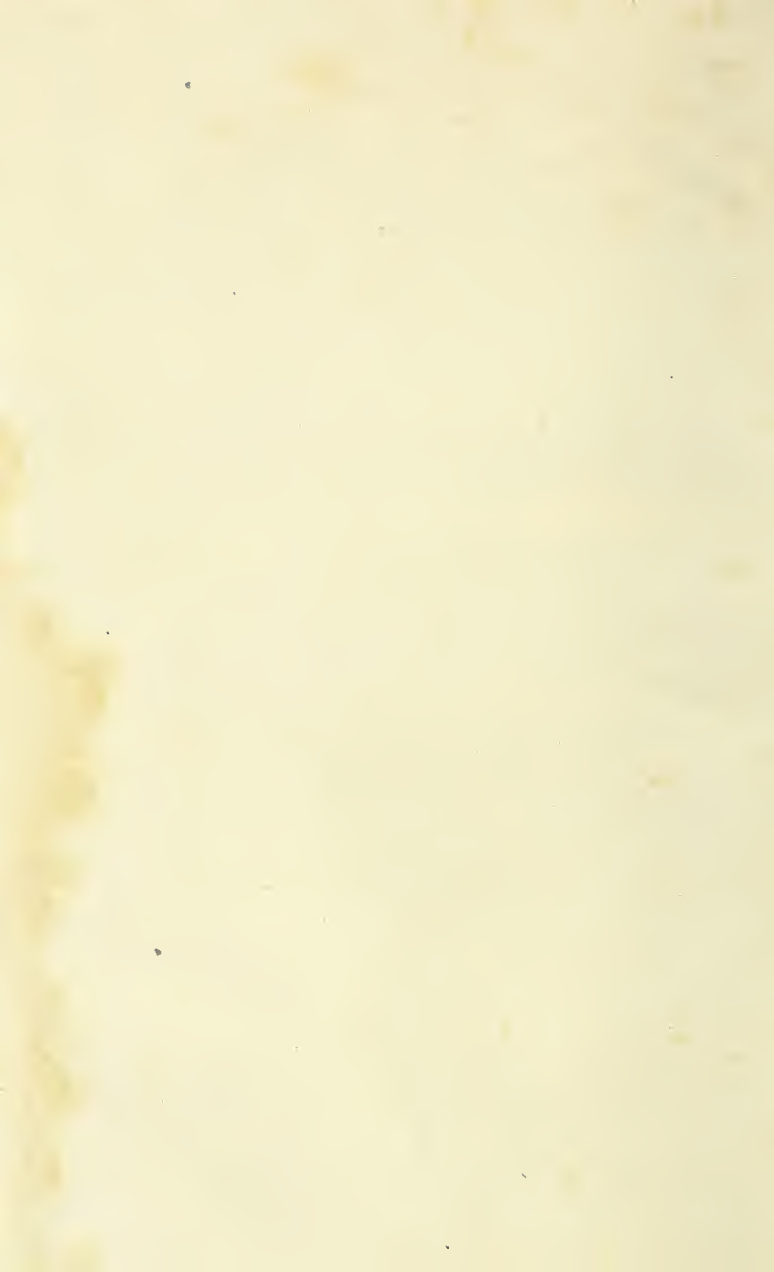


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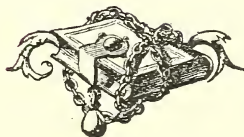
AND

HUSKS OF SWINE;

OR,

THE CURSE OF JEALOUSY.

A Life History.



BALTIMORE:
PRINTED BY JOHN Y. SLATER,
SOUTH & GERMAN STREETS.
1874.

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To the Public.

Buy this book, dear reader. It is to dry the Widow's tears and stop the Orphan's cry.

"Go away with your book. We have Orphans enough at home."

Buy it, kind and courteous reader. We never knew those who make a hobby of "good works at home," who did much at home or abroad.

THE AUTHOR.

51983

TO THE CRITICS.

DEAR Critics. We know it is an unusual thing for a writer to forestall your honorable selves, and criticise his or her own works. But as there are things new and old to be brought out of the treasury, and as we never care to tread in the usual beaten path of the multitude, therefore we depart from it in this instance, and come to present our humble self before your august presence.

In the pages of our book, to which we indirectly allude, there are some good ideas, there are some unique, there are some unusual, and some that may be thought a little out of the way by some. It is your good, sober, honest, righteous judgment we want; not your carping, cavilling, fault-finding without reason, your harsh and cruel criticisms of many things which you could not perhaps mend yourselves. For we ourself are critical and scrutinizing to an extent you would not look for in one about his or her own works. If you criticise too severely, we can wrap you up in a sheet of irony equal to any you could use. Our sarcasm would not fail to make you feel, be ye stoic or cynic.

There are some lucid lines in our book, and there are some that seem to show a bemuddled brain at times, which,

if you are writers yourselves, you know to be altogether unavoidable, unless one had the power, time, and opportunity to throw his pen down every time a cloud overshadowed him, and wait for the clear dawning and rising of his intellectual sun.

If, in some of the delineations in the darkest and most sorrowful pages of this work, there is not that euphemism which becomes good taste, we shall thank you from our heart to point it out to us.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

"My dreams have boded all too right —
We part — forever — to-night!
I knew, I knew it *could* not last,—
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!

"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft, black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

"Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their objects;
Trifles light as air are, to the jealous,
Confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ."

There is in this wide world an opinion rife that "misery loves company." — SHAKESPEARE.

THE humble Peri of these pages dissents from this in a general sense. Though sympathy, sweet sympathy, congenial sympathy, is as refreshing to the weary soul as the dew of heaven on parched plants; yet, to see others miserable, and ourselves equally miserable,

without the power to soothe, is, to the truly sensitive, magnanimous soul, an accumulation of sorrow, an agony of horror, too great to be borne without tears, pity, and anguish of heart. Like the Man of sorrows, she would rather suffer alone, than to see others suffer without relief.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IN the following pages there is much delineated of heart sorrows; and we once thought of giving it a different title from that which now appears at the head of each page. Some few objected, and some liked the title first written; but none have objected to this, except such as thought it a metaphysical disquisition, which they imagined "The Bread of Heaven and the Husks of Swine" indicated, not knowing how nicely the hero can be represented eating the Husks of Swine when he is wild with fury and passion on account of "trifles light as air," and how eating the Bread of Heaven, when in his lucid moments, heaven seems to be on earth to him, and all nature dancing with joy. So great is his apparent happiness, one would think his equanimity would never be disturbed again, not the ripple of a wave would ever ruffle the smooth surface of his mind. But, oh, how delusive and illusive all such appearances! Does not the king of beasts, the lordly lion, have his calm moments? When appetite is appeased, and he in repose, then all his ferocious passions are asleep. But are they dead? Oh, no. Once let him awake from his quieting slumbers, and feel the keen force of his dreadful, fierce

appetite for food, and woe be to the weaker animal which might chance to be in his way. So with our hero. When in his lair, like the wild beast, he was perfectly calm, and when he awoke with a sense of his dreadful passions all aroused, woe be to the victim who had the temerity to *dare* oppose him.

Hence we conclude that we see a great many who eat more of the husks of the swine than the bread of heaven, because unrestrained and unbridled passion seems to be so pleasant to them, while indulging in it. Behold the inebriate! What a delirium of happiness he seems to enjoy. He is the richest man in all the country.

O passion, blind passion, unbridled passion—passion for spirituous liquors, for vices of every hue and color, and of deepest dye! how thou hast slain thy thousands and ten thousands! The sword hath been weak where man's multitudinous passions held the mastery.

And now, dear reader, as every book put forth is, or ought to be, for entertainment or amusement,—and our little book claims to be of the former,—walk with me into some large grove. Imagine a very large party assembled, and, as it is customary to drink toasts before or after the repast, we prefer drinking our toast before partaking of what is set before us.

There are things new and old before us. Some of the viands seem more of the herb, others of the bitter sort: these may do those good who have had the roses and sweet spices all their lives. A little contrast may do no harm, if it be only to bring to their thoughts the amount

of bitter herbs which has fallen to the lot of many of the sisterhood of this world, who are as good, or perhaps better, than we, who have had nothing but delicacies and luxuries, flowery paths and rosy beds.

And now, seeing we have some variety at our banqueting-board, we bow most respectfully to our guests, among whom we see some of all nations, and kindred, and tongues assembled, and drink our toast most cordially:—May you, dear readers, one and all, live long and happy lives, with peace and plenty, being crowned with quiet within all the borders of our beloved land. May the God of the Bible be our God. May we, Phoenix-like, rise from our ashes, stand firm and unconquerable, the citizens of the greatest country in the world. May each and every reader be the better for reading “The Bread of Heaven, and Husks of Swine;” and inspired with thanks that one of your fellow-beings, at least, determined, by the grace of God, never to be grieved to death, never to be conquered, but to go on conquering and to conquer, through the great power of Him who sat on the white horse, and had power given Him to go “forth conquering and to conquer,” till all our foes be made our footstool. “That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; *that* our daughters *may be* as corner-stones, polished *after* the similitude of a palace; *that* our garners *may be* full, affording all manner of store; *that* our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets; *that* our oxen may be strong to labor; *that there be* no breaking in nor going out; *that there be* no complaining in our streets. Happy *is that* people that is in such a case: *yea, happy is that* people, *whose God is the Lord.*”



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BREAD OF HEAVEN, AND HUSKS OF SWINE.

CHAPTER I.

GRACE CLAIBORNE.

MAY some angel guide my hand, and enable me to dip my pen in the ink of heaven, while I bring forth these long pent-up facts—these ghosts of the past! Touch my lips with a live coal from thine altar; let the seraphim fly to me, and inspire me so that my tongue may be as the pen of a ready writer! Come hither, thou spirit of former days, and let us commune together, and in thy might wake up the power of memory to arraign these deeds of other days, so as to make a just and proper revelation of the “Bread of heaven, and husks of swine.”

To write of the acts of mankind has been the custom of all ages of the world. Holy writ abounds with descriptions of the conduct of the people of the earth of olden times. Abel, though dead, yet speaketh; Abraham speaks in his life and faith, so that he has the name of *the friend of God* entailed as an unalienable right; Moses, as the man who spake face to face with his Maker.

Job said, "Oh, that my words were now written! oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever!"

About forty years ago a gentleman and lady might have been seen wending their solitary way homeward from a camp-meeting which they had attended. It was drawing towards the middle of autumn — about the eighth or ninth of October. Nature had assumed her sombre hue rather prematurely; the leaves were bearing nearly all the colors of the rainbow, and falling to mother Earth with that gravity which propels all bodies to her level. The beauties of the Indian summer, when the leaves seem to retain nearly all their virgin green, had passed, and all nature began to clothe herself in robes of winter.

The gentleman was the superior of the lady in age about twenty years, he being about forty, and she about twenty years old. His form was tall and rather slender, his complexion fair and almost ruddy, his hair dark and tinged with gray, his eyes clear blue and small, with an under, or rather suspicious leer, unobserved to the casual looker-on; his face was long, projecting cheek-bones, flat forehead, Grecian nose, with a firm-set chin, and mouth indicating great obstinacy when laboring under preconceived opinions, either right or wrong. When under the influence of his better nature, and laughing with good-humor, or even in repose, his placid countenance could never indicate to angel-like purity that the demon of suspicion found a resting-place in *his heart*.

The lady was rather tall and slender, with fair complexion, auburn hair, hazel eyes, Grecian nose, prominent cheeks, high, intellectual forehead, round chin, and mouth indicating the utmost good-humor and credulity, and snow-white hands, as though the sun had never shone upon them. Her countenance, when in gladness, bespeaking the vivid,

lightning-like intelligence, magnanimity and universal love to mankind, blended with no thought of evil. When in sorrow, a sweet, subdued sadness pervaded her whole face, and a reserve and secretiveness of grief that was sure to be visible to one at all versed in the heart,—a mirror perfectly transparent, and a great tell-tale, whilst she, noble soul, thought all secure and hidden way down in the lowest chambers of her heart.

This woman was his wife—a bride of two months. Mr. Napoleon Smith, the gentleman, said to his handsome, intelligent wife, on their return home, some cutting, cruel, unjust words, which we will not repeat just yet.

Now Mrs. Smith, formerly Miss Grace Claiborne, had been brought up in the most refined parts of the State of —, had received a liberal education, and was in possession of every grace and virtue which so highly adorn feminine character, and which is sure to give a passport into polite circles of society. The reverence, respect, and warm love bestowed upon this young disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ would have been grateful to one much older in years than she. She was almost an idol among the serious, the great, the good, and the wise,—an object of respect and esteem and admiration among all classes in her native town and county. Although not reared in the lap of luxury as some, yet a competency for her present wants, and the blessing, the chosen blessing, of “seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, with the belief that all these things shall be added unto you, were hers.” It was not then as now, that Mammon, the meanest spirit that infested heaven, who could not so much as walk erect *there* for beholding the gold (instead of adoring God), had such complete dominion over the hearts and lives of the inhabitants of this Mammon-cursed world, that modest virtue and merit went unnoticed by. No; she was honored and

respected, and held up to the view of many as an example worthy of imitation. Mothers were wont to tell their daughters not to do thus and so when Grace Claiborne was about. Classmates were heard to say, "There is but one Christian in school, and that is Grace Claiborne." Church members would even say to her own mother, "Grace is an example to her own father and mother;" and she was the first to confess and own Christ in her own family. Although happy in her father's house, in the society of her excellent mother and three sisters, yet, as her father was at times a worshipper of Bacchus, this one thing was a grief to her, as he by this means spent much money that might have been infinitely better bestowed upon his wife and four lovely daughters. This circumstance, more than anything else, together with her innate desire for independence, and reliance on her own powers and ability, had caused her to go forth in quest of employment as a teacher in the academy of —, some hundred miles distant from her native town. To this situation she had been elected by the unanimous voice of the Board of Trustees of that place; and hither she had been brought by a relative of her father — a cousin, who seemed to manifest a great interest in her welfare.

Almost universal applause, love, and esteem had followed her up to this time for her many virtues, sterling qualities, and, not the least among them, her deep and ardent piety. Although her father was occasionally given to inebriation, yet she had at an early age, as before stated, connected herself with that branch of Christ's Church called Methodist; and had not only done this, but showed by her every-day walk and conversation, that she considered her home not on earth, but in heaven. At this new place, to which she had been conveyed by her cousin, Mr. Evans, the same popular favor was attendant on her as heretofore.

Having never had a brother, her young and ardent feelings, heightened by her strong Christian affections, mixed with great gratitude, soon ran out to this cousin in most devoted sisterly love, whom she looked upon in the light of a most exalted and *noble brother*. For how could she, noble herself, behold him take such interest in her welfare, without returning it at least in *gratitude* and prayers for his everlasting happiness? She never had possessed a brother; she now had one, and the very thought was exhilarating, and was a sense of protection to her in her lonely wanderings from her mother and sisters, to whom she was deeply devoted. The sentiment, that man does not act without interested friendship, had no place nor thought in her unsophisticated mind.

He was a young widower, in his widower's garb or sign of sorrow. He seemed to have been ardently attached to his lost wife. Previous to her going to this new place, Grace had attended school some ten months in a small town in the county adjoining the one in which she had been brought up. To this little town her cousin Evans had gone for her. They seemed to know each other by instinct on his arrival, having never met before, but corresponded by letter.

"Cousin Grace," said he, "I believe every one is in a stir about your leaving. As soon as I arrived at the hotel, Mr. T—— asked me if I had not come for Miss Claiborne?"

Here she had attended her scholastic duties with most untiring assiduity, had completed her course of studies, and gained for herself many laurels of renown, unperishable as time in the memories of the past—had conducted herself so as to gain the esteem of all the good, and had many warm friends.

And among them, not the least, was her almost adored teacher, Mrs. A——S——, whose celebrity as an instructress

followed her wherever she went ; for truly she was a noble and exalted woman, and gave Miss Grace Claiborne, at her departure from her school, high testimonials of her regard in commending her to the Board of Trustees as one of her most beloved pupils, possessed of an amiable disposition, and every other quality requisite for a teacher of the feminine mind.

Evans arrived at the place on a Saturday afternoon. Miss Claiborne could not think of setting out on a journey the next day, being the holy Sabbath day. So, by the united voice of the household where she dwelt, they all attended a quarterly meeting that day, distant some ten or twelve miles.

Miss Claiborne thought Evans appeared rather melancholy, as well he might, when he had so recently buried a lovely wife. She endeavored to cheer him. He was dreamily hanging his whip outside the carriage in which they rode, and looking at it musingly.

“Are you fishing?” said she, playfully.

He laughed cheerily ; the idea amused him, and his gloom in a measure passed away. And from that time their conversation was more lively.

That night (Sabbath night) the head of the family, at whose house she had boarded during her stay in that town, came home : she called him her father-cousin, being an own cousin to her father on his mother’s side. Evans expressed himself to be well pleased with this gentleman and his wife. Mr. A—— was one of that kind of men in whom one can have all confidence, and the more you have dealings with, the better you like them, and the more implicit faith can be reposed in their veracity and honesty. He was a devoted Christian and an honest man ; the father of a lovely family of children, and the husband of an excellent wife. He had good servants, and plenty of the good

things of life around him, and was one that could afford to be hospitable, and who delighted to be so. His house was a home for the servants of God, while he was good to all who were in need — a noble specimen of manhood in every respect.

Next morning, being Monday, Evans and Miss Claiborne set out on their journey, and bade the dear teacher and all her friends farewell. The father-cousin in particular seemed to regret the loss of his affectionate cousin, as did also his wife, to whom Miss Claiborne was much attached.

"Cousin Grace," said she, "I think you can get a husband as soon as you will say the word."

"Oh, no!" said Grace. "Cousin N——, I never thought of such a thing."

"Mr. Evans," said Mrs. A—— S——, the kind teacher, "Miss Grace is subject to despondency sometimes; you must cheer her up, and not let her spirits droop."

The father-cousin imprinted the fatherly kiss on her fair cheeks, and so did his wife, and said:

"Take care of Cousin Grace, for we all think a great deal of her."

So they bade adieu to the kindly people of S——, and sped on their way.

About two miles distant from the village, as they were crossing a little branch, Evans exclaimed:

"Well, Cousin Grace, I am glad of one thing."

"What is that?" said she.

"That I have brought you off untrammelled," he replied.

"You are not so sure of that," she answered.

For she had left loving hearts behind, to whom her gratitude was so great for their affectionate conduct towards her, that we do not think she knew how to define her own feelings. With regard to love concerning marriage, we do not

think she had any thought at that time. She regarded them all particularly as dear friends, and loved none specially. And why she should have given the evasive answer above we cannot tell, unless it were to guard her too fond and susceptible heart against any new approach on its fine-toned feelings. Certain it is that she did love her cousin. But she thought his dear wife too recently buried, to speak of love to another; and mayhap he had no such thought, either. Coquetry she was incapable of, hence we cannot define this case. It was ever painful to her kind heart to be addressed by any; for, no matter how unpleasant the person or persons might be, she thought it her bounden duty to be polite to all. This we think the only true course for every *lady*, who respects herself, to pursue.

And no matter how much those vain fellows may pique themselves upon the false idea that every lady or young girl, who may treat them with kindness and courtesy, is in love with them, yet it should not hinder or deter from this course being pursued by all ladies; for these silly ones will have ample opportunity to find out their mistake, notwithstanding all their boastings or sayings on the subject. True, it is painful for a lady to have it said she loves when she does not think of it; yet, as no true gentleman will be thus presumptuous and hasty in conclusions, we can very well dispense with the sayings of fools and coxcombs, and let them pass for what they are worth.

They continued on their trip, — a most delightful one, — the reminiscences of which lived many a day in their memories; in fact, they were never forgotten. He, in prosperity, and partly at least in pleasure, *may have forgotten*; but *she*, by the scathing hand of *adversity*, *never forgot*. All the past is riveted on *her memory forever*.

They stopped at several towns on their route to the place of destination: pleasure and happiness seemed to await them

everywhere. At one place, the town of M——, in the county of J——, dwelt a relative of Evans's—one who had bid Evans bring his newly-found cousin by, so that his family and self might have the pleasure of seeing her.

A very kind family, and much social happiness was mutually enjoyed; music of the piano was in requisition, of which Miss Claiborne was passionately fond. Oh, how exalting to her were its charms! It reanimated and caused her joyous heart to bend to heaven in a moment, and set all her frame in a state of bliss, felt on no other occasion, as if under the magic sound of heaven-born music.

As it was very cold, and Miss Claiborne had suffered from cold feet the day before, next morning Evans purchased a comfortable pair of warm cloth overshoes for her, which Miss F——, the kind sister-in-law of Mr. G——, came in with, and said: "A present for you, Miss Grace," and began putting them on her feet.

Another token of his thoughtful care and kind attention, which was calculated to make a deep impression upon Miss Claiborne's sensitive and grateful heart. She could not help loving him, and seeing in him all the noble traits of what she thought a *man* ought to be; and he was her kinsman, too, one in whose veins ran the same warm blood; the tie of affectionate consanguinity was theirs—the connecting link, and she neither thought nor dreamed of any higher relationship.

"Noble brother," said she, mentally; "some persons say sensitive and affectionate natures make too much of *little* things. Straws show which way the wind blows. And if we are not grateful for small things, are we for great ones? Since life is so largely made up of mites, that man or woman is more uniformly kind who shows it in a great many little matters more than in great ones, from the fact that we do not generally have it in our power to extend as

many large favors as small ones ; nor are we as often called upon for the one as the other."

As they were at the breakfast-table next morning, Mr. G—— remarked, jocosely, that he supposed Evans was just taking Miss Claiborne out there for market.

"I suppose," said he, "that he thinks he will get the chance of eating some of the cake." To which Evans made no reply, but looked pitiful and downcast, for it had been only about three short months since his first love—the woman of his first choice—had closed her eyes, her beautiful black eyes, on him and her two infant babes, and on all things beneath the sun, in *death*.

The next setting of the sun brought them to M——, another small town in which lived some of Miss Claiborne's acquaintances, and another teacher, sister of the one left behind. Here they were kindly and merrily entertained again. Music was the soul's vivifier again. Miss Claiborne was speaking of her great love of the sacred science. Evans, having Miss Claiborne's hand in his, said it was suited for the performance of the celestial art. This was touching a tender chord with her, for, of all her studies, music had been the most desired besides astronomy, in which she delighted, and of which she had had the opportunity to acquire a competent knowledge ; but of music she had not been so highly favored. And as their thoughts, as he remarked immediately after they left S——, seemed to run in the same channel, of course it was pleasing to her to hear from him sentiments expressed so much in unison with her own hopes and aspirations.

When they arrived in the county to which they were bound, as they were crossing a creek called Line Creek, a dark foreboding of evil came over the otherwise happy spirits of Miss Claiborne, and an oppression and sense of coming unfortunate future events, for which she could not then account.

"My dear cousin," said she to Evans, "in this place, while crossing this little water, I wish to exact a promise of you."

"What is that?" said he.

"That if I am not pleased in the place whither you are taking me, you will carry me back." ("Oh, yes, carry me back," was sung in those days as a popular song.)

"Well," said he, "Cousin Grace, I hope you *will* be pleased; you must not anticipate misfortune."

They stopped for the last time before reaching Evans's father's house, at one of his sisters, Mrs. C——. This lady appeared to be delighted with her new cousin, and was indeed a very kind lady.

Evans tarried but a short time at his sister's house, and they shortly afterwards arrived at the residence of his father,—a venerable old man, a member of the Baptist Church, very pious, but strenuous in his views, for he believed the Baptist Church to be the only true Church on earth. He greeted his new relation, Miss Claiborne, with great cordiality and hospitality, and was fatherly, kind, and obliging to her.

And oh how her young heart ran out with gratitude to this good man. For such a one she had sighed all her days, her own father having been, from her earliest recollection, often sunk into the inebriate's whirlpool. This had, like the blight of perdition, cast a shade of sadness over all the prospects of his young and rising fair daughters, four in number, together with their amiable mother; and on none of their tender minds had it had so sad an effect as on this sensitive young girl. "Tell me I *hate*," said she. "*My very soul abhors and loathes the deep, dark beverage of hell.*" She thought it a great hindrance in the way of their otherwise bright prospects for happiness in mortal life. And she thought too truly in this case. Oh, ye daughters of the sober, what think ye of the pall of mid-

night blackness to cover your devoted, defenceless heads all the morning and bloom-time of your youthful days? And if it be so dreadful, so horrible, to the poor daughter, the drunkard's child, what must it be to the poor wife who could never expect to get out of his clutches till death should release her? And oh, ye wretched fathers, who so far forget your vows at the altar of love, and fealty to your Maker, to "Provoke not your children," how will ye answer in the day of judgment for one of a thousand of the sorrows ye have brought upon your helpless offspring by your damning drunkenness? Ye that have never felt the pangs of woe accruing to the poor, sorrowful child of a father sunk in the quagmire of dissipation, and who is sometimes quite fortunate if he or she escapes without broken bones, excuse the warmth of these lines. The heart knoweth its own sorrows; and if there is an object to be pitied on this side the grave, that object is *the drunkard's child*.

One day, shortly after their arrival at Evans's father's, Mr. Napoleon Smith and his wife came.

Miss Claiborne had never seen Mr. Smith but once before, when he had called there on his way home from town, in company with others; and little did she think he had any wish to see her, having never scarcely heard of him, only that he had married Evans's sister, and was son-in-law to the good old gentleman; for Evans did not call at his house on his way to his father's. Perhaps if he had, this sad story might never have had truth and foundation to build upon, if she had seen him at home with his first wife. Miss Claiborne did not know that this visit was intended for her by her cousin, Mr. Napoleon Smith, otherwise she would not have left. But Evans had made a prior engagement for them to go to town to church, and dine at Dr. T——'s; and she, being ignorant of their intended visit to her, set off with him to fulfil their engagement to dinner.

It was now Christmas-day, she having been at Evans's father's five days. While on their way to the village, Evans said to Miss Claiborne:

"Cousin Grace, tell me if there is any love between you and that young man?" (meaning one left behind near S——.) "If you do not tell me, I will not ask you again."

And, strange to think, she would not tell him a word, but was silent during the time they were going to town. He never could divine her views, except that she wished to be let alone about all of her former friends and lovers, of whom there were many, and toward whom she had warm and grateful feelings, and for no one more particularly than another of her numerous admirers. And if Evans did not wish to acquaint himself with the fact of her former attachment for himself, he might have wished to know for the sake of others; to which, of course, she would feel a kind of resentment, as if to say, let them find out themselves, or let me alone. I do not wish to be questioned on the subject; there is no one that I desire whose face I have yet seen. And he was her noble brother, one of whom she could not well entertain higher views and regards, and, as a confidential brother, perhaps he only wished to avail himself of his adopted sister's secrets.

But he failed in this, however. Perhaps, if she had let down a little of that impregnable taciturnity that was her armor of defence, and accepted the gift of his confidence, as she certainly had the opportunity to do, such a sad tale as the following might never have been written. But, alas! we know not what is before us, nor what is best for us at all times; and, as she did not tell him all in after days, we think the sequel will prove that he alone was to blame.

Yet such were her exalted views of pure, unsullied, uninterested, undying friendship, that we believe she would rather have suffered all she did than be under obligations

to one even very dear to her, if that friend should casually or carelessly ignore or neglect her friendship, for, then, he or she forfeits it; because, to her mind, there is always a *cause* for all effects; and if affected without a *cause*, his or her friendship is without value.

Here are some nice distinctions with regard to friendship. This is, to our heroine, as the law of the Medes and Persians, that change not. But how few do we find who view friendship in this light; and yet it is the only true one. Oh, the evanescent, hollow-hearted sound called friendship! It is, indeed, like the vapor that appears for a while, and then is gone forever; it is like the candle-fly, that flutters while the blaze lasts, and when it is extinguished it is gone too.

Time rolled on. Evans's mother was not so fond of Miss Claiborne as his father was. She spoke of girls of *pretty property*, although poor herself when married to Evans's father. We heard this often in after days. In this case, as in others, straws show which way the wind blows. For, about the time Miss Claiborne was about to go to town to take charge of her school, Grace, ever observant, and, oh, too lightning-like quick to see, hear, and *feel*, took notice that she did not join as heartily as the old gentleman did in the invitation to visit them again, but said only, "I reckon Grace will want to see us sometimes."

This one thing would have deterred her if nothing else,—if her cousin Evans had made love to her a hundred times, her proud spirit, which thought herself as good as any of Adam's race, would never, never have brooked the insults of an unfeeling mother-in-law, who could pass all merit and accomplishments, and speak of girls with pretty property in her hearing, when she knew *that pretty property* was a set of darkies for whom they never worked one day in their lives; and could lightly esteem such girls as Grace, although well educated and refined, and could do all kinds of fine

work — but yet, because she did not have the darkies, she too evidently, to her sensitive mind, showed that she for one *did not think* so highly of her; nay, would rather have liked her better, if she had been as ignorant of book-learning, as they call it, as one of those sables, provided she had owned some half dozen of them! This was, then, one bitter dreg in many a noble Southern girl's cup. This would have been quite redemptive enough for her; and Grace knew it. Oh, the quickness with which such things were discerned by her!

So, not much did she care for her husband and son's cousin. Evans escorted her to town, and manifested his kind and brotherly feelings again. He admonished her by the way, and said: "How pleased he would be to hear everybody say what a fine young lady is that Miss Claiborne."

Grace replied that that had been so often the case, she did not anticipate a different state of things; nor would she, we suppose, had she not met with envy and the jealous man.

She boarded with a brother-in-law and sister of Evans's deceased wife, and took charge of her school with the rector of the academy, a Presbyterian minister of good repute, of sterling virtues and qualities. In this place Miss Claiborne was also very popular. We do not think at that time a dog would have moved his tongue against her good name and fair fame.

It was at that time a frontier town, and as young ladies of polished manners and good education were rare in that section, girls of that style were held in great admiration by gentlemen of the better class, of which there are always *some* in a new country. Consequently, great attention was paid to her and a few others of similar manners and refinement. This also, as is often the case, excites envy among those of a different style — those girls who piqued themselves upon the possession of a few sables of the African race, bequeathed to them

by their fathers, for whom they never toiled, nor put forth one cent's worth of energy, either intellectual or physical, in all their lives,—their short and worse than useless lives.

Evans's deceased wife's sister was a woman altogether devoid of everything good and lovely belonging to the feminine character. She envied Miss Claiborne. But such a thought never entered the pure girl's mind at that time. She had said to her cousin, when speaking of whom she should board with, "It is a matter of importance, my cousin, that I should board with a prudent woman." And if he thought his sister-in-law one, he was sadly mistaken; which is another proof how egregiously men sometimes err in their estimate of women. Undeserving women are sometimes held in estimation by them, while others, of a nobler, more reserved nature, and deep sincerity, are overlooked by them. From all time, the woman of the worst advice seems to hold more sway and influence over men's minds than the really good and sincerely pure. This woman's mouth dropped the very honey-comb of double-refined deception. She saw the warm friendship existing between Evans and his cousin, Miss Claiborne. Jealousy, deep as the pit, got into her deceitful heart, and she determined to break it off. She had a single sister then, whom she would fain have married to Evans; and naturally enough, too, for by that means she would have secured her deceased sister's two little children,—a sweet and lovely little girl and infant boy. Her property too,—for it was boasted that this single sister had *fifteen negroes*,—was a powerful incentive to a man of sense, when she could not write her own name handsomely.

After a time, Evans was not so frequent in his visits to his cousin as formerly.

The veritable landlady undertook to explain. She said Evans had talked to her about it, with tears, and said that

he was fond of his cousin's society, but the report had gone out in town that Evans and Miss Claiborne were going to be married. A slight cause, thought Miss Claiborne, for making his visits less frequent. True, she had many suitors, — a dozen at a time frequently of an evening, — all sitting, as one said afterward, charmed and pleased. One said she had the most vivid imagination of any woman he ever knew; another said he had heard some say they would enjoy her society more if she did not speak so much of religion. Well, it is not wise to thrust our religion at every one, nor cast our pearls before swine; but what an objection! Some of those very admirers are in eternity now. Wonder if they think she spoke of our holy religion too much now! Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Miss Claiborne thought much on divine subjects, therefore, if she talked at all, she must needs speak of what she thought most. Although thus surrounded by those who professed to be her great admirers, yet it was with her as with all true, loving, affectionate dispositions; her cousin having been to her as a brother, she could not so well and lightly dispense with his loved society, though she had one hundred others, without a good reason for so doing. And was this a good reason? Now to be deprived of his company, for the pitiful excuse of the idle and gossiping people of that place, seemed passing strange to her. Notwithstanding, she felt lonely at times when she thought of her kindred, her mother and sisters; she felt the heart of a *stranger*, and almost of a lonely orphan. For was she not trying to battle with the world for a living? She was offended. He came; she started to leave the room; he called her, and said:

“Cousin Grace, there is a letter in my hat for you that I brought from the post-office.”

Another stab to her affectionate heart — kindness and

unkindness blended. Would that it were all one way, then would she know how to take it. She showed her displeasure more than was usual with her—took the letter from his hat, and ran up to her room, and there read her letter, and remained till summoned to dinner, and so soon as it was dispatched hastily retired to her room again. He called for her; he and the veritable sister-in-law sitting *tête-à-tête*.

“Cousin Grace,” said he, “let not what the fools of this place say affect your mind.”

She replied: “I had no such thought,” and then said no more, her impregnable taciturnity coming to her relief.

CHAPTER II.

AN ENEMY.

IT was unpleasant, the whole affair. Grace could not exactly define her feelings; but we think they were something like the following, if spoken out: “Then why do you regard them? you are a man, and afraid of no one. I am a lone girl, in a strange place, and must I be deprived of your society and you of mine, of which you say you are fond, for the sake of those very fools whom you *tell me* to disregard?”

Oh, strange inconsistency, and not at all in accordance with his kind attentions, in the beginning foreshadowed and held forth. And oh, how glad she was that she had ever acted on the reserve to this new relation. He need take no fright, thought she. And yet it was ever with her so; if she once liked a person, and he or she had laid her very

tender, grateful heart under tribute to that person or persons, her gratitude and love were such that it would take a perfect storm to tear these tendrils of affection asunder. It would be a very terrible affair that would cancel in her mind former favors. Hence the hardness of a world like this, where thoughtless persons so often let fall the unguarded word—sometimes, too, cruel words,—like worm-wood on a sensitive heart. And all this for no fault of her own, for people will talk, if they never pray. Idle talk is more congenial to most of mankind than praying; but, in this case, where was the harm? What hurt did it to any to speak of the probability of two persons being married? Did it so grate on his ear that he could not bear to hear it, and then tell her not to regard it? She had never heard it; but if she had, it would not have made her shy of his company, for she knew there was no truth in it—so far as she was concerned—and by this version from the sister-in-law, it was no thought of his. And we think there is not a woman in the world who would have felt pleasant under such delectable circumstances. She was in bad hands as regards her landlady, but she knew it not then.

A bitter feeling, as of a lonely orphan, came over her, and she thought of the sad foreboding that cast a shadow over her mind as soon as she entered the county, and it ought to be known to him that much of the sorrow of her after life lay at his door. Not that she wished him to address her, or marry her—nothing of the kind. Before high heaven, this was not the case. Marriage was the least of all her thoughts. She had had ample opportunities to get married, and was not at all concerned on that subject, especially to this beloved cousin, whom she considered already near enough kin to her—not a cousin only, but as a dear brother. And is there any purer and more unselfish

love on this earth than a gentle, kind, devoted sister's love?

Time rolled on. He came frequently, but not so often as before. That indefinable feeling never got off her spirits; and she blamed him in her inmost heart, for if it had not been for him, she would have left that town soon after her arrival there, the prospects of her school not being so auspicious as she had been induced to believe and expect, for he had written to her that, judging from the past, it would be worth at least five or six hundred dollars; and now, because some were prejudiced against the poor old academy, because of the former incumbent, and vowed they never would send to school in that house again, *her* school was small. The old house! a potent reason for not sending.

Such are some of the caprices of the public. An unaccountable set to deal with, and those who have least to do with them are perhaps happiest.

She spoke of leaving, and going to a place to which she had been solicited to go by a Mr. P——, before coming to this place. Her cousin A——, too, of S——, had preferred her going to M——, because it was nearer, so that he could attend to her, if she did not succeed according to her expectations. In the very place she left, in C—— county, one day coming from church, the pastor was in close conversation with her cousin N——, wife of Mr. A——, and told her he could get a school worth five hundred dollars *right there*, without the trouble of going to this frontier town. But her foolish idea of being among her relatives, whom she had never seen, the spirit of adventure, and the *enchantment* that seemed to allure her thither, balanced the scale, and caused it to preponderate in favor of the new place. And when she came, and was sadly disappointed in many respects, she said, "I will leave this place."

"Oh," said Evans, "you will ruin our town to leave us now."

"Now," thought she, sadly, "what must I remain for? My business is not good, as I was made to believe, and why stay under an engagement to a parcel of trustees who have not been overwise themselves?" They had, through their correspondent, held out prospects that had not been realized, nor did she think ever would be, at least in time to relieve her anxieties. Although all pretended to be her friends, this did not feed and clothe her. The trustees could no more control the prejudices of the populace than she could, and she scorned the idea of being dependent on friends and relations, but hoped and expected her own energies to work out for her her salvation in every want and desire of her heart. Therefore, she could but ask the question, "Why wish me to remain, when, perhaps, I can do much better elsewhere? Had not I as well, or better, ruin the town, than for it to ruin me? They will be better able to bear it, for if I stay even one term out, and the school is not flourishing, it will be said it went down in my keeping because I am young. So my mind is to take my humble self from hence." Friends and relations will flock around in a day of prosperity, but when the winds of adversity blow, they are too often blown away by them. God help this fickle world! Who ever depended upon it, and did not get his hand, and his heart, too, pierced?

These reasonings proved to be all *too* true; and whether Evans had a design in wishing her to remain, is known only to high heaven.

Here we record this as one of the great mistakes of her life, and for which she paid the most costly penalty, — that of tribulation, sorrow, and misrepresentation nearly all her after life; for, although very amiable in her disposition, and easy to yield, yet she had decision of character enough

in the elementary parts of her mind to act and do well for herself, if she had commanded it, on this occasion. There came times over her, in after days, when, if any man or set of men would have undertaken to hold her under such abominable and offensive obligations, — and she entangled with them by no stronger chains than these, — every sentiment of a highly-incensed, wronged spirit would have arisen in opposition to their cowardly doings, and she would have left that town, ruin or no ruin, if she had, in her efforts to get away, broken every trace and harness that they seemed so ignobly to have considered binding on her. If friends and relations advise well for us, well; if not, we should advise well for ourselves; because, if misfortune comes to us, we will almost invariably be blamed. “Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself,” said an inspired penman; and the saying is no less true in our day than then. She remained against her own judgment, and hence follows all the horrors that are detailed in the following pages.

And we here remark, that we have never known it to be otherwise, during the course of a long life of *close* observation, that when an individual, male or female, follows the advice of others, — let him be Gabriel or other angel, if he were on earth, — against the workings and judgment of his own mind, “the still voice,” which says “this is the way, walk ye in it!” he or she is sure to suffer for it. The great Dr. L—— P——, more than forty years ago, sounded out from the pulpit, in the State of G—— and town of G——, (in which, at that time, dwelt the best people it has ever been our lot to see and to know,) when we did this thing or that, “Did not *something* tell you it was wrong?”

Evans had evidently been very fond of his cousin. Sometimes, when coming to the house, and getting sight of her through the window, he would kiss his hand to her, walk

with her to the Academy, and try to comfort her, for he saw very plainly that she was desponding, her heart heavy and drooping; and he would say, "Good-bye, my sweet sister," and she would reply, "Good-bye, my dear brother." All this, however, happened before his conference with the sister-in-law. No wonder she should think his conduct mysterious in after days.

Oh, why did not her unsuspecting heart see where her enemy was, and flee from her as from a deadly serpent? Miss Claiborne, as before said, had many admirers, among whom was one, a particular friend of Evans, who also seemed to be a warm admirer of his fair cousin — whether to endeavor to make a conquest, and to see how far he could play on the affections of another, we never knew. Of one thing we are sure: he was very obsequious in his attentions to this young lady; and she, because she was from first sight struck with his personal appearance, was guarded towards him in the beginning of their acquaintance. But it would have been as impossible for her, with her innocent, guileless, unsuspecting, and candid nature, no more versed in the ways of the world than she was then, to have thought that one so tall, erect, and with such handsome features, and so *manly in his bearing*, could have been guilty of deception. Nay, if she had been an angel from heaven, she might have been more suspecting, for they (the angels) perhaps know more of the ways and hearts of men than innocent and confiding human nature; and, oh, how often have we grieved that a pure spirit, sent from the upper world, should *ever know* the deception that generally lurks through all Adam's race. It is like the first serpent that made its unholy descent into Eden's bowers. It winds and entwines its unseemly self about everything near, and enters every hole and corner of man's heart; enters into every crevice and works its way through all the fibres,

thoughts, and devices of its too many willing subjects. He would often repeat verses of poetry in her hearing: "Had I the world, I'd give it all to be with thee." Then he would take her pocket-Bible, which she generally had about her, and point to that place: "And now I beseech thee, lady, that we love one another;" and again: "Throw back those golden tresses;" "I would thou wert mine, I would keep thee ever as now."

These are small items, some may think; but large mountains are composed of small grains, and, in our estimate of things, causes and effects must be held forth. Was it not at least flirtation? In our opinion, no one should endeavor to make an *impression* on another that is not true; for if it be not true, it must be false. Perhaps a love of the world was a desideratum with him.

Miss Claiborne never intended to love him, although well pleased with his apparent good and kind manners; for she had heard that he had loved another before she ever saw him. But by this time Grace had gone to board with another lady, and left the deceitful sister-in-law of Evans. She now abode with Mrs. M. A. B. S——, a lady with whom she was much pleased, but whose policy was rather more worldly than was Miss Claiborne's. "Oh," said she once, speaking of this gentleman, "how could he love you whom he had never seen? For if he did love Miss W——, it was long before you came."

This argument had some force with Miss Claiborne; and when, on one occasion, he was in trouble, or pretended to be, Grace pitied him, and sympathized with him. Pity, we have heard, is nearly allied to love. We never loved any one whom we did not first pity for some real or imaginary sorrow mixed with what we thought his noble qualities. To say he was unkind to Grace would not perhaps express the matter rightly, unless in endeavoring to make impres-

sions which were not real. That indeed would be unkindness of the sharpest kind.

With his low, soft tones, to make an innocent, confiding girl believe that he loved her when he did not, is certainly the greatest folly and madness. It is said of our blessed Saviour, "neither was deceit in his mouth." If Grace had been versed in a knowledge of the world, and had not already been on her guard, his sin had not been so great. But he had no cloak or covering for his double-dealing; and we suppose he has expiated long since for all these wrongdoings. One redemption was in the matter. When Grace did discover that he had made the attempt to trifle with the most holy affections of the human heart,—although for many long years she did not hate him, as he was ever kind and attentive to her whenever he met with her, while she remained in that country,—yet, when she did behold him in the last times, she said, mentally, "If thou be he, oh how fallen, or changed!" And she did inwardly thank God that he had *never been her husband*, if, in being such, he would have appeared the filthy, sordid being he did, when he used to be as neat as a new pin—stately and manly.

Could it be possible that in delving after the muck straw of this world, to be spent in a blast by some profligate heir, the human form divine could be so debased?

"Like Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,

And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and, wondering, tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did they want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold."

It was thus it seemed his life had been spent, with head bent down, intent on the accumulation of gold; in character with heathen industry and assiduity in its acquisition. But we know his love to his fellows, farther than self-interest,

"Was all false and hollow: though his tongue
Dropped manna."

And how he stood with his Maker, it is not for us to say.

To his own Master he stands or falls. It was said he was honest, and exacting to the last cent, which is more than can be said of many others of his profession. It was also said that he had no tenderness of heart towards the poor. We heard of a dear lady who had been reduced to limited circumstances from the most refined and polished circles of life. He, without previous introduction, without being announced, and without any of that kind, soft manner so grateful to the oppressed with poverty and depressed spirits, — which none knew better how to use in former days when it suited his purposes, now all laid aside among these poor refined ladies, — burst their door unceremoniously open, and accosted them rudely on the subject of his business with them, as if, with their altered circumstances, they had lost all their refinement and knowledge of courtesy. Where were those low, soft, mellow tones now? The poor, we fear, will not rise up and call him blessed. He has not made to himself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness.

Once, when Grace was speaking of the poor prospects of her school, he advised her to quit teaching, and get married. He would walk with her to Sabbath-school and church — a Sabbath-school gotten up by her exertions in that place. He would say to her, in his peculiar style, again, “There was but one righteous Lot in the place;” which appellation he applied to her, and would speak of her intelligent countenance and intellectual brow to others. All of which affected Miss Claiborne not at all; for she knew herself that she was a poor sinner, saved by grace and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. Vanity was not one of her besetments. If it had been, there might have been danger, for she had been praised all her life. What is the praise of men? It goes with the breeze; for the same breath that will praise you loudest, is often the first to censure, and for no fault of our own either, perhaps, but merely

because we may be fortunate or unfortunate, or, mayhap, because we may be in the way of some envious one who thinks we stand in the way of his or her exaltation. This young disciple preferred the honor that comes from God.

Miss Claiborne had met Mr. N. Smith once on the streets, on her way to school. He was in town during the court week there. He very cordially invited her to come out to visit them in the country, saying he would send for her any time she would say she would come. And why did she not go? Alas! if she had, a whole lifetime of sorrow might have been prevented. And although there was much attention paid her from the gentlemen, yet she never was content to remain after the late conduct of Evans; the chief ground of dissatisfaction being the insufficiency of her school.

She had another special admirer, one of whom Evans did not think so well; but one who was, from all that could be gathered about him, sincerer in his professions than the friend of Evans.

Time waned. The first term of the scholastic year was drawing to a close. She had now, she thought, fully resolved to leave for the place spoken of before, and leave all fair friends in word behind.

The gentleman admirer — more sincere than the friend of Evans — wrote something in the way of a farewell address.

“Farewell,” said he, “and though we meet no more,
Think not that I’ll forget;
For memory shall often travel o’er
Time passed since first we met.

“Your charms may not cheer
Another hour for me,
But may they gain for you some dear,
Some mutual destiny.

"You may be happy, even *great*,
Though sometimes now in gloom;
But sadness is decreed by fate
To be my endless doom."

Wonder if this were not his fate sure enough, as he chose this world for his portion.

"Strive on, with philanthropic zeal
The youthful mind to lead ;
And time will soon reveal
That worth shall gain its meed.

"Success be yours, whether you roam,
Or from the world retire —"

The two remaining lines and another verse not being at hand, we cannot insert them. This, we think, was pretty near the finale of this poor fellow with Grace, as she was married shortly after, and never saw him but once more during life ; though she both heard and read some of his poetical effusions several times during his life. He signed himself the "Bard" of the locality where he dwelt, and was, we believe, a popular man as long as he lived.

About this time Mr. Smith and another one of the trustees called on Grace in town, to endeavor to induce her to take a school in their neighborhood in the country, saying she could make at least three hundred dollars by Christmas. Now this she looked upon as insult added to injury. She declined accepting the offer, because of the utter failure of all her expectations in the school in town.

In a short time Evans came and dissuaded her from leaving, and held out further inducements in reference to the school. She then consented to go. Evans's friend accompanied her out there. She attended the school the first day ; but, behold, the prospects were equally gloomy with those in town. She came back to Smith's house utterly

discouraged and disgusted. Determined in her own mind to be no longer baffled by these people, she tarried one night under Smith's roof, and next day returned to the town; on the following day she sent for Evans, and told him she now held him good to his promise to carry her back. He tried again to dissuade her from her purpose of leaving forever, as she thought, a place in which she had done so little for herself in a pecuniary point of view.

He said, "I thought you were to make your fortune in this county."

She replied, "I do not think there is anything here for me."

"So carry me back."

True instinct again, and "that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And why should one mortal ever persuade another from following it, when the decisions sometimes made are fraught with eternal interests to the parties? And thus Evans, under promise of coming back in a day or two to take her to the desired place, left. Meantime, he had gone to Smith, his brother-in-law, to get his carriage to take her, and said to Smith he would be right glad if he would not let him have it, "for I do not wish her to go."

"Oh, yes," said Smith to Evans; "you can have it." For *his* wife was now dead, and he had serious thoughts of addressing Miss Claiborne himself, and intended, if she left, to follow her.

During this time the young unmarried sister-in-law of Evans, with the *fifteen negroes*, called one day at Mrs. M. A. B. S.'s, and said to Miss Claiborne:

"Who is going to take you to M——, Miss Grace?"

"Why, my cousin, of course," she replied; "as he promised to do when I first came, if I should not like to stay."

Since those days of trial, — so horrible in retrospect to a young sensitive mind like Miss Claiborne's, — we have seen very clearly that this young girl and her sister had their eyes on Evans's movements; for they had, in part, broken up the social happiness between him and his cousin, and did not half like this anticipated trip in her company again.

In after days it was discovered that they had stood between the cousins. But of that she did not dream at the time. She only thought *some things* were strange, passing strange and mysterious; but as she loved no one particularly, she puzzled her brain about it no more.

If there was anything this side of heaven Grace prized above all earthly possessions, it was her pure, unsullied reputation, which had ever been as clear as the sun. Grace heard, not a great while after all these amiable developments, that this veritable married sister-in-law of Evans had, for no fault on her part, told a most slanderous falsehood on her. This she heard from several respectable authorities, — one, the Presbyterian minister with whom she was associated in her school, and one other, Miss A—— W——, who said she had heard the audacious slanderer affirm it for the truth.

Grace never spoke to the yellow slanderer again for many long years. And was she not right in feeling at first, instinctively, that she ought not to board with her, when she said to Grace, "You is going to board with me, is you?" And this slanderous tale, put into Evans's ears, was the cause, doubtless, of his saying to Smith, when he went to ask for the carriage, "Grace, he reckoned, had done wrong." O heavens! that Grace had heard it in time that *he* said *so*! She never would have let him interfere with any interests of hers again, school or no school; nor taken her away from that place, either; for she would have taken the stage, and gone to M——, and never would have seen his

face again, for believing that slanderous lie of his slatternly sister-in-law, with her filthy little urchins around her, instead of believing her too pure to do anything amiss on this earth, if she knew it. If this was his model of a prudent woman, God help him for a weak judgment in such matters.

“Done wrong!” Yes, she did, my noble sir, in one thing — that she fled not from you and all her *very kind friends there*, and went among people like she left in S——, where you first saw her, and where a whole village of people *were her friends* indeed, without a dissenting voice.

O heavens! how we do hate coarse people, for they are nearly always sure to envy and slander those superior to them.

Grace never could think of this abominable woman again without the utmost contempt. What could have induced her thus to belie an innocent, unsuspecting, confiding girl, she never could divine. She regarded her as a murderess. For had she not stabbed her fair name in a most vital part, and gone on with impunity? Whereas, if she had assassinated her body, all the country would have been in arms against her, and justice would have been demanded by the laws of the country. Now, she had done worse, and no one interfered except her friends, who knew the right side of the matter, and cried shame, shame, upon her! And we are almost sure we saw some of the effects of this lie on the mind of her sister in W—— P—— thirty years after. Nay, we do not think it wrong to wish that slanderous woman, who could so deliberately tell this diabolic falsehood, which she *knew* to be false, might yet receive in this world the full reward of her foul deed; that she may drink the bitter cup to the very dregs; for, if never expiated in this life, it will be *forever* in the next, as we can look upon her in no other light than that of a murderess of the first

order. Nay, worse; for the effects of killing the body would have ceased, but the sufferings inflicted by scandal never, never cease till the great *day* of God Almighty shall come.

“Make no enemies; he is insignificant indeed, that can do thee no harm.” Grace had never done anything in her life intentionally to make an enemy. Some may think it a light thing to speak evil of the absent; but that such sentiments are more popular among mankind, more so than they could ever be brought to acknowledge to themselves or others, is manifest from the favor in which such people are held. Favor! says one; yes, *favor*, my dear sir, else the practice would cease. “Where no wood is, the fire goeth out; so where no tale-bearer is, strife ceaseth.”

“Good morning, Mr. Tattle-bearer.”

“Well,” says Mr. Tattle-retailer, “did you hear what Mrs. Goodall has done?”

“No,” says Mr. Tattle-bearer.

“Well,” says Mr. Tattle-retailer, “I am sorry I mentioned it; but, as I have, I will tell you.”

All the time Mr. Tattle-retailer is so glad to tell Mr. Tattle-bearer, that it is a rich treat to him to have this bit of scandal to retail. “He rejoices more than when their corn and wine increase,” and does not seem to even know that it is written of a good citizen of the world or Zion. He is described as one “that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.”

We once heard a man of God, a good minister of the gospel, say, “That he did wish that love could be preached all round his circuit.” And we wish it could be preached all round *the world*. And another is like it, — even better, — which we pray ardently might be printed in golden let-

ters on the skies, and on *everything* in creation. "Thinketh no evil." What is it that thinketh no evil? Is it man, woman, or child? Is it cherubim, seraphim, or angel? No; it is Charity! And what is charity? Not your little gifts *called* charity, grudgingly dealt to the poor as if you were parting with your life's blood. No! that is a desecration of the name. But how shall we describe it? Where get words to express it? Who understands the meaning of the word, "Charity"? Theoretically and practically none but our heavenly Master, and such as have yielded themselves to God, so as to be transformed into His glorious image in heart and life, and to obey the injunction of Him who was Charity personified, — the immaculate Son of God, — who said, "Do unto *all* men as ye would they should do unto you; for this is the law and the prophets." Whoever did this, and failed to feel the peaceable fruits of righteousness, even though he should be persecuted for it? From long experience and observation, we have found this to be one of the most prevalent evils in this sin-benighted world, and one that is indulged in by what is called good society, and sometimes by those who name the holy name of *Christ*, with less compunctions of conscience than any other sin whatever. Indeed, such is the frequency of this blinding sin, that few persons take notice of it. And there are many, even of comparatively good people, who, if they were told they were guilty of this heinous sin, would be utterly astonished, and be ready to deny any such charge as lying at their door. The disease is so deep and hidden, that none but the most skilful can detect it. And so much do a certain class of mankind like to indulge in vituperations against their kind, that it does not seem as if they wished to desist from this awful practice, or to be enlightened in regard to it. Who has seen it or heard it, say they? Or what harm is there in it? I meant no harm. And some

will even wipe their mouths, as the evil woman, and say, "I have done no evil. Our tongue is our own; we can say what we please." Oh, yes, fair tattler, "therewith bless you God, and therewith curse *man*, who is made in the similitude of God." They indulge in this evil inclination of their hearts, because, as Mr. Noyes Harris says, "Selfishness, the sin of the world, has long since become the sin of the Church." So these precious sinners know that there is no sin — excepting that of covetousness, its mother or twin-sister — more indiscriminately overlooked by the world than this. Therefore they have so graciously transferred it among the members of the Church, because it is in favor, it is fashionable. And yet *all* speak against it. Scarcely any will admit that he or she is guilty of it, so very much are they beclouded by the glamour of this evil. If, on some occasions, their every word of evil against the absent was written down and brought before them, they would, in all probability, deny ever uttering such words, or think you demented in asserting such things of them. They forget, or perhaps never read, the holy words, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And that "many shall say unto Him in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have done many wonderful works?" And what is the reply? "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity; for I *never* knew you." Oh, here is where the misery lies in Christendom. The want of love to one another, especially to those of the household of faith.

We feel and know that our feeble pen is not sufficient to paint this dreadful picture of a common evil as its vast importance demands. Would that God's heralds of the Cross would take it up more zealously than they ever have done, and tell their people, tell all the world, of the sin of leprosy being upon them so deeply that the taint runs from generation to generation, till indeed, in this matter, the sins of the

fathers are visited upon the children, not only to the third and fourth generation, but (is it not reversed?) shows itself almost among thousands of generations, whose minds are tainted with this loathsome practice or disease.

It is not for us, either, to say what the popular amusements of a nation should be. But would it not be well for some master-hand to *show* off the deformity of this vice in all its hideousness? Its slime can be traced back to the bower of Eden. Did not the adversary of God and man begin by misrepresentation? And of whom did he speak evil? And whom did he misrepresent? Beware, fair dealer in slander! You see whom you imitate, and whose model is your guiding star — Satan, that old serpent, and the great and holy God is the one whom he misrepresented. His most faithful followers are sometimes traduced most. This, you see, is the handiwork of Satan, our common enemy. And will you be his ally? Oh tell it not; let not the heathen hear this — that citizens of the greatest country in the world deal in scandal and evil-speaking. We have heard that the Cuban ladies speak not evil of the absent — speak no evil one of another. We have advantages more than Cuba.

Now, while Grace was waiting for the return of Evans, Mr. Napoleon Smith had been to town, and walking with Miss Claiborne and her landlady, Mrs. M. A. B. S——, Grace said, in speaking of leaving:

“I do not like to stay in a place where I cannot make my honorable support.”

“Oh,” said Smith, “*your friends will support you.*”

Now Evans, instead of coming in a day or two, had gone to a Commencement in A——, far beyond the place to which Miss Claiborne wished him to take her. So easily he could have taken her while on this trip. But she knew not of this, and sat looking every day for his return according to promise, until her eyes were strained and she weary,

for she was impatient to be gone. After waiting "*many days*," at last she ventured to ask her landlord if he had seen her cousin in town recently. And behold he replied, "Why, he has gone to the Commencement in A——!" Miss Claiborne was thunderstruck. It was unaccountably strange, and passing strange! What could she think? Oh that she had then and there hired her way on the stage and gone to M——! It stirred her up again, however, and something like resentment took possession of her heart this time.

"I will no more be dependent on you," said she, mentally, "if I take the stage and go. Such unpunctual conduct, and seeming indifference to my interests, when you know how anxious I am about this matter, and how much you have professed to be concerned for my welfare."

Now Smith knew of Evans's absence long before she did. So he went to town, one day, with the intention of calling on Miss Claiborne.

The landlady having gone a shopping, she was alone, just as he wished, he said. But she would as soon have thought of a visit from some inhabitant of the moon (the man in the moon, for instance) as a visit from him. And least of all — of his business. She thought perhaps he had come to speak of her going away, or other business matters. But behold! he laid siege to her heart and hand, and sat wooing her from morning till high noon in his own way. She seemed not to understand him, and, in fact, did not; for he spoke of her future prosperity, which she very naturally thought applied to her prospects in regard to making money by her school, as this was the one all-prevailing idea with her.

Near the close of his long address, she said:

"Why, sir, I do not think I understand what you are driving at."

“Why, for us to get married,” said he, “if you are not engaged.”

Then she was astonished beyond measure, and as much thunderstruck as when she heard of the exit of Evans, while she was waiting for him to take her away. She came very near saying she was engaged, as that was the impromptu thought which came to her mind. But as it was not the whole truth, as she was engaged to no man, but only engaged to go away, that first impulse to tell only part of the truth, and which would have been the light of heaven to guide her in this predicament, was not obeyed. She replied, “She was not engaged.” For he thought she and Evans were engaged; being his brother-in-law, he had heard such a thing spoken of in the family.

Oh, we have often thought, why does not some voice speak from heaven, to guard the unwary, lonely, and unprotected when danger is nigh. Perhaps there is a voice, if we would obey it. And this might have been one to her to tell him that she was engaged. She needed not to tell him how engaged. Many have too little conscientious regard for the truth; but some may have a too scrupulous conscience on some occasions. Perhaps this was one. It seems all the way through that she was bound to be the child of indecision, by listening to the counteracting voices of those who styled themselves her friends.

CHAPTER III.

GRACE'S MARRIAGE—THE CAMP-MEETING.

THE reader has seen by the foregoing pages whether there was any engagement between Grace and her cousin. If there was, it was altogether without her knowl-

edge or consent, and we believe it takes the consent of the contracting parties to make one in our country. She was engaged conditionally, if he came, to go with him to the much desired place often referred to in this book. He came not, and the engagement *never* was fulfilled. If it had been, perhaps these pages never would have been written. She could, if she had once aroused up in all her native energy, and bid defiance to all these baffling, inconsistent friends, have gone without their escort or protection. And she would have done so, if she had in the least suspected them of any design to detain her against her will. But a young lady of amiable disposition, without some powerful impetus to act, never can go against the advice of all her professed friends, and act in opposition to them. In many cases, it would be infinitely better for her if she could weigh well the matter, and then, as she had herself to rely on, act independently of ten thousand friends, for they may not know the voice of Providence in these matters for us as well as we do ourselves.

He asked her mind on the subject. She replied :

“Sir, as the thought is entirely new to me, I must have time to deliberate on it.”

“How long?” he said. As Mrs. M. A. B. S—— intended going to the Springs, she knew her time would be limited for deliberation on the subject, therefore she named a comparatively short time. It would have been better if she had cut short then, or had set the time *never* to come. But we anticipate.

He left, she thought. When the mistress of the house returned she told her of Mr. Napoleon Smith’s visit. Mrs. M. A. B. S—— appeared to be much pleased at this proposal to her young friend, and said, “He is the very man for you. He has been more uniformly friendly to me than any other gentleman in the country. There is a house for you when-

ever you will say the word. That she had gone out there frequently, and spent whole days with Mr. Smith. That the children just needed some one to culture them. And you are the very person; you are just suited for such a position."

Grace replied that "she was not in need of a house; that she had never seen the day yet that she could not get a home any time she wished. And as to the children, I have never had any idea of assuming that offensive responsibility, and much maligned position. I never intended to be a *stepmother*; not that I know aught for or against it. But if I were to enter the ranks of such, it would be in the spirit of a missionary, to take care, to work for, and do good to the motherless children. Moreover, I have no idea of marrying any man unless he is a Methodist and a Christian."

"But Mr. Smith is a Methodist and a Christian," said Mrs. M. A. B. S——. "This set Grace to thinking. "This man has been married into the family twenty years; is brother-in-law to my cousin. If there were anything amiss about *him*, should I not have heard it?"

She had often heard her mother say that she would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. Her own dear teacher had said that girls would often turn aside from the plain farmer to some coxcomb, who would wear his hat jauntily, and sport a silver- or gold-headed cane, when, perhaps, he had not a cent in his pocket. Grace never intended to make such a choice as that; but above all things, she never intended to marry but for worth of character.

Mrs. M. A. B. S—— did everything in her power to bear forcibly upon Grace's mind in regard to this gentleman. Grace did think a great deal, but she had no one to direct her except those in favor of the gentleman's suit.

On time flew. Smith sent his eldest son and daughter — the one eighteen, and the other sixteen — up to see Grace their cousin, to get her to go shopping with them. “Now,” thought Grace, “Smith has mentioned his intentions and addresses to me to these poor children, and they already like me, else they would not seek my company.” Fatal mistake! And she came very near asking them how they would like her for a mother; but that shyness and modesty ladies feel on the subject of courtship, prevented her from speaking. Moreover, she fully believed the father had set all things right, and hence she held her peace.

Mrs. M. A. B. S.’s trip to the Springs was every day in contemplation. She wished Grace to accompany her, and suggested that she should send to Mr. Smith to get his carriage, so that her own cousin, Mr. M——, might escort her in company with herself and Evans’s friend, who was to attend her. Miss Claiborne had written to Smith, and sent it by his daughter, with this request. Also replied to one written by himself, and sent by the same hand, in which he requested her to come home with the children, and abide there during Mrs. M. A. B. S.’s absence. Grace had said in her reply, if such a thing should happen, — alluding to his courtship, — she did not think it proper to abide at his house. The daughter read both the notes, and understood neither. The son and daughter took dinner with Grace, and returned home to their father, bearing the ominous note fraught with so much consequence to all parties.

Next morning, Sabbath, before the sun was up, and before Miss Claiborne was dressed, a negro man from Smith, — whom Grace called his page, — came, bringing a note from that worthy gentleman to Grace. Now she was vexed, and if she had been left to herself, would have snapped everything asunder then and there. But Mrs. M. A. B. S—— smoothed the apparent difficulty. Mr. Smith said in the

note to Grace, "as to the gig, she was welcome to that and *all he had.*" A gracious offer for a father of many heirs to make to the successor, in view, to *their* mother. A hollow and false offer, doubtless, to say nothing of its injustice. "But," said he, further, "I am unwilling for you to go to the Springs." Quite a prerogative and an assumption for a man who had recently broached the subject of courtship, and knew not yet what would be the result of his suit.

Grace, let alone, would have written him he need come no more, nor trouble himself any further about her. How true are our instincts to our own preservation! And how balked and biased by our friends, who see not as we do. But her friend prevented, and she suffered herself to be led by her.

She, however, wrote very discouragingly to him; said the charge seemed to be too great for her. He said also in the note, "that he wished to come up next day, or the day following, and have their designs accomplished." What haste! And what was it all for? Ah! he knew. He had a design, certainly. But his design was hid away down in his own heart, all unknown to his victim, or others whose happiness or woe was not in his thoughts.

That evening being Sabbath, he thought there would be a crowd of young company, and hence was afraid to show himself, among so many, as a competitor for Miss Claiborne's favor.

Napoleon Smith, as was said before, was about twenty years older than Grace Claiborne, but still quite youthful in his appearance. So, after the dreaded Sabbath evening was over, very early on Monday morning, he appeared before Grace at her boarding-house. Nothing, it seemed, could put him back. He told his children, when he left home, he was going on business, but did not tell them what kind of business. Had his intended victim used the like

duplicity on him, he would have had no further business with her. And when he came he found Mrs. M. A. B. S—— ready to start on her trip to the Springs. Grace had declined going, not because he was unwilling, but because she had no way to go without sending to Smith again.

She had not decided yet what she would do. Mrs. M. A. B. S—— said to her, if she did conclude to accept Mr. Smith and wait a couple of months till her return from abroad, she would give her a splendid supper. When Smith came, early, as was said before, she told him again the charge seemed too great for her, young as she was; that she had ever thought she never would be what is called a *stepmother*. But he met every objection. And she did not think, in this case, she would be looked upon in that light. The children's mother being her kinswoman, she thought any other name besides the offensive one would do.

Smith was so eager, that he took no notice of any discouragements thrown in his way. Grace thought him in a great hurry, and could not imagine why he was so. Surely, she thought, he cannot think that I am ready to marry him as soon as the subject is mentioned. He would not listen to the proposition to wait till Mrs. M. A. B. S.'s return. There he sat again, from morning early till high noon, telling her he had plenty to wait on her; and when she told him she could not do hard work, or what is called drudgery, he said he would not have her do that, for he was able to keep her from it. And as she had heard only a good report of him, she then, in the sight of high heaven, engaged herself to him, being untrammelled from *all* others, and free to love and marry whom she pleased.

Mrs. M. A. B. S—— had said she was justly calculated to raise and educate those children. And her bountiful eye and expansive heart, when she did get her consent to undertake the charge, looked upon it in the light of a

large missionary field of labor, better adapted to her large views than if she had married a young man with no incumbrance. Where a more noble work than to take care of motherless children? And oh, if it had been a well-regulated family, how truly might her labors have been appreciated and blessed! All to whom she spoke approved her choice but one man, and he the husband of her landlady. He made some remarks to Grace about Smith that she never forgot all her life; because the man was not good himself, and he knew better than she what was in a man, when speaking from his own experience.

The sequel proved that Smith was afraid of Evans's return home; for if he had come before they were married, and Miss Claiborne had asked counsel of him,—as she doubtless would have done,—and he had given the least intimation that Smith had not been as kind to his sister, Smith's wife, she would have discarded him, no matter how far she had proceeded in the matter,—all but tying the fatal knot. But of this opportunity Smith was determined she should have no chance.

And thus, shortly after, they were married one beautiful day in August (Tuesday). The sun shone most brilliantly. It was a delightfully clear and happy day to the parties. A nice little party of seven or eight persons, the parson, the good Presbyterian minister, her associate teacher, who had always been her friend, and who rejoiced in *what he thought* her good fortune in getting a good steady man. And then in the midst of a gazing, surprised, and admiring multitude, they set out for his residence in the country. The news sped like fire, for no one in all that town, except the parties concerned, knew, or perhaps thought, of such a thing, till it was over, and they in pleasure and happiness riding home. Poor girl! little did she know what awaited her. Better for her had she gone to her grave that day,

than to have gone to her husband's home. But God's purposes are unknown and unsearchable to us. She, at least, had no designs in this marriage but good ones.

When Grace arrived at her husband's residence, expecting to be met with smiles and welcome, behold, he had not told his children at all of his intended marriage. Nor had he told his bride that his poor children did not know it. What was all this for?

There came times over Grace Claiborne, or now Mrs. Smith, in after life, when, if a man had so deceived her, and his children too, — two such important interested parties, — and his children had commenced the hue and cry, as these poor deceived children did, she would have deliberately walked out of his house, and told him she would not live with him; and if he would not have sent her back, she would have walked back to town and managed her own case for herself, and he might have done the same for himself. Oh, if she had had the spirit to have done it then! But no; so calm and self-possessed was she, and so taciturn, that she said not a word to all that was said by his children, company and domestics. She sat a mute spectator, and in deep thought. "Got a young wife," said the eldest daughter; "he won't care for his children." He can love both wife and children, thought the patient bride, and, in her inmost soul, felt only like an older sister to this poor child, — for the daughter was only about sixteen, and the bride a few years older. And oh, if this had been a right sort of family, to have suited her, how happy she might have been. The poor daughter Mrs. Smith did pity again, when at the dinner-table she said to her father, "Well, I think you might have let me know you were going to get married, so that I might have had a better dinner." This poor child had, after her mother's death, taken charge of her father's house, and had attended to her little brothers and sisters;

and the neighbors said she had acquitted herself well. And if she never did treat that mother's cousin well, — now her father's wife, — who was most to blame, father or daughter?

Let a child have its own way nearly all its life; pretend you are making property for it, for it alone; nourish its prejudices in their rank growth towards a certain class, and then bring one of that class athwart every interest formerly felt in the child; pretend to give all preference and deference to that one objectionable person, against whom you have shown no industry or justice in trying to keep down or root out these passions engendered in the mind of your child against that person. Put all their interests into juxtaposition, and either throw, or pretend to throw, all your weight on the side of the obnoxious one, and what will be the result?

“Better,” says Dr. Adam Clarke, “that the rich and poor meet together, than the vulgar and well-bred.” And when a family is allowed to be on equal terms with their menials; children associate with negroes; and the father does not bring them up in the fear and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; play marbles on the Lord's day, and any other desecration they see fit, we do not call them well-bred. God said he “knew Abraham that he would order his house after him.” And that these were neither refined, educated, nor well-bred, we can fully attest from further developments. Who was to blame, father or children? We simply know facts, and must desist now on this part, as it properly belongs to another future work; as we intend mainly in this to confine ourselves to Smith's conduct towards his new wife. She would have loved him better than ever man was loved, if he had treated her with justice; if he had been the Christian he had been represented to be. But oh, the yellow fever of the world had fastened on his vitals before Miss Grace Claiborne ever saw him! Serpent-like, its fangs had

twined closely about his heart's core. The *love* of this world, and the good things of it, were the ruling passions. For it he had delved day and night, in heat and cold. "He was determined to be rich." Therefore he thought Miss Claiborne should marry him without hesitation *because* he had some property.

Time moved on. Thursday came. Evans returned from the Commencement. He called at Smith's gate, and Smith went out to see him. Grace had not seen her cousin since the day he had promised to carry her back, which promise *he never came to fulfil*, and now it was too late! Too late! Fatal words to some poor mortals in this uncertain world.

Grace and Smith's eldest daughter were standing in the long piazza in front of his house, the daughter looking by no means pleasant.

"Come out here, and answer for yourself," said Evans to Mrs. Smith. Words to this day she does not understand.

He spoke to Smith of his trip abroad, and of some religious revivals he had witnessed during his absence, and said he, "Among the rest, I tried to get some religion myself."

Mrs. Smith was moved to hear these words from his lips; for she had felt a tender concern for her cousin's salvation, and had prayed frequently for him. Now, to hear this confession from his own mouth, that he desired a portion of the heavenly gift for himself, caused her tender heart to glow and sympathy to flow.

The old domestics in the background of the picture said among themselves, "Miss Grace and Massa Evans were engaged; now Miss Grace is sorry." What Smith thought on that memorable day was unknown. His bride never knew until two months later. Evans rode off, and even to Mrs. Smith's unsuspecting eye he had a strange manner; but she could not tell why it was, for she had done him no wrong. On the contrary, she thought the wrong lay at his own door.

His failure to fulfil a promise which she thought ought to have been sacred to him, inasmuch as it had been made from the beginning of their acquaintance. His going off, and leaving her in a state of suspense, was cause sufficient, in our estimation, for her to have been much grieved with him, if not offended. In this light it does seem to us others will also view it. Smith remarked that "Evans looked like a distracted man." Evans's relations—who were also Mrs. Smith's relatives—with one accord chose to be dissatisfied on account of Smith's marriage. Why, we never knew, and still more strange, as they had all, so far as we knew, expressed themselves highly delighted with their newly-found relation. Whether it was on Smith's account, or because of his manner in the matter, never disclosing a word of his intended marriage to any of them, is unknown.

One day, after the marriage, the grandfather of Mrs. Smith happened to be at Evans's father's. They were first cousins. Evans's father exclaimed :

"Well, I did not think Grace would have done so!"

"And she in the Methodist Church, too!"

"My son Evans having gone away yonder, and brought her out here, and now she has married Smith!"

Bravo, good uncle! what had that to do with your fair cousin marrying whom she pleased? Because your son *had* been kind to her, and had also neglected her when it suited his convenience, did the former circumstance lay her under such weighty obligations as to waive all her rights to sit, stand, or lie still till he should go the world's rounds and then return, and it follow, as a matter of course, that she must be ready and waiting his pleasure, whatever that might be? You were very much mistaken in your estimate of your fair relation, if you thought thus. That brave but quiet spirit partakes, perhaps, of some of your pride, and would not brook a slight from the nearest friend she

had on earth, but would in some way, sooner or later, show that she was neither callous nor insensible in the slightest degree. When she said nothing, she thought and *felt* the more. No matter what were the causes, the relations were said to be all in a stir and commotion. Smith said he had seen it and heard it. His wife did not see it.

The day after their marriage, Smith went among some of his first wife's relations—a sister to the first Mrs. Smith, who had charge of his infant son. This lady was a kind and friendly lady, yet thought her relationship gave her the privilege of speaking her mind to Smith. She was very much incensed at him, and told him what she thought of him; but what she said of Mrs. Smith, we knew not. Smith said to her, "Grace wished to come with me, and if she had, and you had spoken thus, you would have set her crying; and she and I would never have set our feet in your house again during life." This caused her to be silent. But poor Grace, in her artless simplicity, having done them no wrong that she was conscious of, put on her bonnet, and told Smith she wished to go with him to her cousin's, his sister-in-law, to see both her and the little boy. But he requested her not to go. Such conduct was well calculated to keep the children in a ferment. They were angry at Smith because he had consulted none of them; for *he* said they had neglected both him and his children after their mother's death; and that, consequently, he felt under no obligations to consult them about his second marriage. That he had invited, and even besought, their grandmother to come and see them, and direct the children how to do; for they were young, and knew nothing of domestic business, and that everything was wasting, and going to destruction about the house.

But after Evans rode off that never forgotten day, he said to his young wife, "I see they are all mad; and I don't

care a cent about it, now I have got you ; and if they don't mind, I will go to market, when I sell my cotton, and buy one of the finest carriages I can find." This seemed to be strange to Grace—kind and gentle in her disposition. She did not understand this kind of spite-work among relations. And we are sure never desired any display, more than he had shown to his first wife, to anger his children or her relations. Truth, eternal truth, and justice, and even sealed justice, were all that she wished. And if it were meted to all our relations in life, how much misery and sorrow might be prevented. But if they were mad, to use Smith's phrase, and afraid of him, why, in the name of heaven, vent it on his innocent wife, who knew him not as they did, and who would, in all probability, judging from the signs before her, have sorrow enough without their added power to give pain? Had she, but two minutes before the fatal knot was tied, license or no license, seen but a little inkling of these hot-headed doings, and Smith's disposition of spite-work, that marriage would *never* have been deplored by either party.

Time passed on, and with it many occurrences never to be forgotten. Sometime after this marriage, which was so prolific of contention, Evans's mother and father passed by Smith's house, on their way to the daughter who had Smith's youngest child in charge. Neither of them stopped nor turned their heads towards the house. This incensed Smith.

Next : his eldest daughter had a suitor, a young man of some smartness ; thought by many to possess more conceit than real talent. He had been quite polite to Mrs. Smith before her marriage. *She* had nothing against him. But Smith and his brother, and Evans, too, were very much opposed to him.

Evans had never spoken of Smith's family on their trip to this county, except in calling at his eldest and half-

sister's by the way. Smith's eldest daughter being there, he, by way of apology for her untutored appearance, said she had had but few opportunities, as her father had generally lived in backwoods countries. This was not a very favorable recommendation of Smith's manner of life with his young and rising family. But now that this young man was displeasing to him, he would threaten to cowhide his daughter, chain her, and lock her up.

Mrs. Smith said to her husband, "This is not the best course to pursue with your daughter. It will rather have the effect contrary to your wishes — that of driving her into it. The mildest means are best. I should resort to these first, at least."

Evans said to Smith his daughter might be more obstinate because she was opposed to her father's marriage. But she knew not of her father's marriage; and how could she be opposed before it was too late? Not possessing the most amiable disposition, and owing to her want of piety and knowledge on the subject of her duty to her father, she could not so easily acquiesce in what she considered an arbitrary use of power on his part. Almost any child, who had been taught her duty no better than she had, would have acted perversely on an occasion like this; when she and her father's wife had been, without her knowledge or consent, thrown pell-mell together, without previous warning or introduction on either side, with regard to the all-important matter of getting and bringing a new wife into his family. But Smith seemed not to have considered the matter in this light. Perhaps he cared not, so he obtained his object; for he certainly knew, or ought to have known, that his children would be opposed. It seems to us now, after the lapse of many years, that he in this affair took the advantage of all parties concerned, — wife, children, relations, Evans, and all. But he, at least, knew what

he was about. That was the reason he was in such haste to have all things over ; for if he had waited only a few days, there would have been a fly-off somewhere. Mrs. Smith needed only to have seen his eldest daughter, and heard her express a few words, to have deterred her from it forever ! But it was too late ! And it does seem to us that any set of people, who did at all consider the peace and happiness of one another, would have pursued a different course, — a course that would have given rise to less dissension among the parties.

Smith appeared to be delighted with his wife, and to be *now*, if never before, eating the bread of heaven in connubial happiness. All that she did was well-pleasing to him, and she seemed to be the light of his eye, the desire of his heart, and pride of his life. Many times a day he would say to her, "My dear, you please me exactly." And she, on her part, put forth all her energies to please him and his family.

Grace said to him the day they were married, while riding home, "How I shall delight to take care of your little children."

And he replied, "My dear, how well you will please me in that."

But, alas ! all her honest efforts were unavailing from some cause or other. Perhaps we *may* see by the time we wade through all this sea of strife.

About this time a camp-meeting, sixteen miles distant, was to come off. It is true, Mrs. Smith liked to go. Having been a camp-meeting Methodist, such a place was desirable to her. But Smith's inertness and lethargy caused him to be disinclined to go. The great obstacle in the way was, that he would not have a tent for the accommodation of his family, and she had not had time yet to have all the children clad as she desired. Although in delicate health, she had, in less than two months, made nearly a hundred

garments for the family ; had the four daughters well prepared, and the eldest son also ; had sat up till midnight, while the father was snoring soundly, wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, as if nothing on earth troubled him, while his poor, faithful, courageous wife was sewing, and fixing bonnets and dresses for his youngest daughter as well as for the others. All on her part was ready but the three little boys. For these it had been impossible to have all necessary clothing prepared. Mrs. Smith was willing either way — to go or stay, as her husband said.

There was one thing, however, which decided *her*. The eldest daughter was anxious to go. The father said she wished to go for the object of seeing her suitor, and he observed to his wife, “ Unless you go, she shall not go.” This caused the mother to go, feeble and nervous as she was from too much work. She packed up, and set off with an undefinable feeling she could not account for, as though something were going to happen, of which she could give no guess.

The daughter and mother went together, she driving sixteen miles, through smoke and dust, with a severe headache ; the rest were with the father in another carriage. The three little boys were left behind with an old domestic, with directions to cook something for them like *everything* they carried to the camp-meeting. Although the children’s aunt, who had the infant son, in her kindness had sent for Smith and all his family to abide at her tent, yet Mrs. Smith thought proper to take with them a considerable amount of provisions, and some bedding.

But here let us pause, for this was a never-to-be-forgotten camp-meeting to Mrs. Smith. And we can see that although Smith consented to go, yet he was angry that he had not had cause or resolution, before his new wife, to say he would not go. He did not like to yet, or perhaps had not yet got angry enough with her to poke out his cloven

foot, and show himself in his true colors. If a father had raised a daughter to be sixteen, and could suspect her of nothing but *designs* in going to a camp-meeting to see a young man to whom she was attached, he of course judged from his own way of having *designs* that way, and, as a matter of course, he could suspect others too. Up to this time he had been remarkably kind to Mrs. Smith, and so loving, that he had developed nothing in his nature of jealousy or suspicion. At that time Mrs. Smith scarcely knew the meaning of jealousy, and perhaps would as soon have thought of the world coming to an end, as any jealousy or suspicion on his part towards her, so all-devoted did he seem to be to her; and she gave him every proof any man of sense would have asked of her fidelity in all things. She made no visits, saw no company but him and his crowd at home, and worked both day and night, as before stated, for them. She did cast in her mind, sometimes, what kind of bearing he had towards his children, and thought him wrong many times, but extended her thoughts no farther. She knew not, dreamed not, that a demon big as Gehenna slept in his bosom, and ere long was to devastate every vestige of future happiness for her and others for all coming time. The relations and children, from his version of the case, had been evidently much to blame in strewing the husks of swine in his way, when his moral stamina was not sufficient to resist any opposing current in his way; although he certainly was to blame, as a first cause, more than any one else. Through his hasty designs of right or wrong, pleased or displeased, he got a wife with whom he said he was pleased. Why not stay pleased? Why hunt up some foreign cause or pretext for throwing off his superfluous or diseased humors?

Mrs. Smith never thought of any trouble coming to her through her husband. Innocent and gentle as a lamb, and

confiding as a child, all her severe tasks as a mother, and mistress of some forty or fifty in family, seemed light to her courageous nature, as did the fourteen years of servitude to young Jacob for his beautiful Rachel; and her husband was continually praising her, and calling her endearing names. But it is apparent, now, that his selfish nature was vexed because his family had gone to the camp-meeting, and had disturbed his equilibrium of quiet. Provided he gained his objects, he cared not to be disturbed by the claims of others.

The next Sabbath after they were married, he sat eating peaches, and his wife suffering, and even writhing in pain and almost agony. Shortly after, on another Sabbath, when she could but weep because he would not go to church with them, he rose up out of his slumbers, even of a Sabbath morning, and said, "Are all the women in the world alike? Take the horses, the mules, the carriage, the children, and the negroes to wait on you all, and go. I do not wish to go." As much as to say, "Let me alone." He was not going to town now to get his carriage mended, and to bring home a new wife to his family. Thus she was compelled, if she went at all, to go in company with the children and negroes. And at this camp-meeting he was doubtless afraid that his beautiful wife, as he called her, would be seen by some of her former admirers. She had been as closely confined at home, even after her marriage, as was possible for her to be; and had she had the most distant suspicion of such a thing now, we know she never would have gone to that camp-meeting. Still, of what avail would it have been? The smothered fire was in his heart, and was sure to break forth some day, cause or no cause, excuse or no excuse. In fact, jealousy needs no cause but imaginary ones.

"Trifles light as air are, to the jealous,
Confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ;"

for from the day of Evans's strange manner in riding off, Mrs. Smith saw him no more till at this camp-meeting. And we know if she had ever thought her husband entertained any jealousy concerning him, she would have hid herself at home. Her self-immolation on the altar of his selfishness and jealousies had already commenced in his not wishing her to go anywhere — not going himself, nor wishing her to go without him. But she knew it not.

Not long after their arrival at the encampment, Evans and his friend came. They were glad to meet Mrs. Smith. One of them, Evans's friend, had not seen her since her marriage. Her conduct is remembered well while at this camp-meeting; for had she been in the immediate presence of God and his holy angels, she could have been no more prudent. Not that she feared aught. This was her everyday course. "Thou God seest me" was in her public walks and private ways. In the evening of the same day, her friends came around her numerously, — old admirers, young ladies and girls, her former pupils and lady associates. She sat by the kitchen fire, it being quite cold, still doing something she had not finished for some of the little girls. The young ladies and pupils followed her there.

At night, her miserable headache returned — originating from her over-fatigue and incessant toil and excitement, all of which unstrung her delicate nerves, and laid her prostrate on her bed. She called her husband to her, and requested him to stay with her. He sat awhile, and then went out. He, too, wished to be with friends. Unsuspecting wife! she did not dream he *could* be jealous of *her* friends! Evans came once and asked after her health. The next day she was better, and came out into the open part of the tent. Her welfare was again inquired after by Evans, as well as by many others.

A bright and cheering day it was, although the chill of

October frosts was on the ground. She looked abroad at the skies before her, being temporarily relieved of her unpleasant nervous headache. She saw the glorious sun in his majesty; her eyes and heart ever took in full draughts of all the beauty in nature's changes from one season to another; and although something was before her, yet no herald from either world harbingered to her the dreadful volcano over which she was walking, or the powder-plot that was ere long to explode, to the utter demolition of every hope of peace and happiness she *could* ever have anticipated in the married life again with Smith.

The weather, as before said, being very cold for October, her feet became constantly very cold as soon as she was away from the fire; consequently, she frequently returned to the tent, sometimes before the sermon was ended, after going to the stand for divine service. She dreaded a return of her miserable nervous headaches to which she was so subject, and in truth, in justice to her own self-preservation and to her situation, would have been infinitely better off at home. So much for obliging others at our own expense.

A camp-ground, where God's people meet once a year for worship, was indeed no objectionable place to this young Methodist lady, and such a thing as leaving the stand was never thought of by her before till the very last were dispersing, nor would have been thought of, much less carried into execution, if her sufferings had not rendered it absolutely necessary. To this all people who knew her, and of her regular and faithful attendance on divine service, would bear witness. Smith almost invariably followed her to the tent, of which circumstance she thought nothing at all at the time, except that he wished to be with her. Years after, when she became familiar with his looks and ways, she knew and understood what his designs were — he was

was watching! And, O God, what did he have to watch? A poor, innocent-minded woman, who was as pure as the angels of God, so far as carnal corruption was concerned, and as chaste, even in thought, as the virgin snow. We now wish we had all these libidinous, zealous sinners at our command.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

ON the Sabbath afternoon of the meeting, Grace met with a dear, lovely old acquaintance — one who had known her from her childhood up. She walked with her from the stand to the tent where the lady was staying, but tarried only a little while, and then came to the tent where she abode. Her husband, with many others, was sitting on the outside of the front of the tent. Grace took a seat near him. Evans and his friend were not present. At night, after every precaution used by her, she was attacked by a nervous headache again, and in consequence did not go to the stand at all this time for preaching, but sat near the fire outside the tent, with her head reposing on her husband's knee. When the hour for retirement arrived, she requested her relation to make an exception in the order of her arrangements, and let her husband remain with her; and her relation complied kindly with her request, for being very much crowded, she had lodged all her feminine friends together, and the males the same way. Mrs. Smith wished her husband with her, because she was always happier when he was with her, especially when she was suffering.

The next morning being Monday, they were to return

home, and leave the children behind with their aunt. *This* was both ungenerous and unkind, as the poor wife had just recovered a little from the fatigue of going; and now, after her headache had somewhat abated, she would have been in a good way to hear preaching. She must now break off, as in the midst of a good feast to a hungry person. But she said not a word of objection to it. In the meantime, another old friend and female acquaintance of hers met with Smith, and told him he *must* bring Grace around to see her before they left. He complied without any request at all on Mrs. Smith's part, and called on her old friend. By the time this call was ended, the trumpet sounded for the eleven o'clock service. Smith again, of his own accord, said they could remain until that sermon was over, and then reach their home in good time in the afternoon. They remained. It was one of those powerful sermons which we sometimes hear, that tell to all the glorious news of salvation in the most pleasing and acceptable manner — one that Mrs. Smith enjoyed very much. It was delivered by that excellent man, C—— N——, since gone to glory, who so much reminded her of the fathers of the gospel, under the sound of whose gracious voice she had been reared.

When they returned to the tent, Smith was eager to be going home. But Mrs. C——, his sister-in-law, said they should *not leave* until they had eaten dinner. And thus, while she was busy in preparation, Mrs. Smith had, on entering the tent, taken a seat near the door. Evans's friend came in, and standing near her, in his usual low, soft tones was speaking of the sermon, and praising it. But Grace, as she often did, when getting her spirits deeply imbued with the love and grace of God, after sitting under the droppings of the sanctuary, scarcely spoke a word, but now and then gave her assent to some of his eulogies on the sermon, and would greatly have preferred to be left alone, and

to sit quietly musing on the sermon, than to speak a single word. But she could not, without manifest impoliteness, tell him not to talk, or get up and go off, leaving him talking. She saw her husband pass to and fro by her several times through the tent, as though he was in a perturbed state of mind; but she thought he was only in a hurry about getting off home. Having never seen him in any of his moods, she understood him not, and took no further notice of them. But, O Lord God of mercy, in after days she knew what these moods meant. It meant that the fires of Gehenna were burning in his unholy soul; and for the temporary restraint, and opposition to his leechful ways of having stayed at home, as was his wish, there was a twofold volcano foaming up within, ready to burst on some devoted victim's head. Many years after, she could see the venom leering out of the eyes of this green-headed monster, in retrospect, and wonder that she had not been devoured by it. She was the victim; but, like all cowards, he bided his time.

At the dinner-table, Evans carved the turkey, and said to Mrs. Smith, first of all, "Cousin Grace, will you be helped to some of the turkey?" Gracious mercy and wonderful heavens, what did hinder the monster *then* from leaping upon all, and especially his all-unconscious victim, and devouring them? Ah, no! bide your time, Mr. Greeny; too many people will see you here, and then those whose happiness and opinions you have so lately set at naught will be astonished; and even *her* enemies, if she has any besides your allies, will see clearly your very culpable conduct. But Mrs. Smith was as yet as unconscious of this state of mind of her so late overweening and flattering lord as the unborn infant. God pity the woman the wife of a jealous man! for of all miserable situations on earth this side of pandemonium, it is one the most so! While Smith was getting the carriage in readiness, her friends from the

next adjoining tent sent for her — her *feminine friends*, and she ran to bid them good-bye; for Mrs. Smith was a woman much beloved by all who knew her best. While she was in that tent, she met with the preacher, the Rev. Mr. C—— H——, who had preached the good sermon in the morning.

“Sister Smith,” said he, “you will be fine, married or unmarried.” For he had seen her at another camp-meeting, in another county, before her marriage. She replied to him:

“Why, what is wrong in my dress, Brother H——?”

“Oh,” said he, “you will do very well, if you will take off that veil and those curls?”

And further, he said, “I wish some of our good Methodist married sisters to set an example in this matter, and why not you?”

What would some of our Methodist sisters say to this in these days? And why not *she*, indeed, who was generally as plainly dressed as possible? But there is an elegance about some people’s dress, plain or not plain, that attracts the notice of the fastidiously plain.

Grace then bade them all a hasty good-bye, and ran to the other tent (which was only a step or two) to do the same there, and then looked around for her husband, whom she expected was by this time waiting for her. But behold, he was some distance from the tent, standing at the carriage, as if he were in the act of starting off, instead of coming for her. Wonder if he would have acted in this manner the day he was, as it were, stealing to town, with the ostensible excuse to his children that he was going to get his carriage mended? She hurried to him unattended, feeling more awkwardly than she ever did in her life before. For an elegant woman like *she was then*, with many gallant admirers before her marriage, had never had the mortification

of walking *that distance*, before a gazing crowd, unattended, as if she had to go for attention, instead of attention coming to her. He looked so strangely on her reaching the carriage that she did not understand it at all. She was yet altogether ignorant of the green-eyed demon swelling up in his unholy breast! Wonder what bystanders thought of his inattention to his new wife—he who had been so obsequiously attentive to her in obtaining her. But as we never heard, we cannot tell their thoughts, for none in all that section of country ever heard of his jealous fit but his poor wife; and if his first wife's relations thought anything about his appearance on this occasion, they kept their thoughts within themselves. They set off together—the vulture and the lamb. But there was again an indefinable feeling about this good woman's heart, who would not have done harm to any, nor anything wrong on earth, if she knew it. She simply thought him displeased about something, but what that something was she knew not. And as *she* had never displeased him that she knew of, she could not think it was with her he was angry. He commenced talking; and she thought she would say something cheerily to appease him, if he were angry; nor did she think it prudent to notice this piece of neglect, as it was the first, except not going with her to church soon after they were married.

Little did the poor woman dream that her *sun of matrimonial* happiness was to set so soon in obscurity and total darkness forever! Oh, never, never can she, to her latest day, forget the anguish caused her then by words which fell from his unhallowed and unjust lips! He gave her to understand he was jealous of her cousin Evans, and did not like his friend talking with her! Such doings in civilized life! How utterly unworthy he here proved himself to be of such a woman for a wife! A thing is either just or unjust. If there had been the least cause for all this, save in

his own distorted mind, then there might have been some palliation. But there was not the shadow of a cause—even her enemies, if she *then* had any, being judges. A woman must not look nor crook her finger with some. But she had not even looked, nor turned her finger, towards a single one of the whole male world after their marriage; and *he knew* he married a woman chaste as the virgin snow. And we do declare, when we think of this monstrous wrong, and subsequent ones, (for the end is not yet,) we cannot forbear forever hating the memory of his foul deeds! O ye honored, and lovely, and beloved wives, without jealousy mixed up with it all, think of this! This tender-hearted woman, whose sensitive soul was quick, as the apple of an eye, the first approach of sin or sorrow to feel, what must have been her anguish? All her life she had wished, whenever she should enter the matrimonial state, for such happiness as she was capable of enjoying. Now she had staked all; the die was cast, and behold this was the fate!

Sometimes we have wished that she had suffered him to have gone off without her, as he did not have politeness enough to return for her, and behold what capers he would have cut, in what manner he would have disgorged his jealousies. Wonder if he would have avowed them openly? For that *he* never did. No; it was in the secret chamber her ear alone and the surrounding breezes must hear his eloquence in this great divulgement. *Low*, grovelling, sensual as the flesh and Satan could make him, how *could* he judge of others only by his own heart—his filthy heart.

His innocent wife had heard, after their marriage, foul things of him and his servants. And did she make a gain of them? No, she heeded them not, nor would hardly have believed it unless she had seen it, but, in truth, thought it almost contamination for any one to hint such a thing to her, and so away with it! But oh, the death that came

over her heart's best affections, as those *withering*, unjust words came out of his mouth! She was, as it were, stunned to death; and if it had been possible for her to have died a *thousand deaths*, none could have affected her as this sad case did. Here was the blight of all her earthly happiness! Her dear mother was more than a hundred miles off; none of her sisters were near; among comparative strangers; and although many professed much friendship, yet such is the delicacy of even legitimate feelings in the true woman's breast, the truly sensitive and refined and educated seldom tell aught of their sorrows from home. Such, also, is the nature of earthly friendship, that one hardly arrives at the age of twenty before he or she fears to lay open the most sacred feelings of the heart, lest he or she might, instead of sympathy, meet a stab, a *fresh wound*; and there is little reliance to be placed in them in a day of trouble. Had the world heard it from her mouth, friends would have pitied, and *enemies*, if *she then* had any, would have rejoiced. Here was a case in which none could help. Even legitimate feelings in her breast were too sacred in her estimation for disclosure. Thus, like her divine Master, this was one *cup* she must drink *alone*. This wine-press *she must* tread alone; of all the people there *could* be none with her in this case. She had married a husband, and she intended to love him, and be entirely devoted to him. But now the very fountain of her tears was stanchèd. Delirium for a while seized her; her head swam, her brain grew dizzy; and we wonder now, considering her extreme tenderness of heart and exquisite sensibility, she had not jumped out of the carriage from her inhuman persecutor, and ran from him a wild and raving maniac! Though rave she hardly ever would have done. She would sooner have died in mute sorrow. For she had thought all her life, whenever the subject of jealousy was discussed in her hearing, that she

never would live with a man who was jealous. Of which matter she knew nothing.

But now behold her helpless situation, of which her cruel, inhuman, perjured protector was well aware; and hence he assaulted her, as he thought, with impunity. He, her lawful husband and protector, had expressed himself as being jealous of her. To whom could she appeal? She never could be happy with him again. He had sent a canker to her heart that would eat out all truly conjugal, *confiding love* from her soul; for love for love, confidence for confidence, and trust for trust, were her maxims. And such they ought to be forever; for how can love, the divine sentiment, exist without mutual confidence. But that baser sort of love some men have was the kind he seemed to possess. He would abuse and threaten her one moment, and the next cajole and caress. But not so with his noble-minded wife. Had there been the slightest cause for it, she might have borne it. Now, she never could be happy with him again. She was too high-minded to feel on equality with such sordid doings, such desecration of all the most holy affections of the heart. Nor was she *ever* entirely happy with him again. During the space of fifteen or sixteen long and weary years that she dwelt with him, she never beheld him but that she thought of that awful cruelty, and many other unpardonable things he did afterwards. And we have often thought, in view of all she suffered in after days, whether it would not have been better for her if she had, then and there, left him for ever!

“Ah!” says one, — an inhuman one, doubtless, — “Can a man ever do anything to a wife that is unpardonable?”

“Yes, I suppose so, good sir, whoever you are. You think if he were to cut her head off, or cut her throat, he may be pardoned. But how would you like it, *vice versâ*? You would be for hanging her, no doubt. Well, this unnatural

quarrel between you and your wives will be settled some day. The good Lord expressly tells you to love your wives, and be not bitter against them. And it does not say without cause, either, or with cause. Many of you can be bitterer than the wormwood and gall, with no cause under heaven but your own evil hearts."

We are sure that not a single person at that fatal camp-meeting who did at all take cognizance of her behavior, however envious, but would have borne testimony to her prudent conduct. And it does seem to us that none but a most reckless madman, the most debased wretch, would *even* have *thought* anything amiss, much less said anything on such an awful subject; for we hold it good, that we are not always justifiable in speaking all thoughts that may present themselves, unless pure thoughts, lest we err, and thus wrong some one, as was done now. An irreparable and never-ending wrong in this world was inflicted on that confiding young spirit without the shadow of a cause other than a vicious heart and an evil eye,—one that imagined it saw evil in everything; and this one her husband, for whom she had so lately forsaken all, and to whom she had clung, before this, with the tenacity of life. But she was murdered now, —almost literally butchered. And if she never *could* love him as before, *no one was to blame but himself*. She had no worthy object *now* to love, and therefore she *could* not love *him* as she had done; hence she scorned the idea of love altogether. And as to loving another while united to him, the *very thought* would have been *treason* in her view.

Perhaps some one will say this came of marrying one so much older than herself. Not so fast, our dear caviller. We have seen a young man, not twenty, (his lovely bride not eighteen,) get into such awful fits of madness also, without cause, at "trifles light as air." It may be a spark of the ever-burning fires of jealousy was at the bottom of his

heart; for this fair young bride loved her young husband with all the tenacity of a devotion that ought to have been bestowed upon her Maker alone. An old grandsire used to say, "Can't learn old dogs new tricks;" but this young one seemed to have had all the elements of the young and old cur in snarling and snapping, and the double of the obstinate mule and sulky old oxen, even at that tender age. What do you think of that? No rule without exceptions, say you. And we do declare that one of the happiest marriages we ever saw, was where the man was the senior of the woman by twenty years. But *he was a man*, — the noblest work of God. He was all that his Maker intended him to be in that relation, at least — *a gentleman, and a good husband*. And the *lady a good woman, an excellent woman*, but no better than our heroine of these pages. Moreover, the father of our own great Washington was twenty-four years older than his beautiful young wife, the mother of our immortal father of his country, who was only sixteen when she married the elder Washington at forty-four years of age. Perhaps none will dispute this historical fact. *Congeniality*, then, is the basis of *true and lasting* friendship. Besides, what would that old gentleman of the old school have thought of himself, if he had thrown himself into a fit of madness because some other gentleman or gentlemen spoke to his beautiful wife? What would others have thought of him?

Perhaps you will say we were not there to see. We grant that. Neither saw any how Mr. Napoleon Smith acted towards his beautiful wife. And we do claim for her, Mrs. Grace Smith, that she had the elements of as great a character, as good a woman, as Mrs. Washington the elder, Mrs. George Washington, Queen Victoria, or any other lady who ever inhabited this world on either side of the "deep blue sea." Besides, if Mr. Washington had been such an imbecile, his-

tory would have handed down the offensive story to us. Albeit, he would have published it himself, if he could have got no one else to have done it. He would have divulged it by some of his wild freaks, which would have been too good for the "reporters" to have passed.

But if too much of a bad thing will not nauseate, there is in our memory a tale of this kind, which we heard some of the best of our sex tell our mothers in days past, one whose beautiful aunt was married to a brute of this kind. He never would allow his wife to attend to any domestic duty whatever—not even attend to the kitchen by overlooking the servants, nor even let the sun shine on her, thus enhancing her fair beauty. And if by any means, veiled and shrouded from the sun, he walked out with her, any gentleman happened to be walking on the side next to his wife, he would immediately wheel her to the opposite side. He never allowed her either to see or speak to a gentleman; till finally, one day, he took his gun and deliberately levelled it at his wife. It went off, and she fell; and then he fired on himself, which last shot was better directed than the other. He was killed—killed himself; but, fortunately, the ball, the other ball, had missed his wife. She was not killed! And we were glad in our own hearts that his poor victim did not share his terrible fate.

Another case of later date came to our ears, one day, not a great while ago. A jealous man asked his wife to walk out with him. He took her a long distance into a solitary wood, where mortal ear could not hear, and where he had already dug a grave. He told his wife he was going to kill her. Her entreaties for life were in vain, as she was out of the reach of human voice or sound. He killed the poor woman in cold blood, and buried her, because he was jealous of her! And then, behold! after her life was taken, and he *never could* restore it, he discovered his jealousies were *all* without cause!

If our readers could bear another case, there is one in our memory, perhaps more appalling than all. In one of our beloved States, one in which we were reared and educated, there lived a prominent man, who in his youth was thought one of the steadiest and best young men of all that section. Subsequently he married a beautiful woman. For some reason, he became jealous, with or without cause we know not; but we have been told it was without cause or provocation on her part. One night, while she was asleep in quiet, her infant babe reposing on her arm, he arose from the bed whereon these innocent and helpless ones all unconsciously lay, charged his weapon, whatever it was, and deliberately shot his beautiful wife, who was found next morning with the smiling babe all immersed in its mother's blood. Does this fill the picture, or shall we bring forward any more of these horrid details? Let this suffice for the present. And these are adduced to prove to our kind readers, if proof were needed, that when jealousy takes possession of a man's heart, it is worse than the "legion" that possessed the man among the tombs.

But to return to our main story. Yes, Mrs. Smith would have thought it high treason indeed, after all this cruelty on Smith's part, to have *even thought of another!* But who appreciates this exalted view of conjugal love? After she began to recover from the giddiness and whirl of her brain, she spoke mildly to him, for anger could not rise in her bosom. She was too near dead for that. "Let me alone," said he, "I will strike you with the butt of the whip!" Wretch! you grasped the object you said you so much loved, and called beautiful, through chicanery, subtlety, and design, for fear, it seems, that some other might get her, and then retorted on her in this manner. "No wonder the children may have something against you!" Why did you not find that out before, Mr. Smith? for we vow before the Almighty, to

whom all hearts are open, the children never had, never *could* have, the least idea of anything wrong in her, unless they, in their selfishness, blamed her for marrying him. If she had opposed him in some of his lecherous ways, which were as revolting to her nice sense and modesty, and views of how parents should deport themselves before their children, there might have been some developments of pandemonium before she went to that camp-meeting; yes, as revolting to her high, good sense of propriety as Gehenna itself. There was no fault on her part; and all the holier, more delicate feelings of the modest and refined woman were often outraged when she saw his rude, unmannerly, and unlady-like children peeping and peering about into chambers when their parents had retired. This was one picture, very delicately and partially drawn, of their behavior. The true picture, in all its colors and bearings, would be too outrageous to be drawn on any paper for the eye of the public.

Great God! Who are you, thou base man, "for to the base all things are base," or your so lately despised children, either? You are not fit to have such a woman in your unholy domains. For we believe in our soul, that thou, awful man, knewest the dispositions of your children, and that they would raise a young perdition, if you married *any person*. Had they not told you so? and was not this the reason you entered into this marriage so secretly? For had they raised the hue and cry *just one* minute before, you never, never would have had it in your power to have retorted after this manner. And then, too, to be always pretendingly angry with those very amiable children, because they did not immediately acquiesce in what, to them, must have appeared unjustifiable secrecy and haste. You should have set them a better example, and then perhaps they would have treated you with filial piety. Out upon

you for a craven, that could not bear the close scrutiny of the eyes of children who *ought to have been beloved by you*. And then as soon as it was convenient to your jealous mind—for being crossed a little in getting you from home, for the sake of your eldest and pretendedly much beloved daughter—you could imagine a dreadful crime against your already suffering wife, and charge it to her. No wonder there was a great revulsion in her honest bosom.

Reader, these details are as true as the sun ever shone in the firmament of heaven! And we are very much of the opinion, that had the wife been out of the question, and he had not been married, if he could have been induced at all, not having the momentary influence of *a new wife*, to go to that camp-meeting, his eldest daughter would have shared his wrath. Upon her devoted head would have fallen in full force his pent-up, smothered anger; for had he not pursued this course in his former wife's lifetime? The old domestics had a saying behind his back, that "Mistress said, whenever Master attended a camp-meeting, or had much company for meeting occasions, he was sure to set the plantation afire afterwards." The temporary suspension from labor by the servants was to his covetous mind so much loss of this world's goods. A nice way to convert his wife and family! No wonder he induced no more of them to follow his Christian course. Just such a course sent a revulsion into her true soul (this present wife) as wide apart as our antipodes; for was he not the antipodes of her soul? How then could they walk together in unison? Henceforth their bodies were together, but their souls as far apart as one pole from the other. His daughter might not (in case he had not had in possession his present victim) have felt the overwhelming storm of his jealousy, for none could feel that but a wife; but we venture the assertion that she would have got a good share about her suitor, whom he

said she wished to go to that camp-meeting to see. O inconsistency and imbecility without a precedent! We do believe it was the most unjustifiable lust that principally induced him to contract this marriage, his great praise of her beauty and competency in pleasing him "in all things," to the contrary notwithstanding. But *now*, henceforth, there was a great desert; her soul in holy musings tried to dwell in thought with her God, and let him grovel on about the world. Would that she could have abstracted her mind more from all things here below, and dwelt alone with God. But the thing was morally impossible, situated as she was—surrounded by household cares and duties, and in the midst of children and servants. None of the duties belonging to either did she neglect. She toiled herself to weariness and fatigue, too much to be borne by one so feeble, as she did before that camp-meeting. In less than two months she had done more work than some women would have performed in a year, fixing and preparing his children's clothes when he was asleep. And then to meet with such an awful return from him. No wonder that she did now wish she had never seen him or his children either, rather than to have been borne down upon and oppressed all her days.

She did not go after him, never thought of such a thing until wooed by him. But this was only the beginnings of sorrow. And she now remembered a little circumstance which took place shortly after they were married. One morning, while lying on a couch in the dining-room, being very much indisposed, while the family were at the breakfast-table, the eldest son, in breaking some bread, happened to take all the crust off. The father spoke angrily, and scolded him severely for so trivial a thing, as if it had been a crime instead of an accident. The wife, a silent looker on, thought within herself, "Is that the way he has raised

his son? Is that the way he talks to him for so light an offence?" The prospect looked unfavorable in the distance, yet not more so than true in the sequel. A small index, but a true one, to worse coming events, and to her quiet, but quick forecast into the distant future it looked gloomy, gloomy—ah! indeed, gloomy. And then the son thought she had been the *cause* of it, as if no angry words ever passed between them before. And why did he think the wife had been the cause of it? Because he had committed a wrong to her himself, and therefore thought she had told his father. "Like father, like son." Guilty consciences need no accusing. A true proverb. And we remember well the words of that son to his father's wife. One day, previous to the camp-meeting so frequently alluded to, something else occurred similar to the scene at the table. She was vindicating her husband's conduct to the son, or at least endeavoring so to do, as she thought husband and wife *ought* to be as much united as possible in their family government. "Ah!" said the son, "you don't know Pa. You will find him out *after awhile*."

After awhile! And were they not true and prophetic words? Did not the son know the father? And can we believe the father knew not the son? How many acts of rebellion were already in their family history's page before they knew there was such a creature in the world as their father's present wife? But more of this hereafter, as this book is to be exclusively devoted to the delineation of the jealous man, who was now partaking of the husks of the swine, or, more properly, the ashes of the apples of Sodom—jealousy in secret, in word and deed; for all this time no one knew of it but himself and his victimized wife.

O eternity! eternity! thy duration in sorrow is the cause of the pangs endured by the sufferers there confined!

On they journey from that memorable camp-meeting, the

young wife swimming in woe. They arrive at home. The sun was setting. True emblem of her heart—her happiness had gone down, had set, too! For, oh how changed! To her long vision it was but the prison-house of Tophet, which it in reality proved almost to her. All nature was turned into gloom, as it hung in autumnal brown—the brown, the scathe, and sear; the fall and winter of years was on *her heart*. And she grew older under those withering influences in one short month than she had all her life before.

In the yard, as they alighted from the carriage, they were met by an old domestic, whom Mrs. Smith had no particular reason to think was her friend; though she had, when the new mistress happened to please her, professed to be such. Perhaps Mrs. Smith expected more than could be realized from servants who had been managed as these had; especially this old servant. She never had been accustomed to servants railing out at their owners. This went far to explain her views about this old negress. But now, as she turned her face towards this old servant, she burst into tears, the first she had shed since the awful disclosures by the way. Nor could she have restrained them now, if her life had been at stake. The servant knew not for what she wept; for *she* could not do as her predecessor had done, make these old servants her confidants. She thought it treason to her marriage vows; and, moreover, since the death of the former Mrs. Smith, she found they had not been *true* friends to *her*. But such a change had come over her heart since she left the old servant, only two days, that she could not but weep. And then her surcharged heart was a little relieved of its weight. The flood-gates were lifted from her heart, and out gushed the waters from her eyes; before, it had been tearless agony. Now Smith was eating the husks of swine in all its satisfying, appetizing plenitude. At night he persecuted her again, and said:

"You must acknowledge it."

"Acknowledge what, Mr. Smith? Sir," said she, "that I *never, never will do!* How can I? I am conscious of no wrong to acknowledge. Eternity itself shall burst upon me in all its truthful glare, and I shall still attest my innocence of *even* an improper thought, much less action. I think it just as criminal to tell a slanderous lie on myself as on any one else. And you may rest assured, sir, that I *will* not utter a base falsehood on myself, or on any one else."

This kind of resolute language rather quelled him, as cowards always are by a brave course of conduct; for what did the infatuated and imbecile man want? To extort from her some acknowledgment, some whining, crying, and running after him, as he said he had been used to from his poor wife who was now dead and buried. For he had told his present wife that, in about two months after his first marriage, he and his wife had attended a Methodist prayer-meeting, where they had the ceremony of baptism performed—that is, what is called by the Baptists sprinkling of children. His wife had gotten up, tossed her head, and said, "That was no baptism." Being the daughter of a strenuous Baptist, her sectarianism ran higher than her religion or respect for her husband. But *he* said that he had asked her before they were married, "If she had any objection to his being a Methodist, and she had replied that she had none." This was *his* version of the case.

And what did he do? Did he bear the seeming insult from his young wife? He bear insult? No! not even a seeming one, which was, in fact, more the prejudice of education than anything else. But *how* did he bear it? Like a passionate, inconsiderate, unreasonable man generally does. He said he packed up his clothes in his saddlebags, took his wife to her father, "and told him, for God's

sake, to raise the rest of his children in credit." And so he pretended to go off and leave his wife, who was some seven years younger than himself. And now she ran after him, wailed and cried so that he returned. And now did he look for a similar course of conduct? If he did, he was mistaken. This wife had not behaved unseemly to him, and nothing short of the deepest reverence, courtesy, affability, and deference to his opinions had she ever extended towards him. Yea, too much; for in carrying out his peculiar views, the motives for which were not always apparent, in the hands of his present wife, who was clear and almost transparent, frank and open to a fault, the mixture made her appear a different being; and, consequently, she could never be her own true self to others, if they were objectionable to him, as when in her own native colors. We knew he was the sole aggressor in this horrible accusation. And after his wife told him she *never* would make any acknowledgment of what was so utterly false with regard to herself, he changed his tactics and mode of attack; made apologies, talked differently, reasoned with himself, and said he must have been mistaken; and now held out a flag of truce. He said, on the honor of a gentleman, *he never* would mention the subject to her again. Alas! it was too late. The dreadful seed was sown. The poor, true-hearted wife was really more murdered than if he had cut her throat. There are ills in this life worse to be borne than death. "It is not all of death to die," truly. And what had she now in prospect? The scorching desert of Sahara could not have appeared to her more intolerable, more burning to her henceforth weary feet. Where was an oasis? None in that family. A threefold enemy was there. And she was one — alone, alone. For if she had been in gilded halls, she would have been as a glittering wretch. No such grandeur was there. But, instead, many cares and

burdens, and much work to do for such a household. And if she had had the love, the confidence of her husband, all would have been but light tasks. But no matter which way she lifted her weary eyes, there was sorrow, and all the more weighty because she *must* bear it alone. To whom could she reveal the sorrows of the mind. Young reader, dear young lady reader, to you our heart goes out in deepest, purest sympathy, for upon your devoted heads is sorrow like this apt ever to fall! Beware, then, how you contract an unsuitable marriage. Were the man old as Methuselah, and the right sort of a man — a *gentleman*, one whose tastes are congenial to your own, one that would not exact all from *you*, and perform none himself — he is the man, young or old. And if he come not early, wait for him. “If the vision tarry, wait for it.” And if it never come, *never marry*. Better, ten thousand times, to pass your time alone in this world, than to join yourself to some unsuitable man, and have to pass your poor soul in solitary thoughts and aspirations, to which he has no affinity nor desire to aspire to. Once for all, an unsuitable marriage, in all its bearings, is one that should be deplored and prevented, if possible, by *all*.

In all this sad state, from whence did Grace get comfort? By looking above, whence comes all our help.

“Oh, who could bear life’s stormy doom,
Did not Thy *Word* of Love
Come brightly bearing through the gloom
A palm-branch from above?

“Then sorrow touch’d by grace grows bright
With more than rapture’s ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!”

The next day found Mrs. Smith prostrated by a nervous fever. Her situation was deeply deplorable. It was one

which all men, but savages and brute-like men, regard with pity and interest, being one that most men delight for their wives to be in. Her fatigue and very great excitement had done sad work. Though apparently calm as a summer's eve, and self-possessed, yet the inward work was done. Her overwrought energies were unstrung and unnerved. She had not power even to raise her head in bed. And we believe he was alarmed, and thought that he had killed her by his cruel words, which was in fact very nearly the truth. But no one on earth besides themselves knew of the conflict raging within.

CHAPTER V.

BIRTH AND DEATH OF GRACE'S FIRST CHILD.

OH, spirit of the past, where art thou? Ye ghosts of former times! Many visions are on the mind, that come trooping as birds to their nests."

There is a sadness brooding over everything this afternoon, and my spirits seem to sympathize with the out-door state of things. What would I not give if I could but catch a glimpse of the end of this life? Sometimes I am foolish enough to imagine a happy future—an infinity of golden meadows and rippling, laughing waters, and fragrant, spicy breath of blossoms filling the air, and my feet, that have been so wayward and wandering, walking at peace among these delights. But how insane the thought! Did I not choose my own path years ago, and now shall I sit down and sigh for the broken dreams and unfulfilled hopes of a day gone by?

It is sunset now—a pale, quiet sunset. Not a rose-tint

on the clouds, only a dim, undefined sense of hidden brightness behind them. There seems a hush in the very air to-night; and as the light on the hills is fast sobering into twilight, my thoughts drift with it in among the shadows. Our moods are so unaccountable, now carrying us aloft on the billows of life, eyes bright and hearts light with hope; then plunging us down, down, under the cold waves and then out again, on towards the land of rest, where, "dropping all flowers from the numbed hands," we only care to dream our life away.

Things went on so for about a month; and when she got so that she could sit up, he would lift her up in his arms, and hold her on his knees, and make every overture to her possible—all but taking back the dreadful scene passed; that never could be done. Still, he acted so that her generous nature, ready ever to forgive, was somewhat pacified; but her heart was dead to all matrimonial joy. The spring-tide of her bounding, glad heart was gone—gone forever! She *never could look* upon him as she did before; because she thought, and thought truly, that the demon still lurked within his breast. The quicksands were underneath her feet. She could feel them give way at the slightest pressure. Oh, it was sad to see one so young die a living death! We suppose that is what is meant by the "worm that never dies." A continual pain at the heart whenever she looked at him, the *awful truth* would force itself upon her, welcome or not, like unbidden guests, "my husband is jealous of me!" And it would follow her like some dreadful incubus, some sad spell that *never was to be broken*. Nor, indeed, was it ever broken.

Some time after she revived, her cousin Evans called on some business he had with Smith, who was in the field; and while he was being sent for they sat in the piazza—she at a respectful distance from him, as though afraid of him.

She was mute; not a word did she speak. Why did she not tell her kinsman what she had suffered on his account? Ah, no! her feelings were too sacred. How could she divulge? Who was she to tell on? Her husband? That she could not do; besides, she knew not all the heart of her cousin; for had he not neglected her,—intentionally or not we know not,—when she, as a lonely orphan, was far away from friends and acquaintances, among comparative strangers? No, she could not tell *him*. She would not for the world. Besides, it might have caused a rupture in the families; for Smith seemed not to be on the best terms with his first wife's relations. Who were most in fault, God only knew. We only knew that it was anything but a pleasant state of affairs among them.

"That old man of yours is very slow in coming," said Evans. He then said it was well for one to marry rich, so as to triumph over one's enemies.

"That triumph is of short duration," replied Mrs. Smith, when she thought there is a canker at one's heart, and the sun of their glory and happiness set forever. But if Mr. Evans thought Mrs. Smith married rich, she did not think so. His property (Smith's), at the highest calculation, could not have been more than \$20,000—with so many children for his heirs, and a young wife. A poor prospect for riches. For if Mrs. Smith was not rich herself, she had seen those who were; and many who had been her *particular friends*, had more property than Smith, if we take into consideration Smith's incumbrances. And whether Evans alluded to his cousin's marriage or not, we never knew, nor to what enemies he had allusion. She knew not; for if Mrs. Smith had any enemies besides his own mother, and his sister-in-law, and those who were made so by them, we never knew.

As soon as Smith came, he and Evans went to transact

their business, during which time it became necessary to call Mrs. Smith in about some particular date; at which she was generally prompt. As soon as that matter was attended to, she left, and went again to her own room, and returned no more while her cousin remained. And when Evans left, Smith came to his wife, and said, "My dear, you treated your cousin with too much coolness." Really with a distressed look he said these words. "Coolness, indeed," thought Mrs. Smith. "Oh man, inconsistency is thy name." What else could be expected from her after his late torture of her on his account. But, poor woman, she replied not a word, and thought, also, are you not the cause of it?

"Do you suppose," she said within herself, "that I will treat him any other way? nay, even with the most distant politeness, and have you sounding his name in my ears forever?" Was not Smith's conscience guilty? And did he not fear that she had told him? But he need have had no fears on that score. No, she never, never told him.

After this there was peace about Evans for awhile. In fact, we believe he had not mentioned his name to her in that awful manner since the night of their return from that woful camp-meeting. He kept his word a good while; nor had he any more cause on that occasion, if he had looked aright, to throw him up to her than on this, if the green-eyed monster had not inverted his optical nerves, and turned them upside down, so that he could not see straight. For *she* was equally prudent then as now.

Not long after this, Evans, having purchased an accordion, came to Smith's to play for his cousin Grace and his nieces, who he knew were passionately fond of music. And while the sweet strains issued from this instrument, the streams gushed from her eyes; a long train of thought, imagery, and internal vision, brightened into spectres of the

past, came in review before her, and came trooping like so many long absent friends, and stood before her as if in pity looking on. Grace wept abundantly; and Evans said, "Smith, I would get Cousin Grace a piano; then music would not have such an effect upon her." Ah me! little did he know the cause of that flood-tide of tears. The flood had been long pent up within; and now that it had burst its boundary, her surcharged heart unflooded itself by the streams from her eyes. The smouldering fires in her heart broke out; nor could she control them any longer. But she did not throw them out in cataracts of burning lava, as her husband had done. The streams arrested the fires, and drove them back to their repository, and she was relieved for a time of some of the weight she had been so long carrying. Evans little thought how her mind went back to the time when she, as a joyous girl, met him the first time; how music had gladdened her heart nearly all the time of her sojourn there among her friends. He little thought of her *dead hopes buried*, and how her mind was ruminating in the halls of those glad and dear friends left behind! *He* knew not of her misery, much less did they. None knew of it but the one who caused it. Nor *could he* know. No, such a sensual mind, given only to fleshly appetites and their gratification, could never know what a woman, with a soul high as heaven, refined, educated, and of the most exquisite sensibility, *could* feel on such an occasion as this. And yet she must appear cheerful and happy; must wear a smile when the heart was inly bleeding. Must smile, when burdened with a dreadful secret, and her heart *crushed* in ten thousand pieces. Add to this all her other weights, to be borne from the family, it was almost an intolerable burden. But she picked up the Herculean task at the threshold of her prison of sorrow, bore it, and went on sadly, though outwardly cheerful.

A long time then elapsed, of more than six months, before anything of a jealous nature passed between them. Comparative peace from him to his wife was the order of the day. She had, however, affliction of other kinds; enough, it would seem, to destroy a dozen women of like health and constitution.

About this time she was sick one morning, and vomited. "Up," said he, "I must get, for I see another brood of children coming." Is this the language of a fond, doting husband on such occasions? We think not. And if there is anything beneath the sun that will make us hate and loathe a man little less than the rake and seducer, it is for a married man — no matter if he have forty children — to make such speeches to a young and new wife, or to any wife. A delectable prospect, is it not, dear young ladies. Very enviable. Would you not like to be thus happily married? Beware of old widowers then; albeit, some young ones are equally selfish. Would God such men could never get a good and virtuous woman, but were lain prone on a rock, chained there until they could be made better. Marry a young wife, be jealous of her, and then wish her to be sterile as a rock, with such a libidinous, lecherous disposition as that man possessed! What on earth are we to think of such men? Wonder who did make them? We know that God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions, and one, we think, is that the devil made these glorious creatures over again; hence the image of the arch-fiend in their dispositions at least, and none of the original. And we appeal to you, gentlemen, too. Think not that we believe *all men* are liars, and perjured, and such miserable caricatures of the Master's work as some are. No, blessed be God! We thank *Him* that we have seen some who resembled their heavenly Father, and Jesus their elder brother, in all their bearings to poor down-trodden woman!

Yes, thank the Lord, we have seen some who seemed to think their wives, their much-beloved wives, their life, and made us think that some tall, manly angel had come down from heaven to show men what the Almighty intended, when he made woman for the man. These men have ever been the beau-ideal of our existence. And if Grace Claiborne had met with such an one in her husband Smith, when she became Mrs. Smith, there would have been no occasion for this story. Some cry out fiction! fiction! but this is no fiction. We wish it was. It is true. Nor can the worst of it be detailed on paper, because it would never do for delicate ears. If the very thought of it is horrible to our imagination, what must the reality have appeared? And now, ye noble men, *who are* indeed the *noblest* work of God, do you blame us for the ideas penned above? We know you do not. Although you are not women, and can *never* know how women feel on these subjects, yet your greatness causes you to espouse the cause of the weak — those whom God delegated you to protect and screen from evil and insult, wrong and oppression. If this is not oppression — to keep a young and beautiful person for their own gratification, and then be angry at a legitimate result — we know not the meaning of the word. A result of your own making. O God! we do feel, in a moment of excitement and just indignation against all such, that, if we had all their necks under our feet, we could *stamp* them. We feel, we think, a justifiable and infinite scorning and contempt, and would fain have all such chained where they *never could see any woman* at all, but those of their own class — and they the most abandoned of their sex, for with only such should they be made to consort.

A new year had now rolled round, and with it many other things. The measles had been brought into the family by one of the boys taking it while away from home, thirty-six

of whom were prostrated by it at one time. This took all the house servant-maids and sisters; and then Mrs. Smith, regardless of her situation, kept the youngest child—a little boy about thirteen months old—in her arms to sleep, and by that means, and her undivided care, saved his life, but came very near losing her own, by taking the measles herself. On the 22d of April she lost her own child in consequence of this dreaded disease. All the pain that a mortal could endure seemed to be her share. She lost the child in the eighth month, being only about twenty days short of the ninth month. And although Smith would say, if *any one were to swear till he was black as his hat, he would not believe but that his wife was a virtuous woman, for he knew she was*, yet he would be saying, “I would not, for five hundred dollars, that she should be confined before the nine months were passed.” All such delicate conversation in her ears while she was suffering more than tongue could tell. Oh, how did she bear it? Then was the time to have consoled her.

One day he said to her, “How would you feel, if you should hear that Evans had said thus and so of you?” when *he* knew such a thing was physically impossible. Poor Mrs. Smith, judging, from what she saw of the other children, that she never would have the chance of bringing *her* children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, thanked God that *her* child was born dead; moreover, was no addition to the “*brood*” he already had. The dead child bore his image as much as any that were ever born to him.

Grace again began to revive and recover from her great illness. On the tenth of May of that year he had occasion to visit his father in an adjoining county. On that day she was somewhat alone—as much as one could be, surrounded by a household of children and servants; a house in which there were no closets nor sanctums sacred to the use of the

weary child of God, who wished often to be alone with its God, and commune of things besides those of earth and sin. And when it was too cold, or she was unable, by affliction, to retire to the woods, there was no asylum for her; hence she suffered intensely from this cause, having loved solitude and retirement. No one prayed in this family. And when she prayed, it must be in the midst of broils and confusion. If she went into a bedroom, all of which were without fire-places, and which must necessarily be cold in very cold weather, she was sure to be peeped at through the cracks, if any there were, to see what she was doing. If she wept, he would say, even before his disgorgement of jealousy, that she was not satisfied with him. Who could have been, when confusion and misrule were the rule of the house? But on this day especially she wished to be alone while he was gone—to be alone with her Maker, and review the horrors of the past ten months. She sat up and wrote. Oh, it had been a long time since she had written, even in her journal—so much surveillance around her, and so much afraid was she that he would say something about it, although she generally did all his writing for him. That day she poured out her soul, on paper, to God, and prayed, if it were *His* will, for Christ's sake, to suffer her to be a mother no more forever! “Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.” Her overcharged heart was emptied once more, and she was comforted by her Maker, who knows all hearts.

She walked to the piazza for some water. Evans passed by on horseback on his way to the church, some five miles distant. The road ran about a hundred yards from the house.

“Good-morning, Cousin Grace,” said he; “how do you do?”

She, as was generally the case, after having her spirits chastened and subdued before the Lord, rallied, and became

cheerful, and replied, "Good-morning. I have a great mind not to speak to you."

"Oh," said he, "I *will* speak to you whether you do to me or not," and passed on, and she returned to her room, or family room, saddened again, thinking of his being the innocent but unsuspecting cause of all her woe—at least, so Smith made it, while he himself was the whole cause.

Smith hated Evans in his heart, but would not let him know it. Although apparently friendly to him, he often told his wife disparaging tales of him, which she knew, years after, originated in his dislike of Evans, many things that had passed before Mrs. Smith knew either of them. These stories were told her shortly after their marriage, and after Evans's return from the Commencement, that memorable day when, he afterwards admitted, the green-eyed monster arose in his heart. These were told to embitter her mind against him. Such were some of them. "That he had no doubt but that Evans, in his route, had been to see such a young lady in such a county, who was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman, and having not succeeded there, he came back with the intention of addressing you, and that was the reason why he looked so much like a distracted man," and then added, "I am glad I have got you." All this looked very strange to Mrs. Smith then, but, like Mary of old, she pondered them in her heart. But now, after the lapse of many years, we can see, as plainly as two and three are five, that Smith thought these two persons—his brother-in-law and his cousin—were engaged, or at least that there existed some attachment between them, and that now, while Evans was absent, was his chance. He would address her himself, and, if possible, bear off the prize before Evans's return. In this we have seen that he succeeded too well. But if after over-reaching his rival, as *he certainly thought*

Evans was, he had treated the unsuspecting bone of contention — his victim — with kindness, all would have been well; for we have seen how utterly without foundation were all his thoughts, so far as Grace Claiborne was concerned. She no more thought that her cousin had any intention of *addressing her*, than she thought of some one of whom she had never heard. Moreover, her knowledge of the sentiments of his mother, and his neglect of her, when she wished to leave a place that had been fraught with disappointment, were in the way with her. A neglected promise, which had been made under circumstances so sacred in her mind, could not be forgotten. Still, as she could not bear umbrage long, it was looked upon by her sadly, as something to be regretted for a lifetime, especially after she found herself an unhappy wife.

Once, after Mrs. Smith knew that jealousy, cruel as the grave, lurked within his heart, as he and his wife were riding to town to make some purchases preparatory to his eldest daughter's wedding, they met Evans on horseback going out home. Smith, ever on the watch, said Evans turned red in the face, and that his wife's also turned red. After they had passed each other, Smith said to his wife, "I believe you and Evans blush every time you meet." Mrs. Smith made no reply, as was often the case with her, but, when accused, like her Saviour, held her peace, and appealed to the Searcher of hearts. If she blushed, she knew it not, nor did she observe that Evans blushed. And even if she had, we think his false views of Evans were enough to make the blood mount or bound to any young woman's face; while he, poor fellow, if *he* did, it can never be known what brought the unconscious blood to his face, as he was ignorant of Smith's false views of him.

The tenth day of May, before alluded to, when Smith went to his father's, to the surprise of all his family, he re-

turned that night. It being a great distance to go and return in one day, he was not expected to go and come in so short a time. He pretended that it was his great love and concern for his young wife, whom, with all his jealousies and mistreatment secretly, he pretended to love to distraction. This idea caused her generous heart to try to forgive and overlook his conduct as much as possible, and to endeavor to glean a *little* happiness. But apples of Sodom and the husks of swine satisfy not a true soul. Only externally could she appear so — no foundation internally. Who could have been happy? Perhaps, we have thought, if she could have told on him, it might have been better or easier to bear. But we do not always know what is best in such cases. Her heart was too sensitive, too sacred, too secretive, too much in this matter like the miser guarding gold — his hoard of wealth. She did not even divulge it to her own dear mother. Her exalted views might have been appreciated in families of refinement, but in this it was all lost. And perhaps, as we have to meet cunning with cunning, devices with devices, if she could have unbent some of her lofty views, and let down some of her family pride which ran so high, and turned over, in common parlance, “the other side, Massa Johnny,” when he was secretly killing her, and two other classes from the house were, without knowing Smith’s proceedings, distorting all her acts, nay, even her best motives impugned, it might have been better for her in a day of development; but at that time she could no more, with her views, have resorted to such measures than she could have flown without wings. Moreover, too, while she was yet in her own beloved State, where she had been very much beloved, and as yet no tales from the neighbors by the children and negroes would be brought in to cast at her to vex her with. The citizens of that county were of a better class than some who will figure in these pages during our further progress.

We now think Smith's speedy return home was to see what was going on, and to know if Evans ever came about in his absence. Of which we are sure Evans never once thought of doing. Base man! he need have given himself no trouble on that score. Evans never came in his absence, nor did Mrs. Smith ever *even think* of having an interview with him. How contemptible such pretended devotion and love, when it was only a cloak to hide his hideous thoughts. How we would appreciate it, if it had been pure and true. Oh, what happiness might have abounded in that family, if he had been a pure and true man. Ample opportunities might have presented themselves, if Mrs. Smith had ever thought of such a thing as seeing her cousin. Had she desired it, we suppose she could have done it. True, but she was amidst all sorts of sinners, of the negroes and some other members of the family, and she gave them no occasion against herself, but was in all respects very circumspect. The thought of acting from policy never once occurred to her. Her whole course of conduct was perfectly natural. Innocence never thinks evil, and is often ignorant when many basilisk eyes are upon it.

One day, when Smith and his wife were reposing on a bed together, "My dear," said he, "I thought that child favored S——," meaning the man of the house where Mrs. Smith boarded before her marriage; who had, in fact, been represented as a very bad man, but of whom Mrs. Smith had heard before she went there to board, and had ever been on her guard where he was; yes, as much as if she had been near some reptile. But to his credit, or *her credit*, he *never* had the opportunity, if he even desired it, to behave amiss towards her. He was the first man she ever beheld who was jealous of his wife, and that without any real cause; for his wife, Mrs. M. A. B.S——, was one of those artless kind of women of whom it is profanation to think evil. And he

ought to have known it, and did know it. But this same man told Miss Claiborne, before she was married, that when a man got jealousy in his head, it was hard to get it out. He doubtless spoke from experience; and if he had any *real* cause, Mrs. Smith never knew it. Although there were many things passed in a social point of view under his roof that Smith never, never had to contend with or be jealous about; yet, so far as Miss Claiborne (now Mrs. Smith) saw and observed her little friend's conduct, Mrs. M. A. B. S——, she would declare, before her heavenly Father and an assembled world, that she never saw anything amiss in her. She was a woman that ought to have been beloved and trusted, and, we suppose, was; only S—— was so mean himself. He knew what he would have been about, if any one of the feminine race was particularly friendly to him; consequently, Smith-like, could see nothing only through his distorted vision. We think he and Smith were brothers in their lecherous dispositions, and that they ought to sit together in their kingdom come, whatever it may be. So much for S——.

As we are not writing the story of *all his* wrongs to his sweet, dear, little wife as she was when we beheld her last, we will let him pass, with only a stone cast at him from his good brother Smith, to think such a thing of him as to say that his own child favored him, when both these noble sinners knew that such a thing was as impossible as that the Virgin Mary was the mother physically of the whole world. But we say again, that this lecher of a brother, Smith, did S—— great injustice. He might have had too much respect for Miss Claiborne; for base men sometimes have respect for virtuous women, we believe, or have been told so. But he never behaved amiss to Grace Claiborne while boarding with his family. Here was now another stab to the already bruised and murdered heart; and he actually lied whenever

these spells came on. And we do declare that we get so angry and outraged against him while delineating these horrible lies of his, that, if we had been a man, and Grace our sister, and had known of such treatment towards our sister, we should have shot the wretch before we ever could have thought of it. Out upon him for a craven, for he would invariably, in those days, make acknowledgments after the foul play was done, and ask forgiveness, and say that he knew that such a thing could not have been, for reasons well known to himself and signs most indubitable.

Great God! over what kind of a mess are we sometimes, in our route, compelled to pass! Such details of men's sins are no ways agreeable. They are the bitter herbs; and we wish, from the bottom of our heart, that every jealous man without a cause was confined in the very middle of St. Helena, —where others have been exiled,—there to stay forever, if they would not behave themselves, and learn to know the difference between good and bad women, and not try to make *all* bad by their diabolical jealousies and false accusations. Then there would be no necessity to pen such things. Napoleon Bonaparte, we have read, was jealous of Josephine without cause, and dearly did he pay for it. Napoleon Smith was jealous of his wife without cause; and it cost him dearly, also. When he would say he did not believe such things, then, we ask, unparalleled fool, why torment your own mind, and destroy your own peace and happiness, and that of the pure virgin you married? Had you been the only sufferer, there would not have been much matter, for we have no pity for man or woman suffering from imaginary evils. And we have never known it fail, in a whole lifetime of observation, that the most jealous are the most vicious, and, *vice versâ*, the most innocent the least jealous. Hence, we conclude that jealousy, when it takes possession of a man's heart, is one of the most diabolical

passions ever shot into the human heart, and one of the hardest to be extracted. The devil makes sure of his aim in this case, and the ball makes a sure lodgment among the most vital parts—the sinner is mortally wounded; for we have never known, in a long lifetime, or heard or read, that we remember now, when one did receive the fatal shot, that it was ever extracted. Real or imaginary, if he thinks it so, *it is a reality with him*. When imaginary, he is often worse than where there was a cause. We have seen some men, and women, too, who could not be made jealous under any circumstances. And in some instances of which we have been eye-witnesses, it seemed even the unsuspecting might have been jealous, or might have known facts, whether jealous or not, but who seemed not to think of any such thing. We suppose they belonged to the class that “thinketh no evil.” To this class Mrs. Smith certainly belonged. *For had she no cause, if she had thought and looked about her?* But, ah no! it never entered her pure mind, such unholy thoughts. “To the pure all things are pure.” Why not have the trial of jealousy performed, as mentioned in the Scriptures, rather than have a continual torture without *cause*? This, according to the Mosaic code, would have been a more legal course.

But although she was so sacredly keeping all her troubles within her own breast, was he so? Did he never breathe his thoughts to some of his old negroes? Heaven only knows. But we shall see, as we proceed, if we have not a very good foundation for such a thought. And yet Mrs. Smith would have thought it high treason to have allowed such an idea to enter her mind while he was, with all his jealousies, when in good humor, calling her the sweetest creature in the world, and saying, many, many times during the day and night, “God bless your sweet soul.” And for her to have had a shadow of a doubt of him would, *at that time*, have been the last thought that could have pre-

sented itself. Such purity in juxtaposition with evil surmising is a contrast amazingly unpleasant.

We have heard some women say that they wished their husbands were jealous of them, for then it would prove that they loved them very much. Well, our dear lady or ladies, you are welcome to all the jealousy from your husbands that they are capable of; but we, our own humble self, beg to be *excused*. Nay, if we could be married to the chief adversary for a space of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and then be released, we would prefer it to your jealous man. A sign of love! no, never, in our estimation. Confidence is a sign of *love*, and not all-absorbing, consuming jealousy, which eats out the heart-core of affection, as the fires of Gehenna destroy all the peace and quiet of the victims exposed to its flames.

Jealousy, in our opinion, is the very antagonist of love; and the man under its influence is like the wild beast—he is so greedy of his prey, that no other beast dare look upon it. And as he feels himself in possession of this coveted, choice lamb—the king of beasts—O mercy, “touch it, who dare.” And to prove that our sentiments are logical and right, this wild beast would rather destroy, than let one of his fellow-beasts touch his victim, even after he is dead. A woeful evidence we had in the husband who shot his wife with her babe in her arms, and made it, and some two other little children (girls), motherless. It was said that somehow the insane idea got into his head that he had to die before his wife; and knowing that her great beauty would cause her to have admirers after his demise, to prevent this (to his jealous, ferocious mind,) great catastrophe, what does he do, but, like a raving wild beast, bring about a much greater one, that made all the ears of the people of the good old State of G— tingle. He killed his victim, thus causing her to die before him; and then took his own life in prison,

to prevent a public execution of his own miserable carcase. Where was the love in all this matter? "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor," much less to his wife; so away with all the jealous husbands for us. Confine them on the barren, bleak rocks of St. Helena forever. Let them lie there, as Satan did on the burning pool, prone, lest, if they get into any earthly garden of Eden, as Satan did, there will be the mischief to pay, and all the wild works that we might expect from a second edition of this bold, bad, wild adventurer in his ingress into Eden. He certainly has made some amendments to his infernal arts since he first tried them so successfully on Adam and Eve, and has by this time taught his willing and very obedient sons the new improvements. If Adam had been jealous, he never would have thought of killing Eve. The thought of murder made its first development from Cain on his more righteous brother, and jealousy and envy, twin-sisters, were the cause of it then. But *now* these well-tutored sons of Adam, under the guardianship of this first cause of evil, to wit, the well-beloved and well-obeyed old Satan, have made such rapid advancement in his infernal trickery, that they can kill their wives in cold blood, and then wipe their mouths, as the bad woman, and say, "we have done no evil." Now do you, our dear young gentle reader, think jealousy a sign of love? Well, if you do, all we have to say on the subject is, that you are welcome to the signs and all the reality that follow them; for, from them all, we say, in the integrity of our soul, "Good Lord, deliver us." We wish no such love, nor its signs. It is a hydra-headed monster, whose jaws are as voracious as the grave and hell. We have not yet exhausted our vocabulary in giving it names; we may still have some new ones for it, as we advance. We think he is the very fellow that tucked his tail, or rather, as there was a company of them, tucked their tails and ran away into the herd of swine,

when the Saviour cast them out of the man. They called Him Lord, or Master, we believe. Any way, they acknowledged His supremacy, when they besought our Saviour, saying, "Lord, if thou cast us out, suffer us to go into the herd of swine;" for they did not wish to go back to pandemonium, as they had perhaps done all the mischief there they could, and thought they could better serve the purpose of their great master, the chief devil, by staying among men and swine. See! they did not ask to go among the women, for about that time woman was the especial favorite of the Saviour of the world, and was then under His particular guardianship. But these poor devils, after having drowned the whole herd of swine in the sea, worked their way out again among men, entered all the jealous-minded ones, and there have dwelt ever since. We have never heard of their being cast out since that day. They have been feeding them with the husks the swine left when they hastened them away from their repast before them, and they are tenfold more like these demons than before. But we will now leave the discussion of these gents for awhile, and look after the hero Smith.

A whole year had now passed since their marriage. Smith had promised to take his wife to see her relations, and the time drew near for their departure. He wished to back out; offered his wife seventy dollars, if she would not go. But she—knowing that she would lay it out for the family, and then perhaps be blamed for it, and such were her yearnings and longing desires to see her dear mother and sisters—refused to accept his offer, and told him she would hold him good to his promise; for she had not seen her mother for more than two years. Consequently, it was not long before they set out on their journey. They passed through many places which she had, about twenty months before, passed in company with her cousin Evans.

When they came to M——, where some distant relations dwelt, they heard that Smith's father was lying very sick, and it was thought would die. Mrs. Smith proposed going to his father's immediately, but he declined going until their return from her relations.

He appeared to be quite happy among his wife's people, who were very kind to him. But especially among her acquaintances and friends did he hear her praise, who, having known her from a child, held her in high estimation, and told him there was no two ways about Grace's conduct; that duty and piety were the polar star to her — *true* in every point. One good minister whom he met, told him that he believed sister Grace was the most pious young woman he ever knew.

Smith's father's illness cut short their stay among his wife's relations, and caused them to hasten back earlier than they had intended. Smith's father, although sick, appeared to be captivated by his new daughter-in-law; did not wish her out of his sight, not even a moment, while they remained, but would be constantly calling for her. Smith's eldest brother and sister being there also, seemed well pleased. And even all their servants, too, were well pleased.

On their return home, Smith had an argument with his wife about the beauty of her next oldest sister's little daughter, and *his* youngest daughter. Mrs. Smith did think her little charge pretty, but her sister's daughter prettier. At this he flew into a passion, or rather rage; did not speak for some time after, saying nothing *he* had was pretty. Mrs. Smith was sorry the subject had been broached; and although she had seen a considerable amount of his passionate, whimsical way of doing things, and angry talking, she did not anticipate this whirlwind or tempest on so trivial an occasion, and hence was taken by surprise. Yet who could be forever on his guard, so as to ward off or avert

such whirly gusts. For although she really did love his daughter, she still thought her sister's daughter the prettiest, and did not think it would make her husband mad to say so.

Smith's daughter was of a dark brunette complexion, large whitish-blue or gray eyes, and auburn colored hair, with a large frame and features. His wife's sister's daughter was of a beautiful, fair complexion, deep black eyes and black hair, perfect symmetry in form and features; not large, but quite delicate and ladylike in her appearance. Not one in a thousand but would have said little Miss D—— was prettier than little Miss Smith.

CHAPTER VI.

TROUBLE ABOUT SMITH'S PROPERTY.

THUS it was that Smith carried his jealousies and prejudices into almost everything—into little every-day affairs, occurrences, and conversations, not worth a well-bred child's notice, to say nothing of a fit of madness for a *grown man*. Such conduct in a man over forty years of age argues something very strange, unless we say at once that he was an absolute tyrant—one who could bear no contradiction at all; nay, not even a difference of opinion expressed, and that by his own wife, too, whom he would pretend to idolize, but, like Henry the Eighth, would almost the next moment be ready to cut her head off for what would appear to many others almost a perfect nothing. Queen Elizabeth, for instance, was ready to behead a man if he called another queen prettier than herself. If it come to

that in this country, that one cannot express even an opposite opinion without being in danger of a whirly gust of passion, what better off are we than if under an absolute monarchy, except the lack of power to do as the tyrant would do, provided he were in a kingly country?

During the trip, however, — although given to these freaks, — he was very fond of his wife, especially among her own people, frequently putting his hand on his knee to her to come and sit on his lap; and among his own people he appeared almost to adore his young wife. But all this could only make her seemingly happy. The aching heart was within. When they arrived at home, although there was bright light all about, it being beautiful summer weather, yet in her heart there was gloom. For no glad faces met her, no glad voices greeted her ears; and though apparently happy, yet inwardly there was great sadness, because no glad, joyous, happy spirit can long *be* happy if it see that it is not beloved in return by those around it. Love for love, and nothing else. She would try to even dare to think herself happy, at least in her husband. But, O truth! *the burning* truth of his fitful ways marred all. And when she turned *within* to behold her joyous heart, behold the waste made there, like an endless desert upon which she would send her eyes in search of some green spot, which, alas! could not be found. There was no rest for the sole of her feet from the troubled waters. Without, was one wild waste of endless waters, and within the family ark there lurked a serpent. The freaky love of her husband was so uncertain, that there could be no permanent security or hope of long continuance. Yet when the spells were not on him, there would be a lull, and she would be soothed into something like complaisance, thinking that surely he did *indeed* love her, as he was so often ardently professing. But the awful truth of his jealousies even though now the

spell might be off, and he believed not what he said when under their influence, as he again and again avowed that he never believed a word he uttered under such passions — evinced an imbecility of mind which was not at all in concert with her high and lofty views of love and friendship, especially conjugal love and friendship. And hence, with all the blindness natural towards those with whom we dwell and wish to love, she could not help thinking her very transient, evanescent happiness was on a poor, a sandy foundation. If the floods should come, the winds blow, the rain and storms should arise against her, she felt sure the foundation would be snapped asunder, and leave her engulfed beneath the ruins! With such an ominous prophecy forever before her eyes of her own destruction, oh, how could she be even outwardly happy? Oh, how many smiling, beautiful, cheerful faces, if we could see as God sees, would we behold with broken hearts and crushed hopes! Yes, crushed to death! Yea, the most *cruel of all deaths — a living death!* Like the custom of the ancient Romans to a criminal or condemned person, when one such was under their displeasure or sentence of death, they would have a dead body tied to the living unfortunate being, to drag about with him until the dead body caused his death. A most cruel fate, and one to which the Apostle Paul alludes when he exclaims, “O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death.” But Mrs. Smith did not thus pray. If she had viewed it in that light, and prayed incessantly day and night; had put aside all that arduous work and hard tasks assumed by herself, of doing *so much*, and *too much* for her delicate constitution; work for which she did neither then nor yet, as we know of, get any thanks for, but only misrepresentation, *it might have been better for her*. But she never could be selfish enough, not even for self-preservation. The doctrine of taking care of “number one” *never*

could enter a soul large enough to take in the whole world in its love and benevolence.

Not much of anything of importance happened the residue of that summer. Mrs. Smith had comparative quiet about Evans. She saw him very seldom, and his name *was never* mentioned, unless he was named to her. About this time he went abroad among the ladies. And now it was that a certain young lady from an adjoining county came into that neighborhood on a visit. It was reported that Evans was very much pleased with her. Neither Smith nor Mrs. Smith had yet known it, or seen her.

Another camp-meeting came off this fall, which was about a year since the fatal one to Mrs. Smith the year before. This, however, was held in another part of the county, and nearer Smith's residence than the former. He would not tent again, nor do anything of the kind, to accommodate his family, but had promised his wife that he would go with her and return the same day. A poor recreation, or religious enjoyment, that to a pious soul, to go ten or twelve miles to a religious meeting and return on the same day. But even that was some little respite and refreshment away from the scene of constant toil and almost incessant broil. But when Sunday came, behold, he did not wish to do even that much. The devil would generally get in him about Saturday night, so that he might not wish to go to church, and thus prevent his wife from going. Mrs. Smith, however, prevailed upon him this time to go for her sake. And whether he had been teasing or tormenting her about Evans this time, or whether it was because she was so hindered by her fatal marriage to this very Methodist man from associating and commingling with the people of God, we do not now know. But one thing we *do know*, that when they arrived at the camp-ground, some good minister of God preached an excellent

and soul-quickenings and soul-reviving sermon, which affected her very much, so that, like a pent-up flood, her overcharged heart overflowed again in streams from her eyes, and was thus relieved of some of its mighty burden. One cause of her great sorrow about such things was the reflection that before her marriage, although under the protection of a drinking father, she could generally attend the house of God when she wished; but now, to please her very Methodistical husband, she must stay Sabbath after Sabbath from the sanctuary—yea, nearly whole years; for not above three times a year could she get him off, and even that much *condescension* on his part would be obtained by the greatest kind of yielding on her part—"yielding to conquer." And unless she would consent to take the children and servants, and go without him, which she did not like to do, she would have to remain at home; for, besides always wishing to be with one who *was* her lawful protector, and *ought* to be her *friend*, she did not wish to give him any chance to throw up to her Evans or any one else.

Evans and the young lady in question, with another young lady, attended the camp-meeting also. They arrived after Smith and his wife. After divine service, all dined at the same tent—a tent belonging to the same lady, Evans's sister, who had a tent at the other camp-ground of the year before. This lady's husband, although no better off in this world's goods than Smith, was indeed a man to be praised, for he built a tent at both these camp-grounds, one of which must have been twelve or fifteen miles off, and this last one at least eighteen or twenty miles. He had also a very large family of children and servants, and entertained a great deal of company on these occasions. This, Smith determined he never would do, and never did; and if he ever did in his former wife's lifetime, he had fairly vowed himself out of all such expense. Again at his sister's table, Evans carved

the turkey, and asked Mrs. Smith, his cousin, to be served. Whether Smith took a fever this time or not, we do not remember. The lady, the mistress of the tent, was one of the most friendly and bountiful of ladies, and always had an ample board filled with the best of viands for her guests.

The young lady to whom Evans was paying attention was considered handsome. Smith, as a matter of course, or pretence, thought *his wife* the most beautiful, and remarked to her, "She is not half so beautiful as you; and yet," said he, "she is very much like you across the breast; and that is the reason, I suppose, Evans took such a fancy to her." This one idea seemed to be his haunting ghost; as if Evans could love nothing unless it resembled his cousin. Mrs. Smith, at least, never gave him credit for any such fancy of *her* beauty, or devotion to her. This thought seemed to constitute the bane of his life, and made him afraid of Evans ever seeing *his wife*. Like a perfect fool, or rather maniac, he acted about the matter. For if Mrs. Smith was the pure thing that he sometimes confessed he thought her to be, it was impossible for her to swerve from her polar star of duty. And Evans, so far as Mrs. Smith knew him, *was one* of the *last* of men who would interfere with another man's wife—even although that wife had been taken surreptitiously from *him* before her marriage. Mrs. Smith never saw it in this light, for she knew her cousin had made no love to her; and as to Mrs. Smith loving a man unasked, it was not in her composition. Pride of the right kind, too, if nothing else, would have deterred her. Hence, Smith's jealousies, and all his wild and cruel acts towards his wife, were *entirely* without foundation, as we think has been very clearly set forth in these pages.

Evans and the young lady in question were married. Perhaps Smith was relieved; for his daughter sent word to

his wife that, if she would wait till the afternoon, she would be glad to accompany her and her father to see her new aunt. This was his eldest daughter, who had married the obnoxious suitor before alluded to. But Smith, her father, seemed to be in such a hurry to make the call, that he persuaded his wife to make it in the morning. . . . It was a pity, ten thousand pities, that Smith would let himself be led captive by such fancies and freaks of the brain, when at times he could be so agreeable; with so much seeming lovingness and goodness, so much apparent kindness when the whim took him, that, if possible, he would have deceived the very elect. But as his wife was *his elect*, she could not be altogether deceived, but was often bewildered, and knew not *what to think* of him. It was a pity that he should have been a slave to so all-devouring a passion as jealousy *without* a cause.

They called to see the bride. Evans and his wife met them, and welcomed them cordially. Evans's wife seemed to be all kindness and attention to his children, especially to the little boy about two or three years old. The little fellow fell from the doorsteps, and she ran to gather him up, as any mother would have done. She appeared to be very friendly to Smith's wife. But Smith himself, in after days, did not like her, because *he* thought she would boast about getting this or that, in his presence, from Evans's father, saying, "I got such and such a thing from Pa's," which Smith felt himself above asking for. Moreover, he said he thought the old people, since his last marriage, wished him to have nothing they had, lest his youngest children by his last wife would get some of it. He fretted himself a great deal about it, and was constantly speaking against the old gentleman on account of it, until Mrs. Smith's very soul was sick of it. And truly it was a selfish way of doing business; and they (the relations) did many

things which they ought not to have done, and such as the good man saw in a very different light from earth's light, as soon as he got into the spirit land, where all is peace and harmony, love to God and man; waiting on the heirs of salvation, instead of fretting about them getting a little of our earthly estate.

Mrs. Smith did not fret about it at all, for she cared not about it. She had ten thousand times rather that the old gentleman would have visited them, been kind to them, spoken affectionately to her, and looked upon her as a loving relation, than to have been heir to his whole patrimony. She looked upon these things in the light of eternity; so far preferable is love and loving-kindness than all the wealth of the world. We have but one journey to make through life; none can return and mend his wrongs; and the more we can help one another through life, the more pain we can relieve, the drooping heart cheer, the happier we shall be in that better world. And we doubt not that the good man, from his happy place of observation, looked down upon the past with regret, (if regret can enter heaven,) that things had not, so far as his influence extended, been managed more amicably, and in the light of eternity. But should Smith have fretted about it? Why not move off and leave them, and raise his own family, so that he could ever have peace and happiness at home? And if he cared not about the old gentleman's property, why make any ado about it? He should have said less, and acted more on a surer foundation; so that his younger heirs, after his death, should not have been so egregiously wronged, as they were, about that very moiety of property by his elder heirs. This windy way of doing business never sets anything to rights. And as a man of some means and business, who had managed property, he acted in the lamest way he could have done, and in the surest way to instigate and induce and leave a

cause of litigation, and put these unoffending fatherless babes in the power of those who wished to fleece them, and turn them loose in the world. He made a will, in which he tried to be equal, and which a very *interested* pettifogger said he thought the most equal he ever saw, where there were so many legatees. But Smith had said he never would have the property from the old gentleman, but his first wife's children should have it; for she (his wife) had done as much for her parents as the rest of their children. The old gentleman sent the lot of property that would have been his daughter's, Smith's first wife. Smith sent it back, and would not keep it. Subsequently the old gentleman sent it back by Smith's eldest boy, with word for Smith to do as he pleased with it. No written instrument accompanying it, that we knew of, Smith lumped it, and all his other property from *his own* father, inherited and accumulated together; made a will which he was working at for years, in which to some of his elder children, then married and being married, he would give one of these negroes (who, by the way, were not the most valuable) in a lot of so many of *his own*, as far as they went, and then made the balance of his children (among which were his second wife's children, and some of the youngest of his first wife's) equal *out of his own* property. And thus it was left. After his death, his heirs, having squabbled all their life about a little property, squabbled to the end. They set the will aside; put everything together; valued property received by them some years previous at the lowest possible figures; and the balance now left on hand at Smith's death, was valued to them, the helpless orphans — all infants — at the highest possible figures. They then drew from the estate the separate part sent by their grandfather to their father, and claimed and obtained an equal share of all the balance. Among the fleeced lambs were their own orphan brother

and sister, children of their own mother, who of course got a pittance of the moiety of contention, but would have been better provided for if left as the father had willed.

Mrs. Smith saw in the contention, in one of the depositions taken, that the very day her eldest son was born, the old gentleman — the elder heir's grandfather — had willed this property separately to his wife's children, so that it was not in the eyes of the law Smith's property. And such another medley and confusion hardly ever was known about so small an amount of property. More lies and tales were told about it than ever will be made right in this world, we suppose, and more than ten thousand dollars are worth, we think; because moral rectitude, and just and righteous and merciful dealing — doing unto others as we would they should do unto us — never, never can be valued at the price of earthly gain. But as this is not the time and place for this discussion, we will desist from it till the day comes for its full detail in all its bearings on all parties, and will simply remark, that we think Smith would have been better employed, by leaving off the windy part of the matter, and looking into and arranging these affairs differently, for the benefit of his helpless offspring in a coming day. For a man of business and property, he looked very lightly into the far distant future, and made but poor, lame preparation for it.

But to return. His present wife had no children to be in the way, nor was it until two years after that she did have. He was right in thinking that his first wife's children should have an equal share of the grandparent's property, as their other grandchildren, inasmuch as he said she had done as much for her parents as any of their children. But why let his innocent young wife be censured and blamed on every side, while he alone was to blame? And why let her helpless offspring be left so that they could be cheated

out of all but a bare pittance, hardly enough to clothe and educate them, when he could have made a different arrangement? He received an equal or greater amount from *his* father's estate, that is more in value, for it was in silver, and more valuable negroes, and could have been placed where the other grandfather's property left off; and then let them *all* have an equal share of his own acquired property, inasmuch as he always said he would give unto his youngest children an equal share with the first set of children. No; he was always at loggerheads about it, and that, with his unjust jealousies, took up his time, so that he could neither see clear nor straight, nor "afar off." For if he had acted justly and rightly himself, that young, unsuspecting creature would never have been among them as a bone of contention — she nor her more helpless children, who were a bone of contention among his first children as long as there was a bone to contend about. And some of these innocent helpless ones were turned off into the world without a red cent from their father's estate. If he had cared for or respected their views in his second marriage, mayhap the relations never would have acted as they did. And as he acted independently of them in one instance, why not in all? Ah me! how few know how to wield the weapons aright put into their hands to work out their own happiness, and the happiness of others intrusted to their care. But so it is, and so it ever has been, and so we fear it ever will be. Men do not know, do not always care, or are too indolent often, to take the necessary pains to make themselves happy and others dependent upon them for happiness, especially when there is much labor requisite, but sit down in supine laziness and expect happiness to grow up of itself, and thus let the slumbering volcanoes of passion burst bounds and scatter lava and death all around. As well may we expect and look for peace and joy to grow up of themselves without care and

cultivation, as that our gardens and fields will produce good fruits without culture. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." "If ye sow the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind."

In one initiated into the minutiae of the underworkings of the mind, the secret sayings of the children, and the undercurrent of everyday affairs at Smith's, the results which followed would have been legitimate results — something looked for and expected.

The same year that Evans took *his* young wife, both the young woman became *enceinte* — that is, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Evans. And notwithstanding the great desire Mrs. Smith had never to have any children, on account of the unfavorable circumstances under which she was placed, and Smith's beautiful words about another brood of children coming; yet he would be constantly saying, "Oh, I want you to have *one* little *boy* at least, to remember me by when I am dead and gone!" for he was ever in those days talking about dying. But she remembered the time when, sick and vomiting, while *enceinte* with her first child, instead of holding her head, and sympathizing with her as he did sometimes when sick, he said, "I must get up, and go to work, for there is another brood of children coming." Mrs. Smith never forgot those cruel words, as they sounded to her as a young wife. And now that child was out of the way, she wanted no more in it. In her own mind, she looked upon him as an unkind and wretchedly inconsistent man, and asked herself why he had not married some woman old enough not to have children, and by that means have kept down part of the anger, at least, of his first brood. No; but he must grasp a young blooming creature,

and then expect her to be as sterile as a rock, with such a man as he was of amorousness, and legal debauch beyond the conception of all modest people on the earth. Worse than fool was he; he wished the enjoyment, the pleasure of a *young* woman, but not the trouble. And do we blame the young wife for not wanting to have any children under such delectable circumstances? "Nay," said she, "let me work for your children: I desire none of my own." And she was generous and benevolent enough to do it, and did it — more than she was *ever* able, after being worn down by persecution and sickness, both mental and physical, to do for her own children in after days. To this, high heaven is a grand and important and impartial witness, having been the sole spectator of all her conduct through the whole of those wearisome, toilsome years, for which she never has received from that family one groat of thanks; but, on the contrary, anathemas and maranathas. To this she can lift her hand to heaven any day, and know that God, the Almighty Father of all flesh, will attest. She can lift them to heaven in innocency, and feel his approval of *all her conduct*. But the worst of her fears were these; as neither God nor intellect was respected in the family, *her* children might partake of the same nature, and consequently would be very low in the *scale of being*, if neither Christian nor intellectual; for what is any human being without either God or a cultivated mind? Is he not worse even than a brute? for if not filled with good — his duty to that *All-wise Being* — is he not necessarily filled with evil? and if evil predominates, *is he* not lower than the brutes? The brute creation do not sin, because they are not endowed with reason and intellectual powers. She knew also, from the little desire she had for children, there might be but little of her own nature and disposition in their composition. Some great man, in writing on this subject, says, he who marries for the gratification

of the flesh principally, generally has rebellious and disobedient children. This Smith did first and last; from his own lips it proceeded; for he said to his second wife, "If he had *thought he could have lived without a woman, he never would have married in the first instance.*" And can we think he married for heavenly purposes in the second? We think not, for if he had, he was now in possession of one who would have been the happiest woman in the world, if she could have said, as Mrs. Fletcher did, "Three years and six months have I possessed my heavenly-minded husband."

This was indeed a gloomy future for a devoted Christian; yet not more gloomy than true, as the sequel will prove; she herself marrying only, as she thought, in the fear of God, and to do good. But she once read, while passing through these perplexing scenes, that, by the Lord's people not having children, the world would be deprived of the offspring of the best people of the earth.

Then she remembered, also, that education, both moral and religious, has so much to do with the human mind, that it is almost everything. Take, for example, the savage. Educate him while young, and teach him the knowledge of his Maker; let his lot be cast among the civilized of the earth, and he is a very different creature from what he would have been if he had roamed, unmolested, the forests and hunting-grounds, untaught and uneducated. But she trembled with apprehension lest she might never have the opportunity of raising her offspring in the good and desirable way of the Lord. A fear too well grounded, and one felt and realized to this day.

And are we not aware of the influence the elder part of a family exert over the young and rising branches? Nor can we altogether destroy that influence, unless removed from under it, before our young and tender ones are old enough to be materially affected by it! She *never could inspire the*

elder members of the family with *confidence* in her good precepts and examples; from what cause, we never could tell, unless it was owing to the inconsistency of the father's conduct, which, considered with hers, was a unit; nay, even worse. If he did a misdemeanor, or was in any manner, form, or shape overbearing or tyrannical towards his children, — of which she thought him guilty in many instances, and then indulgent in the wrong way and time, — it was all laid to her charge, as if their father had not done them a wrong many times before either party ever saw her face; and many wrongs had they done to the father, from what they would say to one another in her presence. Hence all confidence was destroyed, and consequently no love existed on their part, though, from all we could ever see, *he was to blame*. But what could she do in such a case? Absolutely nothing. But if they had possessed any generosity at all towards this pure person, who really did, from the bottom of her heart, wish their present and eternal welfare, they could have seen that many times, when it would at all comport with her duty as a wife, she ever endeavored to do them a pleasure. Yea, more; she *often* went counter to his expressed will to oblige them, thinking that *he ought* not to be too much displeased, because *they were his own children*. And yet, shall we believe it, she often brought down his displeasure upon her own innocent head, at the same time receiving no thanks nor credit from them? This is as true as the pillars of heaven are strong. It can neither be gain-said nor refuted. Who would have acted thus in such a place? Could any but the most courageous Christian, trusting in the merits of her almighty Redeemer, who did thus for an ungrateful world? But she had put her hand to the plough, and was determined not to look back, if possible. And she never did look back, but followed in the footsteps of her Saviour, wherever she could find them.

Even disinterested persons have been heard to say, "Why does Mrs. Smith fix up and dress those children so much? It is no advantage to her. If she was a selfish woman, she would not care for their having so much as she gets for them, but would be laying up for the time she has children of her own." But in the family all these well-meant efforts were lost, or some sinister motive assigned, such as she wished to please the eyes of the world, or that it was no more than what she ought to do, and a great deal more besides, and no thanks to her; not even guessing at the real motive — that it was to approve herself in the eyes of her *all-seeing Judge*, to whom she appealed in all her acts, expecting and knowing that she would meet them again at his *just* tribunal, and there receive the welcome plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of the Lord!" And we solemnly vow before Almighty God, there is not the human in earth, or in heaven, or the other place, who can tell *the truth* and gainsay these assertions. Our enemies themselves being judges, who are still in the flesh, if they are not wrapped in the mantle of jealousy, prejudice, and envy, will say this is the truth. And if they *will not now* admit the truth, there is a coming day when they shall be made to acknowledge it. Wrong and oppression, and taking from motherless children, could never have entered Mrs. Smith's heart, much less dwell there. And, good heavens! she could not have wished to get for them in order to get a little for herself; for she had a matter of more than twenty dresses when she married, many of which were very soon distributed among the children and negroes. Her very gracious husband told her from the beginning "to do just as she pleased in getting for herself and family." But more of this further ahead.

She had never lost sight of pleasing this gracious master

any more than the first "brood" he had. But her principles of action were too high and holy to be attributed by them to any of her doings; for how could they, from their stand-point, judge of another any other way than by their own evil hearts? Especially of one whom they *hated*, and had, by their prejudice, malice, envy, and jealousies, clothed in a *bearskin*. One great man says, "Dress a man in a bearskin, and he may be worried by his own dogs."

Because "Pa" had a few negroes, these poor misguided and ill-informed children thought that, as their father's wife had not also a few of the kinky heads, it was eternal damnation to her; and that she (poor dog) should consider herself highly honored to be even among them. No matter what treatment she received, it was good enough, nay, far too good for her — not considering that their father's wife had that which was infinitely more valuable than all the negroes their father possessed, and all that their relations owned on both sides. And as to *love*, gracious heavens! whatever of the divine principle might lodge in their souls, they had no share for the hated wife of their father. But if she had gone among them as their cousin, as in fact she was, though they acted as Edomite kin, we doubt not, notwithstanding what their minds or dispositions were, they would, being thus free from the long-rooted prejudices of an expected successor to their own dear mother, have loved their cousin as much any one else.

But we digress, having had no intention, in the beginning, of wandering into fields of thought more properly belonging to another work, to which we have made some allusion in these pages. We wonder if that will afford us more entertainment; for this, we feel, is often so absolutely painful — such a detail of a jealous man's everyday doings — that we are indeed grieved. And yet it is almost impossible, at this lapse of time, to detail all, nay, even half, so many things

in this line happening and recurring so often, which are forgotten and sunk into oblivion. Would one say *all* ought to have been forgotten and sunk in like manner? Not so, sir, for they never could. There would be the day for development, whether we like it or not. We guess we will find some grievous scenes in the work alluded to, and such as ought almost to clothe the sun in sackcloth. But we proceed in our present work.

During the same year that Smith and his wife visited *his* father, the old gentleman died. Smith received a considerable portion of property from his father's estate, both in money and negroes. Smith's eldest daughter had married, and settled on her father's land, at the suggestion of Mrs. Smith; because he was yet displeased with the obnoxious suitor, now son-in-law.

Mrs. —, his first wife's sister, who spoke to him about his keeping his second marriage a secret (till it was over) from them, and the same one who so kindly entertained them at the camp-meetings already mentioned, came to Smith's, one Sabbath afternoon, while he was very much indisposed, and had been suffering from intermittent chills and fever, and began to lecture Smith about what he had given his first daughter, without knowing *what* he had given her. She knew as well as others that Smith did not like his daughter's marriage, and would not even get the child a wedding-dress, but let her be married in clothes she already had. Mrs. Smith, if allowed, would have gotten her a full wedding trousseau. But, as it was, she had to make a small supper for her as best she could. We wonder if they were not wicked enough in their hearts to blame her for that also? We never heard, and consequently cannot deny or affirm that matter. But if they did, never were any set of people or children more deceived. Mr. —, the lady's husband, and Smith, both seemed to be offended at the

lady's words. Mrs. Smith said nothing to all this until a proper time; but Mrs. — went on, and said her "Sister Smith lived very *economically*," till those two men were irritated at her words, and, to save what they thought must be Mrs. Smith's feelings, took her part. Mr. — actually telling his wife "to hush, that *she would* hurt Mrs. Smith's feelings."

"Ah," said Mrs. Smith, after having patiently heard the lady's words, "that she will not do. I make no ado about these things."

Smith had told his wife that Mr. — was a friend of hers, often praising her for her neat housekeeping, and saying, "if Grace had these tables she would make them shine." And in speaking of Smith's children, "often called Smith's residence Seminole town." Smith himself affected to be perfectly delighted with his wife in the domestic department, saying he did not expect her to know anything but books. He was surprised to find her, in their own language, a *splendid housekeeper*, and seemed to know everything useful; so much so, that an old acquaintance, friend, and neighbor exclaimed to her, one day, "Why, how smart are you going to get?" Thus she was praised and commended amid all her troubles, which was but a poor relief to a broken heart. And while Mrs. — was going on and talking about property, Smith, from his low bed on which he was reclining, raised himself up and exclaimed, "Well, Grace, you can have what befell me from *my* father's estate, and that will be more than they all have." But none of these things seemed to move Mrs. Smith, for she felt and *knew* there was a principle of destruction at the bottom of it all. And oh, how true!

During the spring following she and Smith, one day, had been gardening, at which Mrs. Smith was very expert. She went over a very large garden and sowed all the seeds, after

Smith had laid off the little furrows. After they had finished their work, she came in and lay down to rest awhile, it being now in the afternoon, having been working in the garden *all* day. She said to Smith, her husband, while thus occupied :

“Mr. Smith, I wish you would just buy me one more barrel of flour, and that, with what we have on hand, with economy and good care, I think I can make last until wheat comes in again, and have enough to use pretty generally.”

He said nothing, but went off to the field. After she had rested awhile, she arose, and dressed *his* two little children, and went to see Mrs. Evans, their aunt.

Now, after Smith had received his legacy from his father's estate, some five or six hundred dollars being in silver money, and he having no very safe place in which to keep it, it was deposited in one of Mrs. Smith's trunks for safe-keeping, and she entrusted with the keys. She had not been long at Evans's before Smith returned from the field, and, finding her absent, sent for the keys of the trunk, which she very readily sent to him, thinking nothing of it. Though so full of freaks, and so uncertain in his passions, with or without cause, about everyday matters, she cast in her mind, however, that he perhaps wished to count over his money — a habit he followed occasionally. And thus she and the little ones remained till nearly sundown, and then returned home. Evans's wife had brought a fine piano home with her, and had been playing, and Mrs. Smith, as was usual with her during these days of pent-up sorrow, wept, as she did whenever she heard the sound of that instrument or any other.

“Cousin Grace,” said Evans, “Mr. Smith has plenty of money by him now ; ask him to send by me to M——, and get you a piano.”

Alas ! poor woman, she never even thought of asking him this favor.

She was met by him on her return home; he, sly, wolf-like sneak, waiting for the little children and nurse to get ahead of them, and then with the most grimacing, fiendish countenance that ever poor Grace beheld, accused her of taking money out of the trunk and carrying it to Evans, to buy the barrel of flour spoken of above! Poor creature! she never had even thought of doing so, nor had she ever touched a cent of the money in that trunk, nor would she have touched it upon any consideration in the world, any more than if it had belonged to the greatest stranger in the whole country. The trust was too sacred in her estimation. She never *did* think of touching a particle of it, although this was part of the legacy of which he had said, "Grace, you can have what came from my father's estate, and that will be more than they *all* have."

CHAPTER VII.

MORE OF SMITH'S FALSE ACCUSATIONS.

A MIGHTY great *all*, when the smell of the fires of perdition was on it. And what wife in the world, clothed with flesh and blood, could ever have endured this incessant false accusing, without the shadow of a cause, and not have her honest indignation raised to the boiling pitch? Especially one who was, like herself, resolute and brave in time of danger, though gentle and calm as summer evenings are under ordinary circumstances.

Tyrannical masters are said to make dishonest servants. Tyrannical husbands, if they do no more, make broken-hearted wives. What could sustain her in these trying hours, when there was no earthly friend? What else could

he expect but loathing in the conjugal state? That night he was doubtless as amorous as ever, and with words of endearment, such as "my dear." My God, if we were transported back to that time and placed under those delicious moments, with such a son of Belial, we vow before the good Lord, with our present views and knowledge of facts, we would have quit that holy drive forever! Nothing could have been worse this side of eternal perdition. But we asked what sustained her? I'll tell you what. It was the almighty power of God, the omnipotence of faith. But for the assurance that *such things* could not last forever, it would have been an intolerable hell to her sensitive and high-minded soul. And to lie down in the conjugal bed that same night with such a brute, O God, it was intolerable! She was completely petrified for awhile.

They walked on until they arrived at the gate opening to his dwelling, still talking, as he was, in so awful a manner. She could not remember the hateful words, as thick as hail they came; and then, being able to hold her peace no longer, burst forth in weeping, lamentation, and crying aloud, as if her heart would break, which, we may be sure, must have been to her a whirlpool or thunder-gust, else she would not have wept at all before her tyrannical accuser. Her pride must have been *all* prostrate *now*, else she never would have cried aloud. For, from her youth, from some causes early and deeply impressed upon her youthful mind, she was determined *never*, if *it were possible to help* it, to let the ear of mortal man, especially *a cruel man*, hear her weep aloud! But the tyrant, as if from fear that the children and servants would hear her, stormed out at her to "hush," for we suppose he was not much afraid of sympathy from them in her behalf. If he was afraid, she was not from that quarter, and from him there was no redress! He was more afraid (if that sentiment at all arose in his mind) that the

curtain unfurled by her tears, or uplifted, would display such a show behind, as it was to his interests to keep hidden. His was the hidden path, and closed curtains and sly doings behind. And although a perfect tempest of grief and woe besieged her aching heart, yet she endeavored to still the raging within, and stay the bursting flood of contending, grieved, and aggrieved passions, and said to her tenderest emotions, "Peace, be still!" She acted from prudence, because she did not wish *them* to see her weep. She went into the house, entirely abstracted from all below, gave the keys to the house-girl to prepare the table for supper, and sat at the fireside, in the presence of her tyrant, his children, and servants, and was to all appearances as *calm* as ever. But oh, the heart was in deep meditation, taking little or no account of anything around her. Her heart was far away from these unholy scenes, in its holy and sacred, becalmed and sanctified feelings before her God. Now this is some of *your good husbands* outwardly, but inwardly are they not ravening wolves? Are we uncharitable in saying so? Could such a circumstance as this fail to bring to her mind "the great mind to *get* a fine carriage, to spite the relations of his first wife?" Spitework! Ah! this is your way, is it? Well, it is just what we might have expected. A piano, indeed! although suggested now twice by Evans, who, if he had been so afraid of her enjoying anything, lest it might take something from his sister's children, would never have named such a thing. A piano, indeed! What does a man absorbed in self and flesh and the world want with music? Music and flowers are paltry things to him. It is the jingle of the almighty *dollar* that has the greatest music for his sordid soul, of any jingle that he could hear in earth, or heaven itself. A piano, indeed! The fine carriage spoken of by himself alone, to spite his first wife's relations, never came—leaving out the piano. Now it was

so that after Smith had sent to his wife for the trunk keys, and had looked over his money, and like he was in his jealousies, *he imagined* he missed some, which he found out afterwards was *all* imagination only; for he acknowledged *that there was not one cent* missing! But what was to restore to her her rights as an honest, upright woman? Ah! nobody knew this beautiful feature of his awful *goodness*, but God and themselves—for his wife *never told it*. And some thought Smith a good husband, which Mrs. Smith, for his credit's sake, did not contradict. On the contrary, if any one had told her she had a bad husband, she would have thought that one offensively meddling, so much did she wish him to be thought a good husband, and *much more* did she *desire that it was a reality*. For it was thought and said by his children and some of his negroes, that she did as *she pleased*. This was one beautiful specimen of it—not even daring to ask him to buy *one barrel* of flour, without *being suspected after this sort*. Was it not enough to have driven her mad, and make her reckless of what she did, or how she managed *anything*? when his suspicions for evil were not confined to one thing alone, but *to everything*, “My dear, do *just* as you please,” he would often say, especially immediately after their marriage. How taunting to her ears, and how with holy scorn she oftentimes remembered it.

That year they sent one of his daughters—the second one—abroad to school. This girl, now about sixteen, attended school from home about nine months. During the summer, when the first examination came off, the father and mother were invited to go. Mrs. Smith went in company with her husband to their county town to make some purchases preparatory to going on this pleasant trip; some she made for the daughter, and some for herself, and, among other articles, she bought materials to make a white silk bonnet. Smith assisted in making the selection.

One day, soon after, he got into one of his fits, and said to her, "You have begun to rejoice at my death too soon, in getting a white bonnet."

She said nothing in reply, for what was the use, to such a man? but thought what could a white bonnet have to do with his death? For she was sure, if he were to die first, she would wear a black bonnet, at least for a proper length of time. She made the clothing for herself, the daughter, and husband, and was now ready to go.

One day before the time set for them to go, she and Smith went out in the country to the church. One of the old domestics exclaimed, "Why, Miss Grace, you look more like master's daughter than his wife, so tastily dressed, and so young looking and beautiful." When they returned, it happened that one of the negro women, having been threatened about some of her ill habits, that were likely to bring mischief and trouble, ran away. She was a mean, trifling creature, one who had been bought with the said silver money before-mentioned that was so sacred. Smith, under the pretext of looking for her, went after her, at the same time having a grown son whom he could have sent as well as to go himself. And thus ended their contemplated trip to the examination, upon which Mrs. Smith had set her heart. And so it nearly always was. If she had anticipated the greatest journey or enjoyment in the world, it was liable to be frustrated by a mere whim, or irregularity, of this very irregular family and its master. All pleasure of seeing the daughter, and being at the examination, and all refreshment arising from a pleasure like this, to a weary mind, and of seeing old friends, was ended. Under such rubbish as she lived, she must remain ever (so far as seeing society that she loved was concerned), and rust out, if she could not brighten herself up. And surely such delectable speeches as she was daily compelled to hear at home were

well suited to exhilarate her mind and sharpen her intellect, ironically speaking.

Not long after, they attended an examination of their boys, in their *own* county town. The teacher, a Mr. T——, was one of considerable merit, who came from V—— to teach school that year in the same academy where Mrs. Smith and the good Presbyterian minister had taught before her marriage. He having heard of Mrs. Smith's literary character, had sent an invitation for her and Smith to visit his school, and be present when their children were examined. After the hours appointed for this purpose were passed, Mr. T—— sought an acquaintance with Mrs. Smith, and while conversing on the different branches of education, Smith did not have common politeness enough to wait on them awhile, but went out to the carriage to make preparation for going home. They cut short their conversation by only a few words, Mrs. Smith not daring to invite him out to visit them, as the teacher of their children would naturally expect; and Smith, we suppose, would rather have asked a hoosier than this teacher of his children, lest his wife and he *might* have *some* pleasant conversation on the different sciences. The gentleman, who knew nothing of Smith's peculiarities, handed or passed his hand towards Mrs. Smith to assist her into the carriage. Mrs. Smith saw the offered hand; she saw her husband's; too, at the same time, which she took instead of the gentleman's. Perhaps, in justice to Smith, he might not have seen the offered hand; but if he had, it would have been all the same, as he seemed afraid for any to touch even the hand of his young wife, or to look at her, such was, as he would often say, her sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart. And yet he would every now and then, even yet, taunt her with her cousin Evans. Fortunately, she escaped any allusion to the teacher in question.

And now, gentle reader, do we say too much, when we

say that her work of self-immolation had commenced? completely, and almost forever, sacrificed on the altar of his lust and selfishness — overweening selfishness — such as we never beheld before, and pray the good Lord that we may never see again. For the life that is within us, we cannot see what would have pleased Smith better than he was pleased, unless it had been that his wife was ever and *forever* with *him*, and had never gone to church, nor anywhere else — never have appeared in public at all; nay, that would not have sufficed him, for if at any time she complained the least bit in the world of headaches, or other aches common to married women, he would instantly fly into flinders; his fits of imagination would come on, with his unbounded amorousness combined, and would let loose such foul volleys of abuse with his tongue — vile, low, vulgar words — that her very soul would be withered to death for the time. And on such occasions she would lie all night and endure it, and by morning light her inward agitation would be so great, that a burning headache would be the consequence, and she would be compelled to remain in bed all day, and perhaps not eat a mouthful till evening again; no one, so far as we knew, suspecting the cause. Yet she, with a calm face, would bear it, and then get up and be cheerful.

Ye blue-bearded bashaws of Turkish history, who are so much blamed for your harems and twelve wives, ye are saints, compared with some so-called Christians in this our beloved country! For we do suppose that the judgment day will reveal as many skulls and bones of dead wives, although enclosed in coffins, as will be found for you about the Turkish dominions! High heaven is a witness whether this guess be wide of the truth or not! We think it no overwrought picture; nor would any one think so, who has seen as much behind the screen as we have. Smith would most generally be softened a little, in those days, by her

deep suffering, for *he* was *obliged* to know the cause. And when he would come around her, in a *soft* and soothing way, and say, "My dear, I am sorry I talked so to you," instantly it would act like a charm on her, and she would get better of her pains. Mayhap *he* was actuated by selfishness; perhaps feared he might lose her, and then he could not have had one to vent his passions on, without getting a new subject, and that would not have been so easy now as before. But if we were to say that, during the fifteen or sixteen years they lived together, this was the case thousands of times, we do not think we should make a mistake. You say it is horrible! we admit. But not half so horrible in detail as in actual occurrence. You say you do not wish to hear any more of it. Well, then, lay the book aside, and do not read it. But we told you in the beginning of the entertainment, that much would partake of bitter herbs. And we do heartily wish that we could have something more agreeable. But as we have begun, we must end this part of this sad story. And as it grows worse, and still worse, you must hear us to the end, or leave off, as suits your taste. In some *future* work, dear reader, if we are permitted by Divine Providence, *we do promise* you *something* more cheering. But cannot you, as the Saviour of men asked his disciples, "Watch one hour"? Watch, that ye enter not into temptation. Watch, that you have not a similar fortune. Watch one hour, and read the sufferings of one of your sex. How then did *she* bear it for so long a time? Ah! say you, we will not put ourselves in such a condition. Heaven grant that you never may. But she once thought she *never* would be in such a condition. Can we always avert the dangers ahead of us? May you have a *sure guide* and a better destiny! We like not ourselves these blood-and-thunder stories — that is, too much of them. And there is not much outward sign of bloodshed here yet, only

the inward withering of a heart that was brave enough *never to die* to please bloodthirsty enemies; or to go crazy, and be put into an asylum, as some have been. Nay, we have read of some of our sex who were lodged there by *force* when as sane as you or I or any man or woman in this world. These things are distressing and harrowing to our minds to read. But we do think we may patiently read what others suffered, when it is all the truth, and might still be more horrible and still be true, truer, truest.

But "there is a sadness brooding over me" again. Again I must dip my pen in the ink of heaven, and go on my weary way of painting these sorrowful pictures. We shall now, dear reader, be conversant with some details of a different nature, and some of our pen-pictures will be of the same sombre hue. Oh for one tint of heavenly ray, one gleam of holy light, one beautiful rainbow in all its glorious colors as the Bow of promise! But it may not be yet.

The winter of that year had ushered in January of a new year. A very clever old lady came to spend a month with Mrs. Smith before her expected accouchement. One very cold night the old lady wished to sleep by the fire. As they had but two fireplaces, Mrs. Smith thought she would have put a bed by the fire in the front room; and as the old lady was a very early riser, the bed and all could be removed before the boys and younger members of the family would be up, as they always remained in bed till late. Smith sneaked to his wife's ears, and objected to this arrangement; so she did not make it, but put the old lady in her room (which answered for dining-room, sitting of the family, and all) by the fire for lodging. While in her condition, she, with Smith, took a little room from the fire. But during the night he could not pass over in silence even this trivial affair, but, like a modern, full-grown bluebeard, harrowed up her soul again, and said, "Somehow, you

have ways more like a bad woman than any woman I ever saw."

Good gracious! Mr. Smith, my good fellow, how came you to know so much about bad women? Has your association been so much with them that you know all their ways? Now this was a strange way for a bad woman to have, and we demur from your premises and conclusions. The knowledge of how a bad woman does is not among our sciences, therefore we leave that desirable knowledge to your noble self. But what putting a bed by the fire, on a very cold night, in a room where there were servants enough to have removed every vestige of it before daylight, and if not the servants, the old lady herself, being active and smart, would have had all things cleared in double-quick time, what this arrangement (only suggested by your poor, down-trodden wife, but never carried out) had to do with the ways of a bad woman, we confess to a want of insight into the matter equal to your very penetrating eyes.

Small blue eyes, somewhat on the squint, we have of late days heard were dangerous. Take care, dear young ladies, of the blue squint eyes. But we do not believe that, if you were one of the most egregious fools we ever saw, that your knowledge was far beyond the comprehension of sensible people, that "you strained at gnats and swallowed camels," or, as the little boy said to his schoolmaster, "You strained at a gate and swallowed a saw-mill." All this time, the old lady thought and said Smith was the most agreeable man in his family that she knew; and she was in the habit of staying in many families. But it happened that during the time she spent in the family, Smith had no outbreaks, and what he said to his poor wife she ever kept to herself. But be it to his credit said that *he was* generally outwardly agreeable. And sometimes, for two or three months at a time, not a cross word nor wry look would pass from him

to his wife, which was more the result of her prudence and silence, and meekness and quietness, which, in the sight of God, is of great price, than anything on his part, and if his moods could always have been divined and guessed by her, she might have learned to ward off more of his outbreaks. As a mettle horse must be understood, so we must know the cause and rise of men's freaks, if we would prevent them. But then, again, all at once, unexpectedly, and generally for the least cause, almost always imaginary, like a spark in a powder-keg, there would be an explosion, as if, as the little girl said, he was "tired of 'having.'" (Behaving, she meant.)

One day, at dinner-time (when he was in one of those moods that men, and women, too, we fear, sometimes get into, a want to find fault with somebody or something), the common dinner-table being in use, Mrs. Smith had a nice set of mahogany tables, which she had well covered, so that the warm dishes should not injure them, and dined on them that day.

Smith, being in one of those amiable moods above mentioned, about something some of *his* children had done, and looking about to find something to feed this worse than morbid state of mind, imagined he saw a crack in one leaf of the folding-table, let out his bad humor, by saying, "Nothing could be taken care off," as he was so used to saying in his first wife's lifetime. This was peculiarly cutting to Mrs. Smith, for there never was a more careful, economical housekeeper in the world. She took pleasure in having everything "done decently, and in order." But what could she have done more than she did? Forty or fifty in opposition to one? She might wear her life away, and yet have things every now and then in confusion, for, to use some of the relations' own words, "The children always took the house." And at the same time she was so careful of every

piece of furniture about the house, that she had it scrubbed two or three times a day, or a dozen times, if dust and dirt collected sufficiently to call for this repetition of house-keeping; floors washed — all to keep neat and clean. The more so, as she had so many who seemed to take pleasure in throwing things out of order, if for no other purpose than to spite her or give her extra labor. And in making many bedclothes, one of the boys said it was not she who did it, but the negroes; as if the negroes would have made any at all, if left to themselves. Wonder why they did not have them on hand when she went to take shelter under that unfriendly roof? True, Smith had negroes enough to help do all this work of cleaning, and weaving counterpanes and coverlets, and making many quilts. But for Mrs. Smith's ingenuity, dexterity, industry, unconquerable perseverance, and directing and helping hand, we guess it would have been as she found it — a poorly clad family, poorly clad beds, and badly kept house. Let him who dares gainsay this, and tell the truth. And, in truth, it was fortunate that *they had* servants, *some* of whom were willing to assist their mistress in carrying out all these useful measures of domestic economy, while there were others who despised the labor, and joined in with the children, and made quite a formidable army of opponents. But so long as Smith did not oppose her, and allowed her, as he did in those days, plenty of help — raw though they were, and untaught in all these necessary arts until taught by her — she held on her way gloriously, and rejoicing in her works. But at these unkind words, "Nothing could be taken care off," she was so blinded by grief suppressed that she could not see herself, and *thought* it was a crack in the table. She was so agitated that, as soon as she could leave the table, she took her bonnet and got off to the forest, there to weep all alone. And it was not until after he was dead, thirteen

years after, when their property was appraised, she discovered the mistake. It was a *seam* in the *table-leaf*, put there when it was cemented together with glue by the workmen! So much for that piece of fault-finding. Some men think because they are so great and strong-minded, and never stoop to little things, they do not find fault without occasion. But if this was not without occasion, it would puzzle our brains to know what is. Again, we have heard it said that great men are more vexed by gnats and flies than they would be in the heat of battle. But we demur from all such estimate of true greatness. Again, we have heard it said few great men appear great at home, in their chambers, and among their own families and domestics. To this again we object. And if the lords of creation knew how much it detracts from them, and the soul-confiding love of a gentle wife, his children and servants, fewer of them would keep their surplus steam and ill humors to compliment their own household with; especially the wife of his bosom, whose every nerve is in a quiver at the slightest blast of harshness from him.

It is said of the good Mr. Fletcher, that he was truly great at home. Also of Sir Isaac Newton, when his favorite fice jumped upon his table, upset his candle, which consumed some of his valuable papers; the labor of years, he exclaimed, "O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" A madman would have thrown himself into a rage, and perhaps would have killed poor Diamond. But would that have restored the lost papers?

Self-possession, self-control, and self-government are marks of true greatness. Without these noble and ennobling traits, no man can lay claim legitimately to greatness. And we do boldly assert that we never saw man or woman, with or without cause, throw himself or herself into a rage,

without feeling an inward contempt or pity for them. Men generally, some men at least, object to, and have much to say of, what they call *strong-minded women*. If our much wronged sex have strong minds enough to keep themselves from these ebullitions of passion, then we glory in this kind of strong mind; bid them God-speed, and say, "Go on your way rejoicing, ye noble ones." "He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city."

In January the child was born—Grace's first born living child, a fine boy, a noble little fellow. Oh how sweet he was to the young mother! She laid him by her side, and sent her petitions to heaven that she might raise him in the right way! The old lady exclaimed, "Oh, I expect you will make him mind right away, Mrs. Smith." And he was a noble young man, one so affable, amiable, and lovely in his ways, that he never had an enemy that we ever knew of. He was the choice of his mother's flock, though she had strong hopes in God of all her dear children, that "not a hoof of them shall be left behind" in the great gathering day of the Lord. Smith was very fond of this noble little fellow; and although he had many sons by his first wife, yet he *was* as proud of that boy as if he had but the one. He strongly resembled his mother in features and disposition, though enough like his father to have the impress of the Smiths strongly stamped upon him.

For awhile now Smith was very kind to his wife, and would take his boy in his arms, and sit and rock him, and sing lullabies to him for hours at a time. Sometime after Mrs. Smith was upon her feet again, he had purchased a box of raisins, as he occasionally did; and as the new fruit was not ripe, and the preserves were low, she thought of making a portion of the raisins into preserves. "If you do," said Smith, "I will never buy any more."

They were at the dinner-table, before all the children,

when he spoke thus. Mrs. Smith made no reply ; nor could she *now* get up, and run with her grief, but her heart swelled, the tears came to her eyes ; nor could she *then* have restrained them for her life. They flowed spontaneously. Smith drew near to her side, and said, "My dear, do what you please with them." Her tears were stayed, her heart soothed ; for it was not the disappointment of making the preserves for *his* table, but the cross word that was a stab or a dart to her sensitive soul. Sensitive, alas ! too sensitive for a rough world like this, unless her lot could have been cast among beings like herself, who are ever careful of the feelings of others.

When her boy was about four months old, Mrs. Smith wished to visit her dear mother, who was more than a hundred miles off. Smith said he could not go with her, but would have one of his sons accompany her, with the babe and nurse. A fine intelligent boy he was by this time, with clear, bright, expressive blue eyes—the very personification of good nature and sweet temper. He would look into his mother's sweet face and smile so knowingly, look at the small flowers on his little calico dress, and laugh as if he was very much amused.

And thus, one beautiful Monday morning in May, they set off on their trip, after having a good deal of talk with her husband about what would be safest for her to drive. They settled upon an old mule, which was thought very gentle, but they had not proceeded on their journey more than seventeen miles, before the mule ran away, and came near killing Mrs. Smith and her boy. While the son who accompanied her stopped behind to get a switch to make his pony move faster, the mule got frightened at an old cart-body by the way with the wheels on the top of it. Mrs. Smith saw not the cart, nor anything, until the animal was flying over logs and stumps and everything in her way. And to pre-

vent upsetting and dragging the carriage over her and the child, reined with all her might the running animal between two trees very near together, and snapped the shafts off at the stirrups. Being so anxious to see her mother and sisters, and to present her fine boy to them, she got the carriage mended, exchanged the mule for a horse by the way, and went on her way rejoicing that it was no worse. She arrived among her relations and acquaintances, and, notwithstanding Smith's course of conduct towards her, did not enjoy herself away from him. There was *now* a tie between them that bound her to him, so that she was anxious and restless when away from him. She remained only two or three weeks, and then returned home, her youngest sister and mother accompanying her.

But to cast our glance a little in retrospect, in tracing jealousies in reference to Evans, until the time arrives when Smith falls on some one else. Shortly after Mrs. Smith's babe was born, and was about six weeks old, Evans came in one day to see Smith on business; for, although his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Smith's kinsman, he came very seldom, unless about business matters. Mrs. Smith, ever under restraint when he was about, went out about some affairs in the kitchen, fearing something might be said to her when he was gone. All this was cruel in Smith, and must have appeared strange to Evans; though whether he ever thought of it, we never knew it.

One day she took her little charge and nurse (not neglecting the other two little ones) and called to see Evans's wife. She and her husband both met her at the door, and Evans exclaimed "Beauty," looking at the boy. "But," said he, "he is like the rest," meaning his sister's children.

After Mrs. Smith's relations came out, Smith was very kind to them, and there was no interruption of peace on his part because her relations had made them a visit, because

Mrs. Smith's mother was one of those excellent women whom it seemed everybody loved. And if she ever had an enemy, we never knew it. And her sister was a most beautiful, lovely young lady, one much admired, and had more attention from the gentlemen, where she had been brought up, than any other girl whose father was not rich. Evans was particularly kind to this young lady, his cousin. She resembled Mrs. Smith, though thought by some to be a much greater beauty. We have lights and shades in our picture of Smith's character towards his wife, and we fear more shades than lights. Would God we could reverse it. We will mention one now, which the reader may call what he pleases, but we think it a shade, as it reflects no light on him at all, only making him look like a fool, or madman, or anything you please besides a *gentleman, leaving the kindness and Christian part out altogether.*

One holy Sabbath day, after the birth of Mrs. Smith's little boy, she wished to attend church, three miles distant, in their county town. Smith, as usual, could not be prevailed on to go, not even with his young wife and infant son. So she and the other children, and *the boy*, with some of the servants, went. Just as church services were over, a dreadful windy storm and rain came up, and she, fearing with her little charge to get wet, or perhaps some tree might fall on them on their way home, as the trees were tossed and lashed together by the terrific wind — thought best to stop with some friend in town till the rain and wind had ceased, lest they might be destroyed by some falling tree or other danger. As soon as the weather would admit of travelling in safety, she set out for home, feeling quite ill at ease about some expected freak from him. Her nurse—who rode horseback, being a strong colored woman, and could consequently ride much fleetly than she, a feeble woman, could drive the carriage through the rain, wind, and storm with the other

two little children — had taken the babe, and rode on as fast as possible with him, for fear of getting wet herself and the babe, for it was raining even then when they left the church. And even when she set off for home it was still raining; and pushing ahead as fast as she, with her feeble strength, could drive, she was uneasy about her babe, and stopped at Evans's gate to ask if the nurse had passed with it. Evans came running out, and saying, "O Cousin Grace, Ruth has a little boy, too!"

Mrs. Smith seemed doomed to have no joy to last long without alloy of dark passions to annoy her soul almost to death and the grave. But such was her fate. The nurse, true to her charge, had reached home safely, and had the sweet little boy in safe keeping. But when Mrs. Smith drove up into the yard to the door to avoid the mud, it still raining, Smith, instead of being, like a Christian and gentleman should have been, glad that his wife and little children had returned safely and unhurt, sat like an old sulky mule or ox in the piazza on the opposite side of the house; and instead of going to meet them, as he ought to have done, did not even seem to see his wife and little ones, nor move any more than the sills of the house in which he sat. What do we suppose must have been the feelings of a young wife and mother under such *delectable* circumstances?—to be scowled upon at every whipstitch, just for nothing but going to church, sometimes once in three months, and in this case not that often—it having been five or six months, or perhaps longer, October before, we think, being the last, and this was now the month of May or June. A matter of eight months. What do you think of that, some of ye old hard-hearted Methodists who, think a woman must submit to everything, whether in the Lord or in the devil? We know very well what a good Methodist and Christian would say. He would say there was no

Methodism or Christianity in all this. Well, old hard-hearted foggy, will you not give it up yet? Is the woman yet in fault? Well, we only wish your good brother Smith, whom Mrs. Smith was told was "a Methodist and a Christian," we only wish he had exhibited a little, just a *little* bit of such noble Christianity just a little while before the fatal knot was tied that made them man and wife. If he had, we vow by all the powers above, he would have had to wait longer, and look lower than to Grace Claiborne; for of all things on earth, this woman, Mrs. Smith, hated double-dealing. And, quoting the old grandsire's words, "This was one old dog that neither she nor all the beautiful women on all the earth, and angels from heaven, could have learned new tricks." He got into his almighty sulks long before she ever saw him, and these were about to grow to him, or he to them. His own brother once called him a mule in Mrs. Smith's hearing. The appellation suited well. Nor would he budge one peg out of his mulish ways — his pouts and his sulks — to save all the beautiful women and children in the world. What do you think of it, young ladies? Do you think you would be happy with such a husband, young or old?

Well, now, we have a side of the picture to show you, which you may call a light, if you like, for the remainder of the time passed off tolerably pleasantly this summer. After Mrs. Smith's relations came out, he would frequently go with her to church in the country, and into town also. And sometimes, strange to tell, would do a little visiting with her, for so numerous were her cares, and so great her charge, that it was seldom that this young woman, who had the weight of more than two older women than herself ought to have had on *her* young shoulders, ever thought she had any time for visiting, always immersed in household cares for him and his children. And although doing and

having done everything as perfectly as possible, she could have no permanent peace.

One day, as she and Smith were riding to church in the country, they were met by a carriage with several ladies. One of them, who was one of the first in the county, exclaimed, "I met the prettiest lady to-day I ever saw!" This she said to Smith's son-in-law. And when he told it to Mrs. Smith, she replied, "She is much blinded." And if it had been so, what cared she for beauty now, since it was all lost on a dotard of a jealous husband. "Beauty of personal *appearance*," said she, "is not my delight only. It is *beauty of soul* that I admire; if I dare do it, would long for it. But now I shall never see it, I fear. 'And as a jewel in a swine's snout, so is a beautiful woman without discretion.' 'Beauty is vain, and favor is deceitful; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.' This is the beauty that is desirable, this is the gem that outshines all other gems — 'the fear of the Lord.' It is the beginning of wisdom. It is the gem I hope will be in my crown when all others are dim."

Smith, although a man possessed of some good qualities, good natural abilities, and at times some seeming amiability, was, from some influence or other, perhaps from long habits indulged in, and living as he should not have done, subject, besides his jealousies and mulish disposition, to a wavering of purpose, that marred very much the stability of his character. He was in many things unstable as water, and was more apt to be firmer, or more stubborn, in a wrong cause than a right one; which perhaps was the result of the lack of the fear of God before his eyes, an utter want of that moral stamina "which is sure it is right, and then goes ahead," and a lack of a liberal education — his opportunities to acquire knowledge having been limited. With all this, too, was added a kind of egotism common to

vain minds, which no one but his wife or some of his family would ever have thought entered his head. He would frequently be asking his wife what her mother and sister thought of her situation. "I do not know," she replied. "I do not suppose they think it very flattering." And within her own soul said, "If they do, I do not. What are a few negroes, a very common house and land, and many children, a jealous, mulish husband, in comparison with a life of happiness to a poor soul, a broken-hearted woman crowded every day of the world with something or another to corrode and root out all peace?" This was said within her secret soul. For with all her hopefulness, and a disposition always to make the best of *everything*, yet the *truth*, the awful *truth*, would force itself on her quick mind, and she could not help seeing things in their proper light—their true colors. No girl who had been as popular as she was before her marriage, with bright hopes and "brilliant talents," as a friend called hers, but would have regretted, long before she did, this unfortunate "situation," which had been fraught with not only misery and sorrow, but with untold secret woes that must be borne forever alone by herself. Situation, indeed! The man must have been a fool, or vanity itself personified; or perhaps this was the pride of the almighty negro. The most perfect hoosier who possessed a score of these — then indispensables — thought that the most refined, most cultivated young lady, whose sensibilities were as high as heaven, ought to think it infinite condescension for him to marry her; for which exalted favor she should worship at his feet, kiss the ground he would walk upon, crawl as a menial in servitude to him, and all about him, no matter how she was treated. Situation! alas! one in which she was not likely to get much sympathy — no matter how amiable — it could be perceived. She was secretive of trouble; besides, the deception of the

human heart is fearful in its consequences. She might, in great sorrow, tell some of her troubles, and perhaps hear them again, sadly misrepresented and greatly distorted, as has been done in thousands of instances. She would bear them all before God, in sacred and subdued silence; and perhaps *some day*. *He* might vindicate her righteous cause, as *He* has done in his mercy, and will do through eternity.

Reader, dear lady, whether you are a young or old married lady, this is the best course. Heartlessness, frivolity, and vanity are very common traits of character among both men and women. And where you would find one pure-hearted, sympathizing friend of either sex, you will, in all probability, find five hundred of an opposite mind and disposition. "It is her fault," exclaims one of your quondam confidants.

CHAPTER VIII.

TROUBLES MULTIPLY.

HOW would you like that, dear lady? Would it help you any? Or would it not be a fresh dart, whose poisoned point would smell very much of treachery? and would the fresh poisoned stab mend and heal your other wounds? Beware! And if you have a man who *is not a husband* in the full sense of the word, and to whom you cannot tell the sorrows of your heart, (which you cannot do, if he is the cause of them,) tell them to none on this earth, but call on the Lord day and night, who has promised to hear "thee in a day of trouble." "Hum!" says one, "*He* seems a long time about it, in the case of your heroine." "The Lord is not slack concerning promises, as some men count slack-

ness." *There will be a reckoning of these matters some day, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."*

But Smith had vanity enough to think, nay, even hint at times, that because he had a few negroes and some children, his wife ought to think herself in a king's palace; which, indeed, she would have done, if he had permitted her in the proper way. And here was the trouble from outsiders, with such a glare of wealth, or even the semblance of it. Such was the estimate in those days set upon the possession of negroes, that any one who married where there were twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty (oh, heavens!) of these creatures, was thought to have gone into an earthly paradise. Great mistake! They never give happiness; but when well-managed, a good master and mistress, and good servants, are an invaluable acquisition, in the way of comfort, on both sides. But then one might have this comfort, as Mrs. Smith did in many instances, from these poor creatures, who were not all disaffected and ungrateful, for she was *very good* to them. But there was one drawback in even this—Smith's children would rather have seen their father's wife in Gehenna, than for the negroes to mind her; hence, they played wild work with some of the poor, ignorant, unlettered, and uninformed young members of the dark tribes, and caused much trouble from this quarter.

But Mrs. Smith was not a fool, and hence could not see the tinsel of a small, or even a great, portion of wealth in the light of fools. She longed, she sighed, to be happy. And this great boon could not *be based* upon a crumbling and sandy foundation. To one of her long-seeing into the distant future,—having the fortune, or misfortune, of *taking the whole situation in from beginning to end*,—a fear ever arose that, notwithstanding all her prudence and caution, the chances were ten thousand to one that she might be *crushed* beneath the ruins of this *crumbling, tottering build-*

ing! All *her own silence* might avail nothing, when there might be so many blazoned mouths, opened wide as a cannon's mouth, in another direction, should he ever belch forth his furies and jealousies before his negroes and children, to which she saw he was fast approaching; for he was not in possession of prudence or self-command enough to prevent himself from belching out in a mad fit *anything* that might arise in his mind. And hence his oft-repeated sayings, with regard to the children, that a bad beginning on their part would have a good ending, inspired no faith, no hope, no confidence in Mrs. Smith's mind; for how could *they* go higher than the fountain? And being so much better and longer acquainted with their father than his wife had been, did they not often see the working of his mind, and understand it? Though he would storm and rail at them before his wife, if *they saw* his double hand, what effect would such a course have on them, but tenfold more hate than they would have had without these influences and surmises of their father's secret mind.

"I don't think Pa will ever get married again," said one of the *loveliest* of Mrs. Smith's enemies, — these misguided children. The second daughter said it in her presence. How would you have felt, nice, sensitive, high-minded, proud young lady, under the effects of such a complimentary speech made in your presence by one who was, although your Edomite cousin, also your inferior in everything in this world. All but "her Pa had property." I repeat, how would you have felt? Would you have spoken in reply to this side attack on you, or would you have maintained your silence and held your peace, as Mrs. Smith did, feeling the utmost contempt and disgust for her, and wondering where she got her interesting information? If she had not been purity and want of suspicion personified, she might have wondered *if he*, the mighty father and husband,

had had a holy confab with this very amiable daughter ; for it was uttered the very same winter after Mrs. Smith had influenced him to send this daughter abroad to school, but not to pay the five hundred dollars' extra expense, as he had to pay, through her extravagant conduct while at school.

Mrs. Smith very complacently thought within her soul, she hoped he never would get married again ; for, in order to have an opportunity to do so, she must die, and that she did not wish to do, if it were the Lord's will otherwise. She did not wish to please her enemies so well.

One day, all the younger members of the white family had gone on a visit in the neighborhood. Mrs. Smith's mother had thought of going with the young people, but had declined. Some time prior to this, when Mrs. Smith was at church, she had subscribed and paid for the "Charleston Christian Advocate and Journal," when it was first published as a Southern paper. On this day, the young people being absent, Smith's son-in-law went to town, and, as Mrs. Smith's paper had arrived, he brought it home to her ; stopped at the gate, and called Mrs. Smith to take the first number of the paper, for he was very much in favor of the enterprise, and had subscribed for it himself. Mrs. Smith took the paper and laid it down, and went about her household affairs ; afterwards she thought of it, and handed it to her husband to read, thinking perhaps he would like it. We do not think she had mentioned the circumstance of sending for the paper. But she rarely ever acted in even the smallest matter without consulting him, mentioning whatever she did to him. But he not being present when she subscribed, was perhaps the reason he knew not of it. For if she did not tell him before, she was sure to do it afterwards. But this matter had not been mentioned to him. This was perhaps the cause of what followed.

They were together, and she spoke again of making some

preserves, it being fruit time, when fruits of various kinds were in good order for preserving. He had rather demurred again on the subject of preserve-making. Mrs. Smith replied something like she thought she was to do as she pleased about the matter. And this, we suppose, was on his mind, festering and fermenting, and then came the well-timed excuse. As soon as he saw the paper, he flew into a most violent passion, railed out at his wife, and poured forth such a flood of abuse—not regarding, now, the presence of Mrs. Smith's mother or the negroes. Would not read the paper; but boiling bigger and bigger, hotter and hotter, took it up deliberately and cast it into the fire and consumed it! Bravo! Mr. Smith! Beautiful Methodist! That was a Methodist paper! What did you burn it for? It had a heap of good reading in it. We declare you ought to be dealt with for such sacrilege! What's the matter with you? Are you demented? Is this the delightful situation of which you think your wife ought to be so proud? Ha! ha! ha! that paper cost only two dollars, and it is paid for, and we would not cut such swells and shines, and make such a baboon show of our humble self, for much more than two dollars. Nay, more; we think we would be under the necessity of having large sums like Jenny Lind, the Chapman sisters, or some other popular actor or actress who get well paid, before we could cut such antics as you do for so small a sum. And what, in the name of all that is good, could you have against your wife getting the paper? Did you not tell her to do as she pleased? Did she not also carry more than two dollars with her, in silver, which she paid out for the making of the first bonnets she had made for your daughters—second and third daughters? That money would have paid for the paper, and no boot asked of you. Is this the beautiful friend supporting her, when, before your marriage, she spake of her school? Sir, did

you think you married a fool—a menial slave instead of a *lady*? Did you talk and act this way when courting her? Would to heaven you had shown a few of these fiery sparks! If you had, she would have fled from you as from the face of a serpent; nor would she ever have stopped till she had reached the end of the world, if that had been necessary to get out of your beautiful presence, as you appeared on this occasion. Why, your shout was “the shout of a king in a camp.”

You are waging a great warfare and fighting a great battle. Victory! victory! surely will be all your own. And what conquest did you make, Mr. Smith? Why, we suppose you conquered one *poor little newspaper*! For we vow you did not conquer your wife. This is what we here in the Southern States call overrunning—not conquering, of which we have had in these latter days awful examples. “The weapons of your warfare are carnal,” therefore could never be used or wielded successfully against *spirit* and *mind*. Your battering-rams could *never* beat down her fortifications, for they were built of God. The high tower of his word of eternal truth, into which she continually resorted, and found a sure habitation, so that none of your artillery of Gehenná (for it was not of heaven) damaged her soul. It only elevated her *far* above, and caused her to see more clearly to what depths of degradation you were fallen into despotism. For one minute telling her “to do as she pleased,” and the next scattering fire-brands, hailstones, and tornadoes of words about so trivial a matter as only two dollars for a religious newspaper; it paid for, too! Who would ever know how to take you? We’ll tell you how you would have been taken—to be one of the greatest madmen the world ever saw; and so you would have been thought, if your public ways had been like your *private character*. A man’s *private character* is his *real one*, whether the world knows it or not.

Mrs. Smith said nothing to him either good or bad, but her poor mother was terrified. She, who through all her married lifetime had suffered under a drunken husband, had flattered herself that her darling daughter was exempt from such tyranny. This was equal to the drunken father, without the excuse of drunkenness. But was he not drunk with passion? And is there much difference between the two? We, for our part, would prefer the drunkard. Then we could have some token when the fits were coming on him, when the mighty spirit (spirits) were about, and perchance could get out of his way before he grew frantic with rage. But the poor mother had thought that Grace did everything pretty much as she pleased. She said to her one day, before this, that if she had such a husband, she would think herself very happy. But now behold her mistake! She was like the old lady of the last winter—vastly deceived! For Mrs. Smith had never even told her *mother* any of Smith's doings but the good, and did not contradict the idea that he was a good *husband*, which he seemed to be at times by fits and starts. But so taciturn had Mrs. Smith been about her husband's ill-treatment of her, that one day, during her visit to her mother, before she came home with her, she said to her daughter that her father had talked with a fortune-teller about the fortunes of his married daughters, and said she to him, "Your eldest daughter is not happy, because her husband is jealous." But said the mother to Mrs. Smith, "I did not believe it: I knew it was false." Mrs. Smith never felt more badly in her life, to think that an old fortune-teller could find out her treasures of sorrow at the distance of more than a hundred miles, when she had never seen her, nor heard of her before. She evaded a direct reply to her mother, walked out into the garden, and told her nothing at all. But now the poor lady's eyes were opened. And she said to her daughter,

"Did Mr. Smith ever talk that way to you before?" To which question she made no reply; but one of the servant girls said, "Yes, old mistress; he is always doing and saying something he has no business." This was the expressed opinion of one of his servants. "Well," said the distressed woman and mother, "I wish I had gone abroad to-day with the young folks, for I would not have had heard it, if I could have helped it, for twenty dollars, so well did I think of him."

Not long after this Smith was in a pet again about the sugar not lasting longer, saying the negroes must have stolen it, and that there was more in the barrel than there really had been. Mrs. Smith always kept the bills of every article of food purchased for the family, and was as careful as it was possible to be in order to let the children have what they wanted, and the servants, when they came and asked for a little, and not to send them away empty. She did not say much to him; she rarely ever did, knowing it was no use arguing with an angry man any more than a drunken one. And to her high sense and lofty notions of how the heads of a family ought to demean themselves before their family, such a course she thought disgraceful and degrading in their sight. She could bear his tirade no longer, but broke off into the garden, sat down in a corner moped up, *thinking*. Her young and beautiful sister came into the garden, and said:

"What's the matter with you now, Grace?"

"Oh, nothing," she replied.

"But," said the sister, "I know *there is*."

She had not heard Smith talking to her in the house.

On one occasion, Smith had sent to market to get some books for his wife at her request, for they had few in the house, except those carried there by her. And when the books came, Mrs. Smith, eager to look at the title-page of the

first volume, said, "Give me the first volume to look at, Mr. Smith, for I never feel the same interest in a work as I do when I can see the beginning." This made him so mad, that he threw the book down, and would not look at it any more. We suppose he wished to look at it himself. But we declare that, for the life within us, we can scarcely refrain from laughing sometimes outright at the details of such conduct for a man over forty years of age. So much like a poor, foolish, spoiled, pettish child. It is a pity he had not had a child to deal with instead of a woman.

He told his present wife that one Saturday evening, during the earlier days of his former marriage, he and his wife set out to see her father. It being rather an unfavorable evening, drizzling rain, and she having put on a very fine new shawl he had bought for her, he simply asked her, "If she was going to wear it in the rain?" At which she became vexed, and threw it off her shoulders down on the ground in the rain, and that he, having a small switch in his hand, whipped her with it, and made her take it up and put it on again. "But," said he, "she wished to wear it because her parents had bought no such shawls for her during her girlhood."

The way Mrs. Smith came to hear of it was this. The second daughter, who said, "She reckoned Pa would not marry again," said to Mrs. Smith's sister, one day, after taking cognizance of some of his unguarded speeches about the provisions, "That she feared her Pa was going to be an unkind husband again. That Aunt such an one," naming one of the negroes, "said her Pa had whipped her Ma; and she knew he was not so kind to her mother as he ought to have been — that he made her lie out all night, on one occasion, with one of the old family servants." Now when Mrs. Smith questioned Smith about the whipping affair, this was his version of it. And about the staying

out all night is rather too ridiculous to write for the public eye. It is very much like a couple of children in the shawl case, and unpardonable in him to *strike* her.

But to return to the books. One night, shortly after, she was reading, and he lying down before the fire. He wished her to leave off reading and retire to bed. Although a constant reader before her marriage, she had done but little of it since for more than a year. She had employed her time in getting the house in order, and in trying to keep it so, and had not even read her Bible half as much as she wished, nor half so much as she had been used to do. This time she was amused at his ordering her to stop reading and go to bed, and wondered at his total want of reading and searching for food for his mind. And if she had not had *her* mind well stored before marriage, she would have been half starved for intellectual food by this time. She said something to him on this occasion, in reference to reading, rather funny and cutting, which she could do when pressed too much. If she spoke at all, it was sure to have a point when forced, for with all her seriousness there was at times a vein of innocent mischief and striking wit that was sure to cut an adversary, unless he was of a generous nature, to give and take, and consider if he had not provoked it. And then Smith jumped up from his pallet in hasty pettishness, and looked at a cowhide which hung on some nails on the wall. This caused her to laugh in her sleeve, though not a word nor a look did she give him. And not another word did he say. But this was the second time "the whip" had been hinted at and looked at. And in her inmost soul she said, "Well, my good fellow, it is a little funny to see you look at cowhides and talk of whips; but woe to you the day or night you use one on me! I *never will do* anything to deserve this from you, and you shall never use one on *me* with impunity." Her patience, at times being

put to the severest tests, need not be expected to last forever under *all* circumstances. At the time of the paper burning,—that glorious triumph!—he went off into another room, and pretended to be writing *his will*. And when she went to him to see what he was doing, he said, “You and I are no more one! I will give you four of the best negro fellows I have.” But she, knowing his fickleness and freaks, made no reply to these gracious propositions, but took hold of him and led him to the dinner-table. Then he ate his dinner, and the matter rested between them about the paper; and we do not know that it ever was alluded to again by them. We never knew what was said within among the servants.

One night during these times *she was compelled* to get up and go out into the night air, which she did very reluctantly, on account of her delicate health—it being late in autumn—but she did it to avoid some things very unpleasant from some other sources of trouble from this very wicked and vulgar family. And when she went in Smith accused her of going to meet Evans! O God, this was a trial, and one that it seemed would never end! She thought this was capping the climax of misery. What to say, she knew not, for it seemed as if he had already exhausted the vocabulary of hell to wreck on her defenceless head! And it happened this time that this matter got out among some of the negroes by their hearing it; for we verily believe that some of them used to eavesdrop the house, to hear what he would say of nights, because they could never get anything from the mistress, as it was said they did from their former mistress; the poorest thing a persecuted wife could ever do—to tell her servants what the master did to her. No wonder they were under no subordination at all, but considered themselves her equal, and obeyed when it pleased them.

Mrs. Smith’s sister heard it, and told Evans’s wife of it;

and he went to his father about it, and said, "Pa, what do you think? Smith is jealous of his wife and me." But the old gentleman, having known Smith for twenty years, while his daughter's husband, told him to take no notice of it; but for which there might have been some altercation, if nothing more, among the parties, to prevent which Mrs. Smith had all this time endured this torture. Nor did it get out now by her means. And we doubt, if Evans had mentioned it to Smith, whether he would have owned it, if there had been any way to get round it, so much did he do these things in a corner, and so sly was he about it. No one must hear it but his victim. But it was one of Evans's servants who heard this time. Evans's mother, in her laconic style, exclaimed, "I reckon he is no more jealous of this wife than the other," meaning her daughter, his first wife, whom Smith said used to tell him of their own negroes. Whether with or without cause, heaven only knows, but his present wife was too elevated in her sentiments to tantalize him with anything of the kind, even if she had not been too ignorant and innocent herself, and still ignorant of his conduct — too much so, at least, to suspect him. But why should she not have thought? Because she knew not then that one who was almost forever suspecting some one else, and that a pure wife, too, *must* be guilty himself.

Mrs. Smith was sorry that the matter had been told. Under all these painful trials she had hoped, by keeping all within her own breast, she might be as the wise woman in the book of Proverbs, which says, "Every wise woman buildeth up her house; but the foolish one pulleth it down with her hands." Whether this passage of Holy Writ had any application to her case or not, it was often applied to her mind during these mournful days.

Smith was very angry because this matter had been told.

He threatened to whip one of Evans's negroes for coming on his premises, and looked vengeance at his wife's sister, so much so that she went from his house to stay with Evans's wife, who was very fond of her. Smith was foolish enough, after all, to say, "Why did not Evans come and talk with him? He had *no grounds* for such thoughts, and he would have believed him." A fine story, indeed; as though a man must go after his fierce accuser, of even the worst crimes, and tell *him* it was false.

But we sometimes think in retrospect, reflecting on these disagreeable whims of passion from our hero, that it was the imbecility of his mind, for want of being supported by the grace of God and a correct knowledge and sound reason, especially on some subjects. If some one had spoken to him in whom he *could have had confidence*, and who would not have pandered to his vices or fed the flame, and pitied him, and been very sorry for him, as if he was the victim, instead of the aggressor in these awful jealousies, which he himself did not believe in a sane state of mind, perhaps he might have been persuaded to desist. But it is a mere perhaps, as there were few in *whom* he *had confidence*, if we are to judge from his private words to his wife. Hence the danger, the inveteracy of his disease or passions; as it is a fixed and undeniable fact, drawn from long experience and observation, that when an individual, male or female, has confidence in no one, it is a true mark of a *dark* spot about his own *heart*. This is an unchangeable axiom. Can the "Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" And none but God can change the heart; and will He, the Almighty Omnipotence himself, change a man's heart, when he is ever running away from Him, and resisting and doing despite to His spirit of grace? But Smith had no advice on the subject in those days, nothing but his own dark mind to commune with; and thus he went on persecuting one of

God's fairest creatures without cause,* and without provocation, almost to death. Indeed, when we take a review of this matter, it is ten thousand wonders that she ever did live under these peculiar circumstances. But the sustaining power with her was the "peace of God that passeth understanding." She could look upwards to heaven, and say, with "unpresumptuous smile," "I am at peace with God."

As a legitimate natural result, she bore about a death of social and conjugal enjoyment that none knew but God. To be forever bearing in one's mind a dreadful mystery, is a death or dearth of the worst kind, to a sensitive, loving spirit, whose tendrils of soul had always longed for something good, great, and noble upon which to recline—to cling to. And this mystery, to her so mystifying, she would have been ashamed to have had it mentioned in any crowd in the world, to any person. Query. Would he not have denied it? We believe he would at that period of time.

Well, hauling or calling up these ghosts of the past, and of the deep of the heart, passed and forgotten by many, more than thirty years ago, is not so pleasant as one might suppose, either in hot summer days or in cold winter days. It is a long and almost endless task, these memories of Smith's conduct towards his helpless wife.

If Mrs. Smith could have had in those days what ladies and gentlemen both, we believe, call spunk enough to have aroused herself, and had *known* her power to assert her rights, and would have talked warlike to this pesty belligerent party, and had been bold-spirited enough to have told him fearlessly that she would bear his billingsgate no longer, that he must prove these things, or else she would leave his bed and board forever, it might have had a good effect—that of stopping his mouth forever! But she never even alluded to such a thing. Of which he must have had some sapient or hidden fear from the beginning; for one day,

when she was suffering from headache and want of quiet, long before the trip to the fatal camp-meeting, she simply said, "Oh, I can't stand the noise and confusion." He replied, almost whining, "My dear, I can't help it, if you leave me." Of which Mrs. Smith had no more thought than of flying without wings. She only wished that there could be less noise and disturbance from the household, which, indeed, was a rational wish on her part. And any man who was master of his own house, could have commanded this; and it would have been satisfactory to her—all that she wished. One of the old servants told Mrs. Smith that when she was out at Smith's in the summer before their marriage, about the school they had in question, that Smith took one of the boys, the third son, out behind the carriage-house, and whipped him for making too much noise in the house. A boy then ten or eleven years old, which, if Mrs. Smith had known, she would have objected to. This whipping children for another is sure to make them hate that person. A man who governs by fits and starts is sure to get tired. And whipping children for a second wife is sure to make their hate, where it already exists, as big as a mountain, boil over, and charge all their whipping from their "Pa" on her, as if their father never corrected them before. That is all forgotten now. There is only one way to prevent this difficulty, that is, to have one's household well trained, so that a word or a look from the father or mother is enough to quiet the turbulence and boisterous doings of the young people and children. And any set of children thus brought up, and tutored without some awful ulterior influence upon them, or for want of confidence in the father, will behave for his sake, be dutiful and respectful, and give as little trouble about the house as possible.

One of Mrs. Smith's brothers-in-law moved out, and lived near Smith. One evening, Smith pressed this gentleman

and his wife to come and spend the night with them. They came; and Mrs. Smith, not being well, was lying on a little bed near the fireplace. Smith began, as they *all thought* at first, rather jocularly to tantalize his wife about this, that, and everything but his jealousy, before her brother-in-law and sister. He continued, however, to accuse her wrongfully, until her patience was at last worn out, and she told him right down, flatly, that such assertions were false.

"My God," said the brother-in-law, on retiring, "if I had known this, I would not have been here to-night."

They were very much hurt to think Smith had invited them there just to quarrel with his wife before them, of whom they thought so affectionately — she being to them a *good sister*.

Next morning, Smith was like a man who had indulged in a bacchanalian row the night before. He affected, or really did feel very badly; was continually walking out and about the premises, could not sit still, and was constantly asking her to walk with him, which she, good-naturedly or foolishly, did. He said he could not live unless she was near him, and yet every now and then tantalizing her after his own peculiar way, and then saying he was a fool, to which sentiment we give our cordial assent. For who but a fool would act in this way to destroy his own happiness. If it had been for no other purpose, he would have withheld his unjust, untruthful, and angry words, in which he often contradicted himself. We wonder if a little bold front on her part would not have been a bar to further proceedings in this direction. Cowards are often, or nearly always, deterred by the *brave*, unless they can take sneaking or underhand advantage. Smith knew very well that his wife would not have lain there during the day, if able to rise, and let him tongue-lash her after that sort, with her sister and brother-in-law for his only auditors. "Fool! fool!" he would say,

when the spells went off. The devil seemed to have the ascendancy over him. An evil spirit troubled him like Saul, king of Israel, and, to continue the simile, we suppose it was because he had departed from God. For he must certainly have been a fool twice told, to act in this way, when he knew and acknowledged it was false, and also made him miserable. But he was like the poor inebriate. He had gotten into the *habit*, and it seemed he could not *help it*, because *he would* not. He did not have, or *would not* exercise, moral courage sufficient to govern himself in this matter. His passions had more the appearance of *delirium tremens* or partial insanity. In fact, we believe no man who had common sense, and was *compos mentis*, would have acted as he *did*.

Christmas came. A new year rolled round. Smith talked of moving to another State, as he had often done before; and went out into a wild frontier part of the State and bought land. When he returned, he spoke of taking only a few servants with him out there to make a crop of corn for the next year. Mrs. Smith concluded she would, as the family was large, take the two youngest children, with her own little boy, and go out with him, also her youngest sister, which she did—leaving her sister, brother-in-law, and mother to overlook the balance of the family left behind. She went out into that wild country, which would have been an asylum to her afflicted heart could she have been left alone long enough to have gathered some happiness around her that might last for awhile. Alas! again. We know not at all times what is best for us. She could have been happy enough if all the combustible materials that destroy happiness had been left behind. But as it was, it was the worst day's work she ever did for herself, to leave that comparatively improved settlement, where she was known and respected, and move out among people who had been as

diametrically raised as one pole is from another—in culture and education, and all the more refined arts of civilized life. There were a great many of them good people; but as she had been so differently reared, before they had an opportunity to find out her merits, and understand her and love her, as they would most assuredly have done, the spoilers came. And because she was not equal to the work of going about and tattling about home affairs, her high notions of good breeding being opposed to this plan, her antagonists, the children, and *some* of the negroes, found many willing allies in this evil work—some very willing ears to hear every ridiculous fabrication that prejudice, envy, and evil hearts could invent, and prejudiced and envious hearts could willingly hear. Hence she suffered vastly from this source in after days. Nor was it long before they began; how, will be related as we proceed.

Now we will confine ourself to the beginning. Just as they were going to leave for the new State, Smith made a proposition to all his grown-up children to leave them all the plantation and two grown-up negroes apiece, good working hands, if they wished to remain, which was a fair and liberal offer on his part. And certainly they were wrong this time; for if his wife had been the woman they wished to represent her, here would have been a fine opportunity to get shut of her forever, if desirable to them. We would have thought they would have been delighted at the offer and chance to get away from her, especially as all their *own* mother's relations were there—a married sister and her husband too, and another sister contemplating marriage. Ah! what did it mean? We acknowledge we never could see. We would have asked no better chance to get rid of a hated one. Ah! that hated one was with *their* father. Well, what of that? They did not obey him, and showed him as much disregard, or more, than he had in

bringing a successor to their mother, without either consulting or telling them of it. And would he not be near enough to counsel them if they wished it? Alas! no; that did not suit them; or were they matured enough in the world to know what was best for them? He, as head and governor of his family, ought to have enforced his authority, and compelled them to remain, else forever thereafter to hold their peace about their father's wife; then, perhaps, the poor woman might have had some peace with the younger children, and might have been allowed to raise them so that they might have been a credit to themselves and to their father's wife, too. But, no! that did not subserve their purpose. And whether they were bent upon the destruction that followed, or whether they were old enough to have their hearts set on such a thing, we are not now prepared to say. Perhaps we shall see by the time we get through a work in the future yet, to be entirely devoted to these developments.

The eldest son, very soon after his father's marriage—about four months, we believe—said to his father, one night, after he had been behaving very improperly to her, and his father spoke to him about it, that “if ever she got any of his property, she would smoke for it.” We do not know anything about the smoking part; but we know very well she did sweat for all she ever got, and for more besides, and that she could, in that length of time, have made more than twice as much by her talents in some other way, and could have made it in peace, too. But enough of this now. We do not wish to anticipate a work that will be specially devoted to that purpose.

They moved, and had a pleasant trip of it, except the mud and rain through which they passed. Smith had sent to market and got a very nice barouche; the eldest son made the selection, for by this time, and long before, he

loved Mrs. Smith's youngest sister very much, and would have given anything short of his life for her, and said to Mrs. Smith, when the barouche was brought home, he had one request to make of her, which was to lend the carriage to him whenever he should get married. And she promised him. In this barouche they were comfortable in their journey—Mrs. Smith, her sister, and little children being snugly ensconced within, while the eldest son drove and the father rode horseback. This poor boy was very attentive to his father's wife and her sister during this trip. What hindered a continuance of this affectionate course of conduct, we are not prepared to say now, nor do we know that we ever shall this side of a long eternity divine this mystery.

On their way out to the new State, they spent one day and night at Smith's brother's in an adjoining county. He was very kind to Smith's wife and her sister. Although Jerome Smith's wife was yet living, Mrs. Napoleon Smith could not help seeing, by that eagle-eyed ken that was either fortunately, or unfortunately, her gift, that, if his wife were dead, this brother of her husband would fix his eye on her sister; for she was a beautiful creature, and lovely in all her ways. She was what is called in common parlance "very smart," and had as much attention paid her, and as many beaux, as any young lady ever had; and if to her name had been appended, besides all her accomplishments and peerless beauty and great cleverness, a goodly portion of the *niggers*, she would have been surpassed by none as the belle of any place.

The State to which they moved was wild in the extreme and uncultivated, as before hinted. Mrs. Smith having been brought up in the most refined parts of her own State, thought that if they were good, and had good kind hearts, no matter how uncultivated, she could get along with them. The sequel will prove whether they were so or not. Good-

ness of heart is sometimes as far from roughness as from the more refined. In fact, more removed from it in one than the other ; for we have sometimes been at a loss to distinguish between real, true goodness and refinement ; for goodness does certainly refine. On the other hand, we have been utterly disgusted and astonished at some rude hoosier of a woman or man in high places who had wealth, and *thought* they had goodness and refinement because they doled out a few dollars in *charity*, as they called it, to the poor of their city or the town in which they lived, and ignored and scowled on all others who dared lay claim to any kindness in *their city*, as if they had a title in fee simple to all the city, and to the acts of all the benevolent within its precincts. We say we have been utterly astonished that persons should lay claim to *anything* like good *breeding*, leaving out common politeness ; refinement and goodness being as far from them as heaven is from the pit.

Abraham, although in one of the roughest ages of the world, was certainly a great example of goodness, good breeding, and refinement. When his herdmen and Lot, his nephew, had strife between them, mark his words to Lot : " Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen ; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee ? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me : if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right ; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." And surely, if Abraham, the *friend of God*, was so careful to preserve peace between the herdmen of his kinsman and his own, *how much* more should Smith have been to preserve peace between his wife and children ?

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE OF JEROME SMITH.

THIS speech of Abraham's should have been in Smith's mouth to his children when about to depart for the wild State, if he had been capable of it. But we suppose he was not; nor did he have peace at his heart; if he had, he would have had it at any cost. O envy, thou fell destroyer of human peace and happiness! when wilt thou be banished to thy own place — to thy own dark pit? How often it is that this destroying passion, in the form of a human being, but really a demon incarnated, is venting its spleen on an innocent, unoffending, good-hearted person, who is altogether unapprised of it. Thus it was in the new State. Mrs. Smith never dreamed that she could be an object of envy to any one. She never thought there was anything about her to envy.

During one month after their removal, Mrs. Smith was happier than she had ever been since the beginning of her married life. Smith was in a better humor, and would have her ride with him over his new lands and plantation; make acknowledgments about his former conduct; say they (the children and relations) kept him half beside himself more than half the time while with them, and that, in fact, he was more than half distracted. And *now* he was cool, calm, and happy. Poor happiness! The baseless fabric of a vision. Where was the foundation? And, poor imbecile man! we did sometimes think more kindly of him than he deserved, and pitied him in our soul that such was the case with him, and thought that he more than half told the truth about being deranged. But then why punish the innocent for the guilty? Why vent his wrath upon his wife for

what others did? Is it because that such is often the case? For it seemed that if ever man loved woman, to mortal eyes it seemed that he loved his wife. And truly, how could he help it? But he loved his own ways better, we presume, which ways, like Saul's, king of Israel, were peculiar to him. Anon all was peace and calm, cheerfulness and seeming bliss with him. Again an evil spirit seemed to trouble him. Such a mixture of good and bad was a great bewilderment and amazement to the observer of his ways, though many may be like him.

Jealousy seemed *now* to be dead for a long time. Smith had promised his wife, before their removal to that State, that he would attend church almost constantly with her, if he walked and let her ride—as they brought only a couple of horses out with them, leaving the rest behind to work the plantation. He had already gone with her to a Baptist meeting-house (a log cabin) near their home. Once or twice he had attended when convenient. But as Mrs. Smith was a Methodist, she wished to attend Methodist meeting. It not being convenient for Smith to attend her, she set off one Saturday morning with an old settler lady in the neighborhood, who was a Baptist, and who had promised to go with Mrs. Smith in quest of her own church, (which was about eight miles off, being the nearest to them,) and that day she joined herself to them by letter in that wilderness place. The preacher in charge was on a mission that year in that section, and he was one, too, that Mrs. Smith had formerly known in the old State.

Smith, true to his promise this time, on several occasions went with his wife and her sister. The next time preaching was at this particular place he went also, and had a very pleasant time.

The next meeting of any importance was a camp-meeting to be held in an adjoining county, to which one of Mrs.

Smith's neighbors wished her to go, so that she might go in company with her. To this Smith was not very willing to agree. However, he did not raise any very great barrier. So she went in company with her neighbor and her husband; her neighbor's husband going as escort, and to drive Mrs. Smith's carriage for them.

A young gentleman from a neighboring settlement also came to escort Mrs. Smith's sister. The husband and wife, with Mrs. Smith, went in her carriage. When they set out, Smith did not appear to like it, though he said nothing. They tarried several days at the camp-meeting, and on their way home Mrs. Smith said she had a treat of a large watermelon for them—a mountain sprout, nearly as large as a half bushel, grown in her garden.

"Oh," said the young gentleman who went with them, "Mr. Smith has eaten it up, because he did not want you to go to the camp-meeting."

How he got such an idea in his head Mrs. Smith could not think, for there had not been a word spoken about whether Smith was willing or not.

"Oh, yes," said she, "it will be safe for us, as I raised it in my own garden."

"Ah!" said Mr. F——, "that old man of yours is pretty contrary, I think."

Mrs. Smith said no more, but cast within her mind how Mr. F—— could have come to that conclusion, as she did not remember Smith's ever acting very contrarily when Mr. F—— was visiting them, though he had been there to see her sister several times. But we suppose men are better judges of one another's real character than women, and when they speak at all they tell the truth.

They were talking of good looks by the way. "Well," said the young man, "if Miss F—— looks as well as you do when she is of the same age, I shall be satisfied." Mrs.

Smith was then about twenty-seven years old, and very good looking still—some did say a beautiful woman. When they arrived at home, sure enough Mr. Smith had not eaten the watermelon, but had saved it, and they all ate of it, and dined together at Mr. Smith's house, and enjoyed themselves very much. Everything went off charmingly, as Smith was in a good-humor. The neighbors then dispersed home; but the young gentleman remained during the night and a portion of the next day. He was fond of the company of Mrs. Smith's beautiful sister.

Mrs. Smith had comparative rest from Evans's name this year, now that he was at a distance in another State. Riding to school every day (for she taught that year) greatly conduced to her health, which was pretty good now. She taught a mile away from home, and this kind of exercise, together with the riding on horseback daily, refreshed her mind and body, too. She became *enceinte* again.

In September of that year Smith and his wife visited their plantation in the old State. As they crossed the river that lay between the two States, while in the flat, the ferryman told Smith that he had heard his brother's wife was dead.

Instantly Mrs. Smith's mind was in a reverie, for she felt like that spirit of inspiration or prophecy was upon her—that Smith's brother would be for marrying her sister, if he could get her. Oh, how revolting to her mind! on account partly of his children, for she did not know, nor hardly think, Jerome Smith to be of a similar temperament to his brother Napoleon, yet she *did not know* that he was better. She was as much opposed to such a thing ever occurring as it was possible for her to be—as well she might. She thought very properly, it was enough for one young life to be clouded and shrouded in eternal gloom and sadness, able only to glean a little happiness here and there between

spells or paroxysms of Mount Etna or Vesuvius' bursting craters; or, like an oasis in the desert, quaffing occasionally a cooling draught, or sitting in the shade of some benign tree awhile to rest her weary feet from the burning sands. She thought this enough sacrifice to the Moloch of the present day, without having her beautiful sister an added victim.

They tarried that night at Smith's brother's. And although her brother-in-law was very kind in his attention to her, yet the children — great girls, nearly grown, (his daughters, and one of their cousins,) although their dear mother and aunt had been dead but a few days, and was buried right in their sight in the yard not more than twenty steps from the door, — were running, skipping and charging all over the house, as though nothing had happened. "My God!" thought she, "what would or could my poor sister do in such a family as this?" Another panorama, she feared, as bad as her own. Prescience is sometimes as painful as actual occurrences.

The next day they went on their way, and arrived at their plantation, and found all well. They spent several weeks there; attended an association of the Baptists during the time, and returned home in peace, so far as any jealousies were concerned — Mrs. Smith not having even seen Evans, excepting at a distance, but once, and that on the morning she set out for home, when he and his wife both came out to the gate to see her and bid her good-bye. It was the last time, for many long years, she ever saw either of them. For she never visited that section of country again for the the space of thirty-two years; nor did they ever visit the State where she resided. Smith had returned home this time, and leaving his wife and children for his eldest son to accompany home. But while she stopped awhile in the county town, she met with many friends and old acquaint-

ances, among others, Evans's same old friend. He saw Mrs. Smith's little boy and nurse at the carriage, and inquired whose child it was, (for he had never seen it,) and then went in search of Mrs. Smith, and invited her to his house, which she declined doing, as she was then on her departure for her home in the wild country. This also was the last time she ever saw him, till the exclamation recorded in the beginning of this work, "If thou be he, O how fallen, or changed!"

The following winter all the family moved out, and with it came trouble. Smith's brother moved out, too, having been out during the summer before his wife died, and built houses for this purpose. Mrs. Smith's brother-in-law moved out there also, and with such a long string of relations within two miles of one another, they had company enough themselves, and if, like Abraham, they had erected their altar to God, they might have had peace and plenty. Smith's brother, Jerome Smith, sure enough, even before he moved out, while yet his wife's grave was damp from the newly turned clods, had gone into another county to see a widow lady. But she, being by no means inclined to be caught by a man whom she perhaps knew would drink spirituous liquors, sometimes asked why he did not go to see his brother Napoleon's wife's sister? Ostensibly, this was his purpose *all* the time, as he confessed afterwards; but now he said something about her being so young — as she was Mrs. Smith's youngest sister.

"Oh," said the lady, "I would marry her, if she were to have forty children," for she had heard much of Napoleon Smith's wife, and of the two sisters' excellence.

Jerome then wrote his brother that he saw but little prospect of happiness with the widow's children, saying nothing of his own, and without telling the real truth of the matter; so that any one at all acquainted with the circum-

stances, could see the drift of the matter. Mrs. Smith saw it all — and very painfully, too. She just wished these Smiths would let her and her people alone the balance of their days. She had been married to Napoleon Smith four years now; and if she were so objectionable to his children, why should his brother use such arts and stratagems to seek *her sister*? Old men please themselves, and let the children take *care of themselves*. Pity such men ever had any children to their name. She expected the next attempt would be *her sister*; nor was she mistaken. And so she told Smith when he read the letter to her. Jerome would be often speaking of going into another State to see a widow lady there. Mrs. Smith soon saw through the whole design. And one evening, when returned from school, she asked her sister to walk into the garden with her; and they both sat down together there.

“My dear sister F——,” said she, “I see plainly what Jerome Smith is after.” And then in her gentlest and most subdued tones (for her heart was sad) hinted to her beloved sister that she had better not go into the arrangement. Oh, if she had told her but half what she had already endured, she surely would have been deterred! But, ah! that she never could do. Her soul was full of mournful sorrow all the time about this period. Her sister seemed to think there was a difference in their dispositions, and that she would not bear what she did.

Jerome came next morning, and was, to Mrs. Smith’s mind, *officiously polite*; for she thought there was policy in it. And so there was. Our soul did ever loathe that kind of troublesome politeness for a purpose; whereas, as soon as the purpose is gained, there would be no more appearance of even common, necessary courtesy, than a hog shows to a prince walking by. We have seen several men in our life, old widowers especially, who generally have more au-

dacity than any other characters under the sun, particularly when a new wife was in view, all forgetful of the old one. We have seen them the most obsequiously polite, as a Yankee dandy, although perhaps clod-hoppers, — who, by the way, are as good as any, provided they were not fools and hypocrites, — rendering themselves ridiculous before marriage, by their offensive, badly assumed gallantry, and afterwards could be as sullen or sulky as any old stubborn ox; would neither gee nor haw, pull one way or the other, but just lie down *flat* in his sulks. Now if anything on earth can make our soul hate them, it is this deception and hypocrisy put on to get a wife, and then not keep it up. For if it be necessary to use hypocrisy to gain a wife, it is necessary to continue it to keep her. You see, gentlemen, we are for the right thing. The square righteousness consists in doing right things. What do you mean by putting on these cloaks to show yourselves to the fair sex? Do you think they all are fools; and that by befooling them, and putting on or assuming a character not your own, when you drop the guise, they will not have discernment enough to know it? Or are you such tyrants, that, like most of that hated class, you do these things to gain your point, and then when the slave is within your mighty autocratic clutches, you don't care; let her help herself if she can. Do you think love comes this way? Well now you are worse deceived than Eve was, when it took the subtilty of the beast and the devil, too, to deceive her; of which ye lords of creation love to boast so much that woman was first in fault.

Our very soul is sick of this cant, and we venture, by the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *our Advocate*, that woman *will* not be the last in fault. Many of you are a strange set of beings. Created in the image of God, you “have changed the glory of the uncorruptible

God" into any image that suits, even to brute beasts or sullen oxen or mules. This is a subject so replete with matter that we could write a whole book on it. One of our gentlemen, when subscribing for this book, asked if he was buying a cudgel for his own head. If he be a real *gentleman*, such as God designs Adam and all his boys to be, he will have a high seat in our picture-gallery after awhile. He will be so exalted that, even to man's highest ambition, he will say, *it is enough*. But to fall down and worship imbecile man—debased man, vicious man, a man warped till he is as crooked as a shepherd's crook—never! We pander to no man's vices. You allow none in us. We want none. We wish to stand before our Maker as pure as the driven snow. And such we will be by the grace of our dear kinsman—our elder brother—the Saviour, who, if we understand the New Testament aright, particularly vindicated the cause of poor woman, because he saw through all time. Since the days of Abraham she has been down-trodden, except it was some of the more wicked of our sex, them you exalted. Men are *generally* more inclined to follow the advice of bad women than of good. Why, we do not know, unless it be that they are more inclined to evil than good, like Adam. It seems to us that he took very *little* persuading to break his fealty to heaven's King, seeing he was made monarch and lord of all created fowls and beasts. Poor innocent Adam! "*The woman whom thou gavest to be with me*, she gave to me, and I did eat." Poor fellow! He was very willing to do what he wanted to do, without asking himself the consequences. Women are not all fools, if Eve was, but are much more eagle-eyed than men often suppose, and would often hold out the bread of heaven to them, instead of the husks of the swine as Eve did, if they would accept it. You see, we hold the bread of heaven to consist in doing God's holy will on earth. But, O mercy!

if it be a young woman, particularly a girl of sweet sixteen, who offers it, some of these old larks of three or four score and ten can be as sprightly as birds of the air, can mount their steeds, bounce into their carriages, throw away their crutches, and, in the name of the young beauty they worship, do many wonderful works, so that one would imagine, if we did not see them, that they might be boys of ten years of age.

But to return. Jerome Smith rode all the way to the school-house with Grace Smith, much to her annoyance, knowing so well, as she did, his schemes. He talked all the while of his intended trip to T——, which was still more disgusting to her, for she knew that his State of T—— was close by. Now his sister-in-law would have very much appreciated his attentions, if she had not so clearly seen through the plot. He then, true enough, wheeled right about, went back to Napoleon Smith's, wooed her sister, and they were engaged by the time she returned in the evening.

Here is another grand objection we have to widowers, who are determined to get a wife at all hazards. Knowing there are some things that would not be best known to favor their cause, either in reference to themselves or children, they make haste to catch the unwary, unsuspecting bird or young creature, before sound of anything to deter reaches her ears that might prevent their spoil of the prey. Now if the widower has no children, or if they are babes or mere infants, he has a right, as any other man, to get married when he pleases. But if he has grown-up children, it is his imperative duty, as the father of those children, to make all things clever between his children and his intended bride before marriage. Any man that does not do this is not an honest man in the sight of God. He is robbing his children of their happiness, and small matter would it be if he had none himself, provided nobody suffered but himself.

But, of all others, he will hug himself in Adamic shifts, or fig-leaves, and make many excuses. The most potent of all is, to his weak soul, to lay it on *his* wife, though in years, compared to him, she may be a babe. She must reduce to order, without his co-operation, the confusion of a score of years, and the turbulence and unbridled passions of himself and all his young human mules. Delectable task! Young ladies, don't you desire the position?

Mrs. Smith thought Jerome had made a quick trip to T——, a distance of several hundred miles to be accomplished in a day, thirty or forty years ago, when railroads in that section of country had hardly been heard of. So it was just as she expected, and he went off quickly to the young lady's parents, in the old State, to get their consent. This was not so far as T——, being only about fifty miles. He never said another word to his sister-in-law, although the bride elect was living in her house. Perhaps he was afraid he might get a damper to his impetuosity, and a check to his haste.

They were married. The ceremony was performed by the very same young man who had accompanied her to the camp-meeting, being the squire in that district, who, when he heard of this matter, it was said, was almost as much surprised as Evans had been concerning Grace's marriage.

When they came in to be married, trading with ladies was in discussion. Napoleon Smith said he never traded with a woman but he got cheated. Jerome, his brother, said, "Why, that is a burlesque on you, Grace." Mrs. Smith made no reply, but felt it not, well knowing, if there was any cheating at all, it was on the other side, and that of the deepest and most vital kind — that of youth, beauty, and intellect all swallowed up in an overwhelming maelstrom of deepest deception. She did not think it worthy of a reply. And this is another evidence of the pusilla-

nimity of Adam's boys, old or young. If marriage is a mere trade of barter and commerce, if the gains do not come out as no cool-headed fool ever *would* expect, the blame is laid on the woman. In the financial deficit it is "the *woman* whom thou gavest to be with me," "*she did cheat*, and I cheated." Noble man! Like sire, like son.

Grace, although mute and silent as the grave on this memorable morning, thought, while she saw her beautiful sister in her white robes on the floor, that she would rather see her laid out for burial than to become the wife of her husband's brother, with his children. Her fears were but too well founded. They went then to their own home, and Napoleon Smith took a short trip back to the old place to settle up all the affairs there.

That year Smith's second daughter had married. She had bought goods to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars by the month of May. Mrs. Smith, for herself, family, servants, and all, had bought about two hundred dollars' worth for the whole year. But she had made that much by her school, and taught six of his children besides, for she had none of her own large enough to attend school.

One day after this, Napoleon Smith was overhauling and overlooking the accounts, as he was sure to do. And although pleasant enough when he settled them, — for she had by her industry helped to cover their new house by paying for the workman's hire to his master fifty dollars in tuition for his brother and sister, and she had fifty dollars collected and laid away in his drawer at one time, of her labor in tuition, and had clothed his children with her own money and labor, — yet, after all, he must get angry with his wife, as was usual with him, with or without a pretext. She must bear the burden alone. His daughter was out of the way now, more than a hundred miles off, and could hear none of it. The abuse was for her ear, although praise was

deserved, for the daughter grabbed all she could by minding the old servant, who said to her, "You are going to marry a poor man; buy all you can. Your Pa's able to pay it." So she did, and of course made no exertions, as Mrs. Smith did, to pay her scores, but bought them on credit, got married, and was off and out of the way.

Smith said to his wife, "Were it not for your situation, I would take that cowhide and give you a good thrashing!"

O Lord God, our heavenly Father! Whenever we hear of a man talking of dealing blows to *his wife*, deserved or undeserved, our honest indignation rises to the highest pitch; for we have ever considered this one of the abuses to which the grand adversary of all good has cited man's, brutal man's attention; for none but a brutal man would resort to such a brutal process. We see nothing of it in the written word of God, absolutely nothing to authorize man to such acts of violence and barbarity towards the wife of his bosom. What! beat a woman whom you have sworn at God's holy altar to cherish and protect, and then go to the conjugal bed with her? A decent devil would blush at the thought, and we are confident no man of any nice sensibility whatever would ever even think of such a thing, and then say, "My dear, I love you!" Infinite scorning and nausea take possession of our soul just at this spectacle. We have said it is enough to make the devil spew. We say it again. Ah! yes, worse than some of your bacchanalian subjects do sometimes to their midnight devotees. There we consider all who resort to this measure the immediate agents and commissioners of the Prince of darkness. For he being prince, does many things, and commissions many things, at which devils of less malevolence of disposition blush.

Mrs. Smith said nothing to this double-refined, sublimated, and undeserved threat of cruelty, but went out and

wept. It was not long before the birth of her second son. A peculiarly delicate situation for a lady to be in, to have her mind distracted and torn to pieces by the very brute-man who was the father of her child. Then it was, for the first time, she began to wish herself away from this accursed family. Accursed by the father's conduct, for now the relations were all left behind of whom he complained so much. Evans was left behind, and who was there now to lay the iniquity of his doings upon? Be patient, kind reader, and he will find somebody, some scapegoat, ere long, to bear his iniquity, even in this wilderness. His fertile brain would or could not be long idle in such a quest, and for such a purpose, to screen his *holy* self.

Mrs. Smith saw the cloud arising, though perchance small at first, and the tempest brewing; and if in the bitterness of her soul, her poor crushed heart, she wished herself far away from him, we cannot blame her. Hitherto she had never thought of wishing herself from him; but now the thought began to present itself not unfrequently. For had he not perjured himself time and again till endurance was almost a sin? Had he not promised her when they came to this wilderness country, as an asylum from the stormy blasts of his family, that, when away from the relations, he would do better, and be quiet? Now the fagots had all been removed out there to her wilderness home. His brother and his force were near by, — himself, the greatest and most inflammable fagot of all, ready upon every light occasion to take fire. The combustibles were thickening on every hand. "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," would have been a good word of alarm. But, alas! like Samson, she was bound. She had followed him out to that rough country more because he was afraid of her seeing polite society than anything else; had toiled hard all the year in her school that she might make enough to pay for

all she bought, which was mostly for his own family — all to keep and have peace. She had but one little boy, her only child as yet, and behold this was the reward! If there is a God who ruleth in the earth, does He look upon such things with allowance? Although it is said in His word, “Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord,” how is it to be performed, when he will take his wife, and even persuade her to go, against her will, to make selections, and trade for the children and family, as he did a few days after they were married, and then the next moment be angry enough with her to kill her? O man! thou hard-hearted being, what will become of thee in the day of judgment, about the wife of thy bosom? Mrs. Smith had been heard to say, before their removal, that she would go with him anywhere.

One day Evans and his wife had been to church. On their return by Smith’s house in the old State, he invited Evans and his wife to stop for dinner. “Well,” said Evans, “it is just as Ruth pleases; if she will stay, I will stay with her, and not quarrel with her for it afterwards.”

This was after the episode of jealousy brought to light by the negro, and showed the nobleness of the man. It ought to have been a shot for Smith, if he were not impervious to the core of his own foibles; for there were few things he ever consented for *his* wife to do, but that he had a quarrel or a war about it afterwards. A quarrel he could never get, for Mrs. Smith would not quarrel with him. But *he would* declare war.

At the dinner-table they were speaking of the intended removal.

“Cousin Grace,” said Evans, “how *do you* like the idea?”

“Oh,” said she, “I will go with him to the jumping-off place! I was not willing to go while the Indians were in that State, but *now* I am ready to go.”

Poor creature! She might as well have gone among the Indians; for we leave it to all refined persons of nice feelings and sensibility, if such treatment as she met with afterwards was not worse — a thousand times worse — than to have been tomahawked, or burnt to death by a savage foe? And yet the world knew it not; and if it did, could care little, or do little in the matter. Whereas, if she had been murdered by the savages, some would or might have pitied.

And here we just remark, that although our mind utterly revolts at anything like parting, when once man and woman are married, yea, we would suffer many horrors before resorting to this painful refuge for down-trodden, crushed, and oppressed woman; yet Moses, for the hardness of men's hearts, permitted their wives to be separated from them. And in view of the ten thousand sorrows Mrs. Smith endured, and what was entailed on her helpless offspring, we say most unequivocally, in face of men, devils, and angels, that, after the experience and observation of many long years, we believe it would have been best for her to have left her inhospitable chief — his dwelling, his children, his negroes, his all, and all her own people, who were there among them at times. Her sister who had married Jerome Smith would no doubt have persuaded her from it. But she *ought* to have known her own business best, and where the shoe pinched; for now hell was opening from beneath, and such a swarm of demons, as she could never have had any conception of. If she had, surely she would have made some preparation for them. But like the lamb to the slaughter-pen she is going again. She knew there were sorrows and troubles brewing, but never the half of the extent of them — their turpitude nor source. She did not think of leaving. No; only the wish that she was far away from the present troubles, and she *did* fear worse coming. We think she

would hardly have had moral courage to breast the storm, had departure in reality have possessed her mind. Smith would have been as a roaring lion, his brother and *all their* children his allies. And the world, where would that have been? She did not ask, for she contemplated no such thing as going away. As to expenditures for the family, she had just as much right to distribute and lay out for it, especially when she earned the money herself, as Smith had to buy land. He had endowed her with the privilege, and told her to do just as she pleased, and she disobeyed no law of God or man in buying what she did. She was prudent and careful, saving and economical; neither stingy nor niggardly, but generous and liberal.

At the camp-meeting mentioned before, she asked the preacher to whom she gave her letter of recommendation, for the love of God's sake, to send them a preacher from the conference to that wild part of the country. They sent one. Their new unfinished house was in this way first dedicated to the service of God. A Brother W——, from the old State, whom Smith knew, called on them in their new home, and Mrs. Smith called their neighbors, friends, and relatives together, and had preaching in the new house ere they dwelt in it. Poor walls of the house! How many tales they could tell, if speech was their gift! Preaching first the word of God, and then afterwards the enacting of a tragedy at which all ears tingled who heard it. . . .

Another year rolled round. The eighth of February arrived, and Mrs. Smith gave birth to another fine boy. She nearly lost her life in the agony, but in a few days, such was her vivacity, or rather the power of God and her faith, that she began to revive. The preacher came, and there was no house in which to preach. He came to Smith's house, as Brother W—— had done.

Mrs. Smith was now up. The young preacher looked as though he hardly knew what to do, as Smith would stand at the door, as if he would hardly ask him in. He was one of the strangest beings in the world, and oft reminded us of those who strain at gnats and swallow camels. If it had been a rough-hewn or coarse fellow, he would not have hesitated to ask him even into Mrs. Smith's very room. Or forsooth, his eldest son, than whom a coarser fellow hardly existed, when he had a mind to be vulgar, would come into her room when he pleased, but a preacher was quite another thing. He ever was more afraid of those of whom there was least danger. We suppose because he thought them more suitable to his wife's mind. However, he finally asked the preacher in, and he gave a good little sermon to a respectable little crowd gathered on the occasion. We suppose if Mr. F—— had been there, he would have spoken out again, but of course the preacher had nothing to say. We wondered what he thought. Now Smith was used to do this way, if any reliance can be placed in what the old domestics would say. Anything rather than preaching, or much of it about his house. Mrs. Smith thought him the strangest Methodist she had ever seen, no invitingness about him to the ministers. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord," was the language good people of old were wont to address to the servants of the Lord — Abraham, for instance. "Behold now, my lords, if ye count me worthy, come into mine house." But it was a great source of joy to Mrs. Smith to hear the Gospel while passing though the fire and sojourning in trouble.

Her sister and brother-in-law from the old State had been staying with them, and were now about moving to their own home, which they had been building. It was not long after the birth of her babe — a day, we think. Smith came, without his wife thinking of such a thing, and said to

her, "Have a jar of lard put up for them." They had not yet laid in their provisions. She had it done, about five or six pounds in a small jar. As soon as they were gone, he came to his wife, and said very crossly

"Did you have that lard weighed?"

"No," said she.

"Why did you not?" said he, pettishly.

She being very badly off in health that morning, these words set her crying. And thus it was both times she had been thus suffering, he caused her a crying spell, for her feelings, always tender, were on these occasions particularly sensitive, so that the slightest rough touch, at such a time, was sure to open the flood-gates of well pent-up, well-guarded and long-suppressed grief.

Oh, how her heart did melt and the tears flow! And now that dear boy is away from her this day, and her heart is still in sorrow about him, for he has been allured away from her by her enemies, and is married prematurely, so that, with all her hopefulness, she trembles for his happiness. Oh that God would at once set her free from all her fears; give her the desires of her heart, and let her have some joy for all her trouble and sorrow in this world, which she has long waded through.

Things did not go smoothly long at a time during these days, for now they had a double warfare. Her sister having married Jerome, there was now a double portion of tongues to fly about the two sisters, and the reason why we shall mention him so often, is the important bearing he had on her happiness. And although as lovely and amiable as Josephine in many of her ways and forbearance, yet Jerome's family, like Napoleon Bonaparte's relations, took it upon them to dislike her; for what, we never could tell, unless it was because she was too good and straightforward for them.

One Sabbath, while Mrs. Smith was yet confined, her nearest neighbor, Mrs. H——, came over to see her. Her manner was so soft and kind, that Mrs. Smith thought surely she was the best old lady in the world. Some little music was going on, as they had an instrument in the house, brought there by Mrs. Smith's father. Jerome and his wife were there that evening. Mrs. Smith looked at her sister and her babe, and thought of both their situations, and then she cried again. They were delicious tears, such as one sheds from a conscious innocence being oppressed.

Jerome's dislike to his brother's wife originated from his hearing that she did not want him to have her sister, for one must not disapprove *anything* done by these Smiths, no matter how modestly and lady-like done. Although he spoke of bucketing his brother Napoleon for marrying, so soon after his wife's death, an English doll, as he called her, yet he was as eager, and actually did marry Mrs. Smith's sister in less time, after his wife's death, than his brother had done. Another proof, among many, that men often do themselves things which they condemn in others.

Another Sabbath afternoon, before Mrs. Smith was abroad again, Jerome and his wife called to see her again. She looked wistfully at her dear sister, as much as to say, "Ah! poor bird, you are caught, too? You *will* have your troubles, too!" Surely her face must have been a great tell-tale sure enough, a mirror, — a transparent glass, — for Jerome said to his wife on their return home:

"What makes Grace look at you so, as if she thought you would have trouble, too?" His wife replied, "She did not know that she did."

Jerome had once been a member of the Methodist Church, but before his first wife's death had been attending and was concerned in the sports of the field — horse-racing, and, it

was said, had gambled, too, so that now he was owing a good deal of money.

Shortly after his second marriage, he took his wife back into the old State, and she bought dresses for all his daughters — four in number.

CHAPTER X.

JEROME SMITH.

SOME time in March Napoleon Smith had a log-rolling, as is customary in new settlements. Mrs. Smith was out near a little branch that morning, immediately after breakfast, endeavoring to find a place to call on the Lord, for she saw trouble in the future.

Jerome passed her, in company with her other brother-in-law, going to the log-rolling. She thought there was something strange in his manner. Smith had wished their dinners sent to the field, which she took a great deal of pains to do, and sent a splendid dinner, very different from what they prepare generally for such occasions. The servants brought word that Mr. Jerome would not eat any of their good dinner. Mrs. Smith was now convinced that something was up, but could not divine what it was. There was nearly always something up in Napoleon's family, and it did not take much, or nothing at all, to have those ups often among them. But this was a new quarter whence to look out for squalls. She knew not Jerome's disposition, but, of course, feared it *might* be like his brother's. She was not kept long in suspense — not more than twelve hours, at least.

In the evening of the day, as they returned from work, she saw her husband and his brother walking along slowly, apart from all the others, as if in close conversation. As if the finger of God had pointed at them, it was impressed on her mind, as vivid as a lightning flash, that trouble, some way connected with her sister or herself, or both, was, sure enough, brewing. She said not a word to her husband about anything particularly until next morning, when she asked him why his brother ate no dinner the day before.

"I reckon he has some one to give him trouble!"

Infamous fool! Why did you not try to prevent his having *this some one from troubling* your spendthrift brother? This we add, for Mrs. Smith did not think of such an outburst again from her beautiful husband at that time.

He continued: "The poor fellow is almost distracted."

Poor fool! Why did you not then go to T—— to get you a wife, and get whole distracted? It was, however, to Mrs. N. Smith a stab with a barbed and poisoned arrow. "O men!" she mentally said, "will ye all deceive?" Here was the unkindest rub of all.

Smith had been married to his wife more than four years, and his wife's sister had been an inmate of their family for full eighteen months, had done all the sewing of the family, and attended to the domestic concerns when her sister was at school. His eldest son would have been the proudest fellow in the world to have married her, if she would have deigned to accept him. She was, as has been before stated, a smart, nice girl, and considered a great beauty. If there had been anything amiss in her or his wife, why did he not warn his brother? But no, he urged on the match.

Jerome had persuaded the other brother-in-law to move out there. His generous impulses being greater than his circumstances, after wasting all he had in the old State, he had promised to assist him, as he was poorer than either

Jerome or Napoleon, though his father was as well off as either of them. It seemed he had promised more than he was willing to perform, in the way of provisions ; and now, when his brother-in-law sent the second time for some corn, instead of acting like a man, and sending him word that he had no more corn to spare, he skulked off to the field with his eldest son, and sent a negro to tell the servant he had no more corn for him ; his wife not knowing what it meant. So the next Sabbath they were all at Napoleon Smith's again — Jerome and his wife, the brother-in-law and his wife, who was a sister of the two Mrs. Smiths. Grace Smith, who loved the house of God more than all kindred or all the world, had induced her husband to go to class-meeting with her, and to preaching, three or four miles off. During their absence, Jerome's wife and her other sister walked into the new house that Napoleon Smith was having erected. Jerome's guilty conscience thought they had gone there for the purpose of talking over the matter.

Napoleon and his wife soon returned from church. All had apparently been enjoying themselves well. Mrs. N. Smith felt calm and happy, as a Christian ought to feel who has left the troubled world and gone to get her heart imbued with heavenly and divine things by the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord. She noticed that Jerome seemed to be in a fever, for when some of the family asked some of his daughters to remain with them during the night, "Stay at home," said he, "and then there will be no lies told on you," with a bitter retort, as if he had a whole host of enemies before him. What is the matter, Mr. Jerome Smith? No one will be particularly aggrieved, if your daughters do not remain at their uncle's to-night. True, Mrs. Grace Smith, as a loving, social lady, liked to have her husband's nieces about her. But there was such an under-current going on, and she had hardly as yet got an inkling

of it,—the two sets of cousins getting together and discussing the merits or demerits of their respective stepmothers; in short, doing a little, if not a good deal, of what Jerome said in another direction, telling lies,—that now her happy, buoyant spirit was beclouded by the atmosphere of so many ungenial spirits, and she did not know which was the one or one from another, in the double camp of disaffection, and she really did not care whether they remained or not, for they would be no company for her; her religious tastes were in no favor with them; but oftener than any other way, if not willingly, they would be lured off in some nook or corner with Napoleon's children, and there sit or stand and have holy confab, some whispering, backbiting tale about their aunt and stepmother. No one wishes much company under such delectable circumstances. As Grace did not understand what Jerome was driving at, she made no reply.

Now the night before the log-rolling, Jerome undertook to drink himself drunk, and abused his wife with his tongue. Then he thundered out what he had thought the Sabbath before, "These d——d long talks he had no use for." Alluding to his wife and her sister walking into the new house to see, and perhaps to talk, too, if they wished. It was a much longer walk and talk than he took with his brother Napoleon. That was on his side; all was well then. Tyrants never want others to do as they allow themselves to do. But his wife was a spirited lady, and not as taciturn as Mrs. Grace Smith.

"I'll talk with my relations when I please," said the spirited lady.

"G—— d—— you and your relations, too!" said he. "D—— scamps!"

Heigh-ho! bravo, Mr. Jerome! to whom are you talking? Is this the wife you intended to go so far to get? or is it the

beautiful young lady whom you were in such a hurry to marry? All this in less than three months. Was Mrs. Grace Smith wrong in her fears about you? And all this was, as far as we can see, without any fault on his wife's part or side. But Grace had not feared even so much as this. Profane language had never been sounded in her ears in her married life, nor even with a drinking father, like some do on such occasions. The case was really worse than her fears. All this happening before the night of the day following the famous log-rolling. This was the pretty mess Jerome and his brother were talking over by the wayside from the field. For, like a great many men, he had to run to relations to tell his troubles, when he had made them himself, and get sympathy, when he needed it only, or deserved it only for his vices. But woe to the wife, if she should also seek sympathy from the same source. Then for Smith to say to his wife Grace, "I reckon he has some one to give him trouble!" "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united." Surely many volumes could be written on the subject of the *cruelty* of men to their wives.

While we write to-day, an amiable young woman is a corpse, and now gone to the grave, who was married to a widower in this place. About five or six months ago, when she was full of grief at the death of an only sister, her husband came to her already woe-stricken father, and told him his daughter was getting very lazy, and would not attend to anything, and unless there was an alteration, there would be a separation. The separation took place. The poor young woman, being in a delicate situation, was laid low on a bed of affliction. He helped to carry her back to her father's; and there she has suffered ever since, till night before last, when she gave birth to a poor little boy-child. Yesterday she died, and now is on the way to her

grave! O man, thy cruelty never will be known till the day of judgment!

But it seems as if passion's rage is not to stop here. Two of the prominent men of the town—one a young man of promise, the other a married man, with a sweet wife and four little children—have gone out to fight a duel! Is the devil turned loose to do what he pleases, by inflaming their minds in deadly hate to one another. Oh, if it were our own children, what could we do? Just to-day, as we saw that young man walking up the square, as we have often seen him walking, those words of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, came to our mind, and “those that walk in pride, He is able to abase.” Of which truth he was a striking example, when this proud monarch was humbled in the dust before the “God of heaven.” The married gentleman we have seen walk the streets oftentimes, and we thought him particularly careless about his soul's salvation. And O our soul, what is the result? are they both killed, or will one or the other fall? All the whole town was in excitement; half the male citizens followed for the purpose of dissuading them from this work of death and destruction. We could not sleep. An angel of a young woman followed in the person of the young man's sister—all, all was in a stir. Next morning they returned—the angel of peace had prevailed against the angel of death. All hail! we cried, as we met the married gentleman, that you have returned alive! All hail! said all the friends, and the town was in quiet and at rest. These men lived many years after, but are now both dead, and know the truth of eternity.

But to return. This conduct of Jerome Smith's did not stop here. Some say that bad beginnings make good endings. The contrary to this is our opinion and experience. Observation too often has shown the reverse. No general rule without exceptions, is an old saying. Soon after

Napoleon Smith had let out his budget of secrets, "*he reckoned he had some one to give him trouble,*" Jerome came in quite sober this time. Some one had brought some butter for Grace to buy, and although they needed it for the table, Napoleon Smith said she might pay for it herself if she bought it.

"Tell him," said Jerome, "he ought to pay for it," for, to do him justice, he was more generous in many things than his brother was. But Mrs. Smith thought him so insincere on this occasion in offering to favor her side, after what had passed, she turned from him, and said, "If she were to pay for the butter herself, it would not be the first time she had paid for things for the family out of her own earnings, for she had just a little while before advanced fifty dollars to buy a beef and other things for the family."

Jerome knew not what his brother had been telling his wife. If he had been a prudent man, from mere policy, it seems, he might have kept to himself what his brother had said. But he was so much in the habit of letting out everything of the kind to his wife, because she heard and often said nothing, we suppose he thought it all right for her to hear herself blamed, and then her beautiful sister, too. But she now, for the first time in her married life, began to suspect them, and went out and left them to hold their unholy council together, as she thought they would be pretty apt to carry on, now they had begun. She went to the kitchen to see about the affairs there.

When Jerome left, she was standing with her back to him, and did not turn round. He seemed to cast in his mind what it meant, for he did not know what she had heard; for he said some years later, he could not tell how Grace should know everything he said or did in a moment of time. Ah! there was an electricity in these things which needed not much revealing. Her already sharpened

sight and wits had, by this time, seen enough to know what a hint, a look, or walking together meant. Her already lacerated heart could be very easily set to bleeding afresh. Such people were no fit associates for a refined Christian spirit. If she was wrong, why not tell her so in plain terms, and not accuse or suspect without cause, and then serve her beloved sister in the same way? But now that Jerome appeared to be in a better state of mind, ought she to have noticed his past conduct with indifference?

Grace thought him deceptive, as most persons are in all such cases; and such were her truthfulness and honesty, she could *never* look upon a departure from these *noble* traits of character with any allowance. Because, what purpose do duplicity and double dealing answer, but the revelation of their possessor's heart? and then the aversion consequent on such a development to an honest, candid, noble mind. By this time she had seen so much of it in the families, that she thought there was little else among them. And she thought very nearly right in this matter, with regard to the bearing they had towards the two sisters.

The rub now was, that they had her husband in it, who had, by his canting, always pretended that he was hers alone, though he might have been in it all the time, but such a thought had never presented itself to her before. Formerly, he was so at variance, or pretended to be, with his first wife's relations and his children — real or pretended, we cannot say — yet she never thought him leagued with any of them, and whether he was, God only knows. Perhaps some of the old negroes were his confidants when the fits were on him. But now, O God! she was *sure* he had an ally in his brother, and woe to her small grain of happiness! It would be worse than ever, which indeed was the fact. O Lord God, thou righteous judge of quick and dead, what did she not suffer for the next ten years that

came? No tongue on this earth can tell. Better for her a thousand times, if she could have had her two little boys with her, and have left them forever. And when the last little boy was born, oh, how she did wish such a thing, if it could have been possible, that she might leave this wicked family in which she was such a bone of contention. But the devil is not so ready to let his captives go, although always growling at them.

Ye ghosts of the past, we invoke you again; come forth from your long resting-places! These ghost of past words and acts are slumbering before the throne of God, waiting the dread day of open development and righteous judgment. . . . That Mrs. Smith was destined to meet with many troubles, everything seemed now to portend, and that Jerome Smith was to give shape and coloring to her troubles, she could but divine. As her mind partook more of the spiritual than of the natural, she dwelt much in holy contemplation of the spirit land.

One night, in visions of the night, it appeared that she was riding with Jerome Smith in a carriage; meanwhile the heavens grew black and lowering, and the rain was pouring down in torrents on them. Then she was running for her life through mud and water, lifting up her hands to heaven, and saying, "Yes, I am known in the upper worlds! Yes, I am known in the upper worlds! O ye howling devils, how ye do hate to see this!" After such a vision, it would have been well for her to have quit her present place of abode, for to her such visions of the night always were a warning of coming troubles; and yet she did not *then* so view it, but the next day went about singing, "The Lord is my Shepherd, etc.," and was happy all day, until she heard an oath from her father, who was at work in some part of the yard. This troubled her.

That day they moved into their new house, being the

tenth day of May, 18—, which house had been dedicated to the Lord, by having the gospel preached in it, some five months prior to that time, when it was being erected. Some short time before this one of the class leaders had told her there would be a quarterly meeting over the river in the month of May, not exceeding five or six miles distant. She set her heart on going; and the day before it came on worked hard all day to make a pair of pants for her husband, for he had promised to go with her. But behold, when the morning came, (Saturday,) some desperate freak as usual, when church going was in question, or anything else but his own lusts, took him as formerly, and he forgot all his fair promises of going with her when they should come to this new country.

He *would not* go, but, stubborn as an old mule, took his gun and went to the field. Mrs. Smith was troubled,—for no wife, with any sensibility whatever, could have been otherwise,—but took one of his little sons and went—a son that figured much afterwards towards this poor, unsuspecting woman; one, before whom had his father set a proper example, perhaps might have made a good man, respectful to his father's wife, if he had not loved her.

The Reverend Mr. S—— B—— S—— preached that day, and, oh, how like the honey and honeycomb were the precious words of Christ which he preached! Mrs. Smith was ever, especially on these sad occasions, in an Elysium of bliss when she could hear the gospel preached. She returned home, and carried the balm with her.

The next day being the Sabbath, as there was to be love-feast, she wished to go early. Brother S—— told her how she might get there in time, saying there were so many hours before nine o'clock, all of which she knew, but replied, "When all the wheels of a wagon were clogged but one, it was hard moving." And so it was, indeed. Or per-

haps the principal wheel being clogged, there could be no steady motion. The servants and dear cook being up early, as they knew their mistress wished an early start, had breakfast betimes, and all things ready.

Smith did not intend to go this day, either. Oh, when a man is sunk down into the mire of the world, what, but Omnipotent power, can move him? And he had resisted the still, small voice of God, till if it spoke to him at all he heeded it not.

It was drizzling rain a little. Mrs. Smith was all ready to start, and expected to go by taking some of the children or servants with her. Smith said it was raining too much, and persuaded her not to go. She had not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. She had not yet come to the point to go church at all hazards, even though he heated a burning oven for her. So she gave in, much as she longed to be at the love-feast and at "Salem's peaceful tents." She sat down calm and quiet as a lamb, thinking God was at home as well as at church, for she had carried a goodly portion of the heavenly manna with her to her home the day before. But how ardently she had desired to meet with the Lord's people that day, especially as the day advanced. The tents of wickedness afforded no food for her mind and soul. Everything became stale, and before evening came she wished that she had gone, for she would then have got her spiritual tastes elevated and spiritual appetite appeased.

And what a "*Methodist and Christian*" was Smith, that he could not ride five miles to church with his wife? See, he had already "returned, as the sow to her wallowing in the mire," and forgot his particular promise of attending church with her constantly in this new State. This was keeping his promises with a vengeance, for nothing but the gross, sensual love of the world kept him away. If there

had been five hundred dollars promised that day to him at that meeting-house, we venture the assertion, — and think the God of heaven will bear witness to its truthfulness, — that all the rain that fell that day, nor five times as much, would not have kept him from going to receive it. This reduces things to demonstration. “Where a man’s treasure is, there is his heart also.”

We think this quite a desideratum. If a man, or any individual, would go to a place under rather inconvenient circumstances for the sake of gain, and at the same time would not go for religious purposes, we think it without doubt shows the love of the world to be in the ascendancy, and religious concerns to be on the wane. But now he began to have a jealous eye about the preachers, as he had previously about Mr. Evans. Mrs. Smith had flattered herself, when they moved out to this rough country, he would lose sight of Evans, and *all* his unjust jealousies on that subject. And that one thing reconciled her to the move above every other consideration. “Let me hie away to the wilderness,” she said to herself, “mayhap I may have peace then,” never thinking or dreaming that he *could* have the audacity and barbarity, the sacrilege, to begin on the poor little pitiful preachers, as some of them were.

Not a great while after this quarterly meeting had passed, the Reverend Mr. S—— sent word that, as he expected shortly to pass that way to another meeting of the same kind he was intending to hold at the first place where Mrs. Smith had attended Methodist preaching soon after her arrival in the new State, he would call and tarry one night with them on his way thither. Mrs. Smith was very glad to hear of the coming of the man of God. And as was her custom, she frequently had a general house cleaning, especially when she expected to have company, and above all the people of God, for if there was any class of people on

earth that Mrs. Smith held in most exalted estimation, it was the household of faith. The ministers of God were venerated by her to the highest degree. She had had most noble examples in this class of persons ; for had she not been nourished and fed under the ministry of the great and good Dr. L. Pierce and Bishop Andrew, who “were giants in those days”? Previous to this time she had never known any who were messengers of gospel grace to sinful man to disgrace the cause of God and dishonor their profession ; nor had they degenerated to the veriest pigmies on the earth, (as some did in this section of country afterwards.) For there was that torchlight in the ministry of gospel grace in her youthful days, — the faithful and burning fire, — young Pope, who read the word of God on his knees, and was a swift seraphim in preaching the word, and soon went home to his reward. There was the learned Adiel Sherwood, the great Dr. Cummins, the good Reverend Jack Lumpkins, all these had been her teachers, and now must she look with indifference on any that claimed to be ambassadors of Christ in behalf of poor sinning human beings? Neither had they, in the good old State, become a byword and a proverb throughout the length and breadth of the land ; such, at least, had never come under her observation. She had her lines in more pleasant places, and verily had a goodly heritage. For we bear her record, as the Apostle says, if it had been possible, “she would have plucked out her eyes for them, and received them as angels — yea, even as Christ Jesus.” And wherefore? Because she considered them as the representatives of Jesus Christ. She had been, during all the morning of her days, eye-witness of the most noble examples to venerate ; and who would bring anything to the charge of this woman of God, for obeying the word of the Lord in this matter? She looked upon them as the vicegerents of Christ on earth,

to do His will, and bring glad tidings of good-will and peace towards men.

Not so with Mr. Smith; but whether it was from the loss of the love of God out of his soul, or experience and knowledge of the conduct of those among whom he had chosen to have his lot cast, judge ye; for he had many a tale concerning their misdemeanors to fill his wife's ears with, so that he had or pretended to be awfully prejudiced and poisoned against this class of mankind. So much so, that we have heard him say he would rather a wife or daughter of his should marry a negro fellow than a preacher. His only surviving sister had married a preacher, hence arose a great many of his prejudices, which were always very strong and unreasonable, and also the warfare that will follow. Wonder if Gabriel had come on the carpet as a man, and talked and looked at Mrs. Smith a little, if Smith would not have got jealous?

We are now about to commence a new phase of jealousy and persecution of his innocent wife, concerning this class of people, now that Evans was left behind. For Mrs. Smith was a woman of sense, and, although greatly influenced by her husband, — too much, alas! unless his influence had been more genial, for his influence distorted her, and made her appear in many things not her own true, noble self, — yet she could not on every occasion despise people as he did, without cause or offence. Moreover, if she had cause against any one, she was sure to let him or her know it, and hence could not speak against people as Smith did, and never let them know her real sentiments towards them. And was not the love of the world at the bottom of all his hatred to the ministers of God? Should he not have discriminated between the *good* and the *bad*, and have regulated his conduct accordingly? Would not any of the preachers have had subject-matter of complaint

against him equal to his against them, if they had known his private character?

On that day Smith's eldest son would be going about over the yard, and among the servants, and would be saying to all who came in his way, "God Almighty is expected down to-night!" and pass many profane and ribald jokes. He even went to Mrs. Smith's sister, and said the same words: "God Almighty is expected down to-night," all because Mrs. Smith was having cleaning up done, — no unusual thing for her to have done in that family; for she had been pursuing the plan from the second day of her entrance among them: for which there was abundant need — and the more so, as the children, some of them especially, took great delight in carrying in two pounds of red clay, if they could manage so to do; to put their shoes, thus loaded, (without scraping or pretending to wipe on a foot-mat) on a set of new chairs, — nice chairs, — because they thought their father purchased them at the request of his present wife. How would you like that picture, young ladies?

Well, now, we will present you with another true as life, for we set out, in this narration, to say as little as possible of the children, — leaving that for a separate work; for the time would fail, and the volume swell into very large dimensions, to tell of this jealous man, his children, and negroes, all in one book. It would be so long and tedious, one would tire of it before reaching the end. Hence we set it before our readers in different dishes, all of which have some variety, which is the spice of life. We deprecate monotony on all occasions, especially in a book.

Now for a new feature in the case, as this new personage, the preacher, the presiding elder of that district, came on the stage. Sure enough, that evening the man of God came. Mrs. Smith, in all her life, and in all the puzzles

of her life, never was so tortured. Smith sat in the front of his door smoking his pipe, and did not move any more than the door-sill on which he sat, with an old leghorn hat on his head. Poor Mrs. Smith did not know what to do. She was afraid to go out to meet the man of God, knowing the peculiarities of her dreadful husband ; and yet there he was (the minister of heaven) standing at the gate. He had sent word by one of the class-leaders to Smith and his wife, that he was coming to tarry with them that night, and now no one to invite him to alight from his carriage or welcome him to the house. Mrs. Smith would look at her husband and walk half-way to the gate, look back at her husband again, walk a little farther, and then recede. All this time he had not stirred ; he was, it seemed, chained to the sill of his door, and his tongue paralyzed.

At length, however, to break the dreadful spell which was becoming intolerable to Mrs. Smith, the man of God asked if he could stay all night. This broke the silence that was felt ; and now Mrs. Smith, being *obliged to act* in some way, went a little nearer towards the gate, and welcomed him. Smith, by this time, did make out to rise to his feet, and when he arrived at the door, asked this messenger of heaven to come in. Humph ! no very welcome visitor, it seemed, to the old gentleman, — old by sin and worldliness, for he was not yet fifty years old. But his wife could not see it then, — this utter lack of politeness to the man of God. She was blind, and thought it his way ; which we think a poor way. Did not his sons and servants, who were in the background of the picture while the scene was being enacted, have eyes to see all this ? Did they not understand it better than she did ? And was it not favoring their wicked cause ? Poor man !

The preacher, who was one of the feeblest in body, had toiled and travelled all day, without refreshment, over a

very hilly country, to get to this place; and how glad was Mrs. Smith to have a man of God under their roof. It did not seem to her that *all* were wicked, as some would fain represent them. Nay! she *knew* they were not. He conversed with the family while supper was being got in readiness; and, oh, how pleasant to hear his conversation. We thought him one of the most spiritual and heavenly-minded men we had ever met. In the course of the conversation, he turned to Mrs. Smith, and asked, "If she did not feel lost in and among these hills."

"I do, indeed," she replied.

Mrs. Smith at this time was considered a beauty, but the beauty of intellect and goodness of heart were her chief beauties in the view of people who could appreciate these qualities. She possessed a perfect form, almost faultless features, deep hazel-colored eyes,—very expressive and penetrating, large enough to be handsome, for out of them the soul shone most brilliantly when lighted by any pleasurable intellectual or spiritual excitement,—soft silken hair of a deep, dark, auburn color; high intellectual brow and Grecian nose; cheeks indicating mathematical genius; skin of fair color, and rosy lips, and mouth that was both decisive and yielding in its developments; intelligent countenance; tall, graceful, and easy in her deportment, and winning in her manners, so that one would naturally think of those words of the poet,—situated as she was,—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And a gem literally buried in ocean depths, how could she ever appear to the world what she really was, immersed in these depths and sea-weeds?

Heaven seemed to be on earth in the presence of the man of God. The atmosphere around him being spiritual,

the imps of darkness slunk into the back-ground for the present, at least. . . . Next morning, Mrs. Smith was very anxious to attend this quarterly meeting whither the minister was bound ; the more so as she had, through Smith's freaks, missed the other. Smith was this time persuaded to go. If he would have allowed himself to be often in the company and under the influence of such servants of Christ, as this man was, it would doubtless have exerted a salutary influence over him, as it would, sometimes at least, have kept the ministers of Satan at bay.

At the breakfast-table, Smith having got up and gone out, his wife spoke a few words with the minister about their spiritual condition. She told him that her heart was always at the house of God on meeting occasions whether she was there or not, and that love-feasts and class-meetings were her delight ; and although often deterred from going to church, yet she never could get used to staying away. " Well," said he, " that will do, if you do not become satisfied to stay away." They then exchanged a few words about her husband's backwardness in attending divine service, and a doubt that arose in her mind whether he was a changed man or not. The preacher replied, " If he had religion, it would lead him to the people of God," which indeed seems to be a rational conclusion. And we wonder now that Mrs. Smith could ask the question, whether a changed man or not, when she knew so well his private acts. A changed man, indeed ! If ever he *had* been changed, he was changed back again to the beggarly elements of the world, for no man that was a Christian could act as he did. " If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature ; old things are done away, behold all things become new." He will walk in newness of life, and love the people and house of God above his chief joy.

They all set out for church, eight miles distant, — Smith

and his wife, her mother and the three little children, (her eldest and the two youngest of the first wife's children,) leaving her infant boy at home with the servants, — with the cook, who was one of the best servants in the world, — to be brought to his mother the next day, (Sabbath,) as this was Saturday. Oh, this was a grand time to Mrs. Smith! She took the little ones and catechised them, prayed with them, and told them she was going to dedicate them to God in baptism, — the youngest daughter of the first set of children, and youngest son, and her own eldest little boy, — sweet children then! The daughter about five or seven years old, her own brother a little over five, and her own little boy something more than two years old, her infant son about four months old. The daughter, although afterwards a hardened and prejudiced sinner against this mother, was deeply affected when this friend of her youth instructed her, and wept much. Oh who did spoil this good work commenced by this truly heavenly-minded woman? Verily, “one sinner destroyeth much good.”

The next morning (Sabbath) the good servant, the cook, — for whom Mrs. Smith always, when *she* could, made arrangements, (as well as for *all* the servants as much as possible) to ride to church, if it was any distance from home beyond a pleasant walk, — brought the cherub boy, who looked as rosy as if his mother had not been from him a day and night. The little girl, when she was baptized, wept much, and seemed to be concerned about herself. The two little boys smiled sweetly, and the little infant boy also smiled as if he was much pleased, and looked as calm and happy as if he had been already in heaven. Blessed children! will they ever get to heaven? Oh, if the Lord — if it had pleased him to take these little ones at that time, what a world of trouble, sorrow, and sin they would have escaped. But stay these thoughts! Is the arm Omnipotent shortened

that it cannot save them yet? Well did the blessed Saviour say, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Blessed Saviour, thou canst say unto them yet, "Come."

Both of Mrs. Smith's little boys had the names of two of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The youngest one of her *own* had, besides, the name of one of the most eminent men of God that ever lived. The preacher, when he baptized this cherub boy, said, "Lord make him as those two great and good men were;" which we had hoped from our soul would be granted, although there seems, as yet, but little prospect. Yet should we despair? Is not God able to make him repentant? Shall not they that sow in tears reap in joy? Is anything *too hard* for the Lord? That day was a high day with Mrs. Smith. She spoke in love-feast. The spirit of the Lord was upon her, and she seemed to be electrified by its power.

"Come, Holy Spirit, refining fire,
Go through my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And new create the whole."

was her language.

CHAPTER XI.

MORE OF SMITH'S FALSE ACCUSATIONS.

MRS. SMITH'S father and Smith both appeared to be much affected, though neither of them had a word for God. They then bade the man of God farewell, and returned home with their little ones. O how sad to go from Salem's holy quarters to the tents of wickedness, where there was

nothing but sin, sinners, and sinners' ways; liars, tale-bearers, backbiters, slanderers, and almost all sorts of sin that could be named; hardly the savor of one righteous Lot among them, except herself and mother, who was with her occasionally. True, some professed religion, but did not possess it. "They had no oil in their lamps; they had gone out." They were unworthy of the Christian name, and, like the foolish virgins, we fear they will beg for oil in a coming day when it cannot be had, or they will be too late, because the *door* will be shut against them. For whosoever loveth and maketh a lie will most assuredly be left outside with dogs, and sorcerers, and all kinds of sinners.

When they got home, the same ribaldous son began throwing out unholy jests about the meeting, (for *he* had gone too.) Mrs. Smith did now and then drop a word or two to this son. Her spirit was subdued, chastened, and holy; she felt she had been with God, and did not think herself in danger in saying a few words to him.

Smith, as he did sometimes after going to church, seemed to be considerate and serious, and to wish to guard his wife from mischief. Knowing his son's disposition better than she did, for fear she might get her feelings hurt, and wishing her not to spend breath and words on so reckless a person, Smith said to her,

"Grace, remember where you have been to-day. Do not spend your time uselessly talking to that boy."

Now it seems to us if the boy had been in possession of any sensibility whatever, and had at all believed in his father, the bare idea of his thinking him unworthy to be spoken to on the subject of religion ought to have struck him deeply. His heart ought to have been pierced by it. But he had himself once professed religion and joined the church, and now abused his profession, and of course was now more callous than ever. As he could have no confi-

dence in himself, he had none in others. Withal, he inherited a large portion of his father's violent prejudices, and consequently, if prejudiced against any one, was apt to allow him or her no quarter at all. At this time he affected to be much against his father's wife, — although a year had hardly elapsed since he would fain have married her sister. But all the spite he could pitch at the preachers, or any one that he thought Mrs. Smith respected, was pastime and joyous sport for him. Even this almost ethereal man of God, whose very appearance was enough to awe common sinners, had no effect in deterring him from scoffing and a kind of fun making, to which some resort, thinking, or pretending to think, it makes them men.

We do not now remember much jealousy as yet from Smith in this section, although he would sometimes betake himself a whole day of a Sabbath and spend it with his brother Jerome, — a thing he never did in the other State, and which he did now, doubtless, to spite his wife. The first Sabbath he played this game was misery and woe to her. She had but little earthly comfort or happiness; and, as she remained at home for his sake nearly always now, to have him take his company from her, to be deprived a whole day at a time, without cause or business, to be thus supplanted by her not too lovely brother-in-law, was at first seemingly a hard case; though no one ever heard her utter a word on the subject. If he had commenced that style, she might have become accustomed to it; but no, he never could bear her away at all.

Mrs. Smith's youngest little boy was one of the most quiet, interesting little fellows in the world. His nurse and grandmother would go to his aunt's, Mrs. Jerome Smith's, and spend whole days with him from his mother, although at the breast, and he would neither cry nor make any ado whatever. His uncle Jerome, one day, at Napoleon Smith's,

was complimenting him, in his mother's presence, as being the most uncommon child he ever saw.

"Oh," said Smith's eldest son, "he will be a drunkard." (For he was one himself at that time.)

Another one of them put in his spiteful gibe too, and said, "He expected he would make an overseer." His mother, with head all bound up, with a severe nervous headache, replied mildly, though with honest indignation in her breast towards these craven-hearted cowards who could speak thus spitefully of an infant of a few months, their own father's child, because they hated the mother without cause:

"I expect he will be a Methodist preacher some of these days."

This was their revenge on an innocent child because *they hated the mother*. And, oh, that God may grant that that wish of the mother's heart may yet be verified, to the despite and discomfiture of all his enemies and those of his mother also. What set of young men in the world, with any soul at all, would have talked thus of the innocent and unoffending, the babe that did not then know his right hand from his left? Surely the mad prophet Jonah could not hold a candle to them; for this infant of a few months was their own half-brother, their father's youngest boy, and their third or fourth cousin according to the flesh; and God had commanded them to pronounce no cursing on this child, or prophesy of his future ill, as he commanded Jonah to denounce the Ninevites.

They had not much more church going to attend that year until October, when the camp-meeting came off; the first, we suppose, that had ever been held in that portion of the country since Christopher Columbus discovered this continent.

The same brother, S——, being presiding elder, Mrs.

Smith ardently desired her husband to build a tent, and say to the world, for a few days, "Stay here, while I go yonder and worship." But the canker of the world was on him too deeply. He would not build a tent. His excuse to his wife was, because the other people, or those who built tents, would not consent to build the camp-ground where *he* wished it. Whether he informed these deluded people of this or not, we know not. We say deluded, because we heard, in the years that followed in this lying and believing lies community, that some son of Belial had said Smith's wife was the cause of his not building a tent. A more palpable falsehood could not have been hatched in the pit of perdition.

Mrs. Smith, however, got him off with their wagon and carriage, which was, she thought, better than not going at all. And here was his policy: go on Saturday and Sunday, and it will not break so much time, and then the servants can be at work all the week; although meeting is within five or six miles of us, and only a yearly meeting, too, and not expected to trouble any of the worldly-minded folks more than once a year, at all. But this matter plainly showed that when Smith did not wish to do anything, like all other men and women, too, he abounded in roundabout excuses. It would be much more honorable to all thus concerned, to honestly say, "I do not go to this meeting, nor build a tent, just because I do not wish to go or build." But even this piece of the meeting Mrs. Smith enjoyed, was a grand festival to her. She sat near the altar, as was her custom, while this very spiritual minister of God sowed his heavenly seed. A more evangelical doctrine and sermon was seldom heard. It fell like the dew of heaven on the heart of this persecuted saint of God; for she was passing through the fires.

The poor sable African, too, the carriage driver, stood off

at a respectful distance, — at the rear of the pulpit, — and drank in every word. Mrs. Smith saw this and rejoiced. Oh, if Smith had been truly pious, how might he not have been instrumental in saving himself and his whole house? Oh, if he had been decided as Joshua was, who said, “Choose you this day whom you will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.”

At meal-time, the man of God went out to Smith's carriage to greet the family. He was sorry they were not tented, but said very little on the subject. Mrs. Smith had taken the children and all the servants she could with them.

One of the old family servants, belonging now to Jerome Smith, who had raised the Smiths, received the word of the Lord graciously, which had fallen in such gentle showers. On all such occasions heaven seemed to be on earth to Mrs. Smith.

The next day, being the Sabbath, was another high day. It was a green spot on memory's page, never to be forgotten many long years after, and perhaps remembered through eternity. The preacher preached a heart-searching sermon that day, and sent Mrs. Smith and another lady, a sister in the church, round among the ladies to make a missionary collection. Here she met with hard-shelled Baptists for the first time in her life, as the anti-missionary Baptists are called, which were here on this occasion, — a hard set, indeed. Mrs. Smith had been reared and educated in the most enlightened parts of the State of ———, and hence the name of hard-shell had never been heard of in all that enlightened region. However, they made nothing off of Mrs. Smith in argument; for, although new to her, such startling, ignorant assertions as some of the weaker sort of

the sect used were all put to silence by her off-hand, impromptu, and lightning-like style of refutation. Nor was she proud of the necessity of thus replying. Her very soul revolted at the ignorance thus manifested, and her heart grieved over the darkness, gross darkness, that shrouded the minds of these imbecile creatures, who thought they knew more than "seven men who could render a reason."

Notwithstanding, Mrs. Smith got up a considerable subscription, for she asked every gentleman who came in her way, and even the poor servants gave something to this good cause. She subscribed twenty dollars herself, paid out of her own earnings; she having taught school a portion of that year again. The whole of it she could not pay, for not a cent would her husband give her. On the contrary, he scolded her for giving so much of her own labor that way, ten dollars paid in cash. Some of the poor old women in that section, when looking at the subscription list, said, "Oh, she don't expect to spin for it." No, she does not, we suppose, our dear madam; but, if she did, we suppose she would do it as cheerfully as you.

That Sabbath evening there was much feeling manifested among the people. Smith's third daughter went into the altar for prayer, and Mrs. Smith wished to remain that night on the encampment for the sake of this reckless girl, for she was little else than a flirt-about. When they went to the carriage to set out for home, the friends of both Mrs. Smith and the daughter flocked around to beg Mrs. Smith to stay. Even the preacher suggested the propriety of Mrs. Smith staying on account of the daughter who was intending to remain.

"No," said Smith. He opened the carriage-door and almost pushed her in. No matter how much religious feeling there was afloat, she was afraid to do anything on her part that might awaken the demon of jealousy in Smith's

heart again, for she feared it only slumbered and slept, and was waiting for some fair, pretended pretext to awaken more furiously and fearfully than ever ; more so, for the long resting spell. Since they had left the vicinity of Evans, he had not yet fastened his mind on a successor as a victim of accusation to his poor wife.

Young ladies, again we ask, How would you like such a situation? You need not say it is confined to old men, old fools, thus to act. We have seen young men, young fools, act just this way. We tell you just what we think. There are so many nuisances in the world, and everybody is against them when they know them ; but this is one that is not always known, because the poor victim, the wife, keeps it to herself as much as possible. O how jolly he can be! He can look and send a quiver to her heart that no one knows of but herself. He can say, by his infernal eye, Do it if you dare ; stay, if you dare ; only go against my wish or nod, and I'll give you h—— to-night. Now this is no overwrought picture, but a veritable fact, and we venture ten thousand women can bear testimony to its truthfulness. Well, now, do you wish to know what we are driving at, dear young ladies ?

It is this, —for these nuisances to poor women, if to nobody else, to be taken up ; and although we are no advocates for hanging, nor ever saw any one hung, yet we could almost give our verdict for these wretched creatures to be hung till they are almost dead, dead, dead ; because we are afraid, if suffered to live, the viper will live in them again, and bite not only the poor wife, but, mayhap, which is worse, entail his venomous bite on his innocent offspring. Which of the two evils shall we choose? Judge ye.

The next day, as soon as Smith and his wife arrived at the encampment, the announcement was made to them that this said daughter had professed religion. Mrs. Smith went

to her, carrying some clothes which she brought for her. As soon as she saw the poor girl, she did not think there was any real change in her. Of course there was not much cordiality in the meeting. She embraced her; she could not well avoid doing so; but such was the sincerity and honesty of her nature, and especially about our holy and blessed religion, when she came in contact with insincerity and deception, whether wilful or ignorant deception, she seemed to feel it. It would send out its own true character before her discerning eyes. She knew too much. The speech the young girl made, caused her to think it not suitable language for a young convert, and a true one—one who had been penitent for her sins. However, she would wait and see. She did wait, and all her fears were too true. This was not the language of Canaan. The speech has gone from us, else we might recall it.

After this meeting was over, there seemed to be peace and calm for awhile. Smith, after all the care Mrs. Smith took, and all the sacrifices she had made, had the temerity to cast up, in some reproachful manner, this man of God to her, as if she loved him more than himself, which must have on this occasion originated in his self-depreciation; for he could not help seeing, if he had one grain of common sense, that the man of God was greatly his superior. But his inferiority existed in his own mind, in allowing himself to be narrow and contracted, jealous and suspicious, without true faith in heaven. How could he help feeling his inferiority? This provoked Mrs. Smith very much, as well it might, though she said nothing; for till now she had never hinted his jealousies to mortal being. His doings were all, as yet, secret. Like getting the hunted hare at bay, and giving it the wink, "Never mind; you just come out of that hole, and I'll get you."

One day, shortly after this meeting and his innuendoes,

she was in a room up-stairs, where she oft resorted to get a little calm, and to breathe out her soul to God. Her husband followed her thither. He wished to be fondling and caressing, which seemed so incongruous to her mind, with his now begun jealousies again.

"Oh," said she, "Mr. Smith, there is so much inconsistency in this course, and your repeated jealousies; my soul is grieved. Do you not know there is a green canebrake between us?"—canebrakes are very common in new countries.

"Then," said he, "we will burn it up." But they are not very combustible; and we guess, if they were frequently interspersed among settlements, all the incendiaries in the world could not do much in lighting their infernal torches. Fire-works to extinguish this subtle element would not be in much requisition.

"Would that *it* could be, and stay burned," she replied.

"You are ill, Mr. Smith."

"Yes, my dear, I am very sick; I think I shall die; and oh the misery there is. I see nothing but destruction before me."

"O my God," said she to herself; "is this an earnest of damnation to him; and he a professor, too?"

And in the agony of her soul she fled to the garden to pray that the Lord would spare him, so that he might repent, and not be lost; for it was one of the most awful thoughts that ever came to her pious mind—that of her husband dying, and sinking down to eternal destruction.

All that night she prayed, and often asked him, "Do you now feel any better? Do you see now any better prospects? Does God seem to be any more reconciled to you?"

"No, no," said he; "I still see nothing but a yawning pit before me."

Alas! O Lord, that he should have felt thus—for he was

not sick enough to be delirious—and then fill up his after life as he did. But although he said his mind continued in the same state, the health of his body returned; he got up, and went about his business, with this awful load upon him. His worldly gain seemed more to him than his heavenly. What was the matter with the man? It almost invariably followed, that, if he abused his wife with his tongue in those accusations which we have, in part, detailed through these pages, he would be afflicted in some way or other. So much so, that he once remarked it himself, and said,—

“I never do anything to you of this kind, but what I suffer for it after, either in body or mentally.”

“Then,” said she, “why are you not afraid to do so? If I am so immaculate, that you cannot persecute me without God avenging it, and taking up the quarrel for me, why do you not desist from such a course?”

If God says, “Speak not to Jacob—or to Grace—after this fashion, and do my prophets no hurt,” why, oh, why did he not leave off, when he so often felt and knew that he was fighting against God and his own happiness.

He made no reply to her questions; and thus he went on, not regarding her peace of mind, nor these faithful warnings. Her peace, at least, as much as he could affect it—and that was great—as any man can do who has a tender-hearted wife. But in her silent appeals to heaven, no wonder the Lord took it up; for it was a species of slow murder, of which the world, nor kindred, nor mortal flesh knew. Some people imagine because others are silent under sorrow, it does not affect them. All the more it does its deadly work. Smith must have had small compassion in his composition. Albeit, he once said to his wife he had shed bushels of tears over the thoughts of her sufferings. We wonder why; and as we never saw them, we think the

bushel must have been small. David said, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle;" but we never heard of a bushel of them before. He could have caused her heart to leap for joy, and his own bushel of tears to have been dried, if he would only have consented, and had resolution enough to have been a *man*. But God is the helper of him or her that hath no helper. Moreover, in the Rock cleft for her in her Saviour's side she had an abiding place, that all the storms of men, and devils, and children, and negroes could not reach; and there she found all the true peace she ever had in mortal life.

Some time in November after this, it having been a full month since she had been to see her sister, who lived at the distance of only two miles, she took the little children and went to spend the day with this sister. In the evening she returned, and was sitting on the doorstep when he came from the field. He did not greet her as he did when in a good humor, but said, "You are always running to T. M—'s;" which was as false as it could be. She was not *always* going there; neither did she run, for she rode. His speech and looks were so hurtful and unjust that she replied not, for it sent a momentary insanity to her mind. She rose up hastily from her speechless posture, ran with all her might—both hands extended to heaven—towards the well in the yard, with the full intention, when she started, of casting herself into it. But by the time she reached it, a sane feeling came over her, and she turned aside into the garden, as she had done before to pray for him; now to pray for strength to withstand and live, notwithstanding the unjust taunts and ferocious barbarity of this brutal man. Oh, how one unjust, harsh, cruel word is calculated to derange a sensitive mind. And what else can we call him but a brutal man? He knew he had a tender-hearted wife, a sensitive one, if he knew the meaning of the word. A wife that took pride in

doing her duty, her whole duty, and wished to be blameless, as much as is possible for a mortal woman to be. A woman who, he said, on one occasion, when speaking of Mrs. Mary Fletcher, the wife of the great and good Fletcher of England, was as good a woman or better than Mrs. Fletcher. And yet he could thus tyrannize! He asked her some time after what made her run so? She told him the thought that came into her mind. It does seem to us—and not only seems, but it is actually so—a man must be infatuated by the devil, else he could not and would not pursue such an unpardonable course; especially when he sees it so destructive to the happiness of his victim. My God! just to think of such a brute of a husband! We vow, if we had such an one in this day and time, we would have a bill of divorce in due time, or he should let us alone, and allow us the common sense due to his negroes; for they could go to visit their sisters, if it was near enough, without his scowling upon them, if they got it from their beastly husbands, who were apt to be in those days like master like servant-man.

We are sorry to have so much to say of man, white men, who were made in the image of God. But bear with us, ye good ones. Your time will come yet, when you will get all the praise really good men want, and the others may go on serving Belial for us. We care not. Why should we? We cannot reform these bad ones. That has been tried by some of the fairest and best daughters that ever sprang from the second Eve, who was without fault, as it is your glory to tell us of the first Eve. And many of these fair creatures have fallen into their graves with the story of their wrongs revealed to none but God, who saw it all the time. We do not talk of *woman's rights*,—the canting phrase with tyrants,—for small rights will she have, if she have not a good husband. And if she have not a good one, woe be to

her. She had better never been born; or, as the Turkish mothers do, it had been as well in some cases, nay, better, for her mother to have done as they did — kill them, than to suffer the worse than ten thousand deaths that some suffer, and then perhaps die without peace with God. But we cannot now pursue this subject. It is horrifying. It is maddening. And *ye say she did it all herself*. We will see about *that* in a coming day. God Almighty will bring up all of you guilty men, as well as the guilty woman. He will not be so partial as those very pious Jews were, “Master, here’s a woman, etc.,” — and never a word about the guilty man. O ye pious rakes! But God Almighty will do as His blessed Son did. In that He gave us a blessed example of what the Son, the glorious Judge will do in that day. “Ye that are without fault or sin, cast the first stone.” Now will not ye hang your holy heads, and sneak out one by one? Ah, no; you will be in too tight a place then. It will not be on earth, nor an earthly tribunal. What if ye are then taken by the officers of justice by the collar, and it be said to you, “Pay all the wrongs ye have done to these your victims.” But we will proceed in our story of the Bread of Heaven, and Husks of Swine; or the Curse of Jealousy, or The Man Influenced by the Devil, which you please.

Some time in the latter part of this same fall, or beginning of winter, some company came home with the third daughter to spend the night. Next day, the holy Sabbath day, Mrs. Smith was on her feet nearly all day, to have fires made and keep them up, as it was cold weather; which business has ever appeared to us as more properly belonging to the man, especially when he is about the house. At eventide she was very much worried, and Smith began to worry her more.

“Oh,” said she, in reply to some of his taunts, “I do not

suit the family ;” for after all her toil, she knew she never could give satisfaction to any of them.

Instantly he flew into flinders, as much as if she had said the family did not suit her. Perhaps *he knew* it did not suit her. She ever thought they might if they would, and truly she thought she took pains enough with them *all* for them to try, at least, to do some of their part right, if they would. This they never seemed to think of, much less do, else it might have been an easy work.

That year ended and another came in, and with it such a flood of trouble as had never been before, thick and heavy. But we shall only glance at a great deal of it, as it more properly belongs to another work, and run with somewhat lightning speed the remainder of the way over this particular part devoted to the jealous man, of his cruelties, of his sayings and taunts; thousands and thousands of them, in which our heroine was concerned in relation to her husband’s conduct, are forgotten, nor can be remembered this side of eternity.

In the spring of this year, Smith’s eldest son married. Mrs. Smith gave birth to her eldest daughter, having now three children of her own. Rivers of trouble she waded through that year. But Smith pretended to, and we would really believe, if we could, did in part, sympathize with his wife. Her troubles coming from *his* children were indirectly, if not directly, from himself. How could he sympathize with her? Was he not the cause of them? We now think he connived at them, yea, we fear even encouraged them; although he might not have thought so at the time. Perhaps he could not, or *would not*, see it in that light, so blinded was he by selfishness, self-esteem, and inordinate self-approbation, engendered and fed by the supposed good opinion of all outsiders, who knew not the inside work. But to some the words of Burns would be good here.

“O would some power the gift gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,
It would from mony a blunder free us.”

It was from him at last she received all her troubles; how then could *he* sympathize with her? The troubler does not often sympathize with the troubled one. One passage of holy Writ speaks of the liar hating those who are injured by his lies.

Another year rolled round, and passed off pretty much as this had done, except some variation in his conduct towards his wife for the worst. That year they had the same young preacher, who came one round, and preached at their house, shortly after the birth of Mrs. Smith's second son. And when he left, in the end of this year, he said to Mrs. Smith, who had been as a sister to him, “Let us be faithful to the grace already given.”

Then another year ushered in a little more auspiciously. An elderly minister was sent them from Conference, one with whom they were formerly acquainted, who made Smith's house his home nearly every time he came round. Mrs. Smith treated him like a father. She would take her little boys to church with her the coldest days, well wrapped up, and they would sit quietly and patiently as little lambs, as they seemed indeed then to be of the fold of Christ. The old brother would come out after preaching, and say, “These little fellows do deserve credit.” And thus it was she endeavored to recommend them to God's people and ministers, to procure their prayers and examples for them, and to hold them up before God, begging Him, with many tears and prayers, to water them with His grace. And oh, our God, shall all this labor and painstaking be lost? Some of them were alienated from this faithful mother, and guide of their youth. Some of them were in the ways of sin; but, oh, is she never to have the reward of a faithful, loving

mother in faithful, loving, devoted children, devoted to God and their mother? Yes, thou that thunderest in the heavens to-day, art able to do all things! Yea, and thou wilt do it! though to human appearance the prospect was for a long time gloomy. Nothing is too hard for thee; intervening hills and obstacles; yea, even mountains, can be removed out of the way, that the faithful may have the desires of their hearts, especially when these desires are begotten in their hearts by the Holy Spirit. Surely the Lord will answer His own self, and give answers of peace *yet* to her longing, earnest soul.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNFORTUNATE CAMP-MEETING.

AT the request of Mrs. Smith, the first quarterly meeting ever held in that neighborhood was at their meeting-house. And to that meeting the presiding elder came; one of the best men we ever saw, his very appearance inspired veneration and reverence. He went to Napoleon Smith's, as that was the nearest place in the neighborhood of the Methodists. He tarried all night, as did other ministers. He had preached on Saturday on eternal life. Life, O eternal life, had such an electrifying influence on Mrs. Smith. The truth was, she waded through so much sorrow, that when she did hear the gospel, especially by one who was able to dispense the word of life aright, giving to each a portion in due season, it seemed heaven on earth. When these faithful servants of the Lord were about, it seemed as if the devil's spell would be broken for awhile. He

preached on life again the next day. Mrs. Smith spoke in love-feast again. 'The man of God administered the sacrament, and, oh, it was a high day again. Such happiness seemed too exquisite to last long on this earth.

The man of God tarried several days with Smith's family. After the meeting, and in company with Smith and his family, he visited Jerome Smith's family.

The same little boy, Mrs. Smith's youngest son, who was now a bounding boy of three or four years of age, came in, and bounded up to his mother's lap, and began talking to her and the preacher. The preacher said:

"Sister Smith, he has a very fine head; he will surely make a great man if properly trained, which, no doubt, you will do."

After a few days' stay among these people, the man of God left, and went his way to other appointments.

The old brother H—— came round again, having another quarterly meeting in view, about eighteen or twenty miles distant from Smith's. Knowing Smith's tardiness to attend religious meetings, and knowing also that, when he did attend, he was benefited, he besought Smith to take his wife and go to this meeting, which he partly promised to do. But Mrs. Smith, knowing so well his uncertainty in all these matters, said to the old brother H——, "If we do not go, tell the elder to try to see us on his return to his next quarterly meeting."

The next time the old brother H—— came round, he said to Mrs. Smith,—

"Sister Smith, are you going to tent on the camp-ground at our next camp-meeting?"

"Yes," said she; "if I have nothing but a bush-tent."

"That will do," said he. "I know you will do it; and I will bring my wife and daughter."

Now Smith had always been contrary about building a

tent, because the other members of the committee would not build it where *he* wanted it. And yet some of those hollow souls would tell it that Smith's wife was the cause of it. "She wanted things too fine and grand." He would not build one in the old State. What was the matter there? Other people were as able as Mr. Smith to "have things fine and grand there." So they could have been no object of envy and remark, as in this frontier place.

But now the idea possessed Mrs. Smith that she would have a tent of any kind, if it was only a bush-tent. For Smith had said to her *he never* would build one there, which he never did. Here was faith on Mrs. Smith's part. She trusted in God. For how could she tell, but by faith, what freak might take Smith, and whether he would allow a servant to build *even* a bush-tent for her?

That year things went on better, in a spiritual point of view, than they ever had before, as they did the first year of their marriage in provision matters. This year Mrs. Smith had induced her husband to let the hands working and ploughing in the field stop one hour every preaching day, which was only once every two weeks of work-days. And work seemed to go on better than ever. She herself had more domestic work done; more bed-quilts made and quilted; more cloth spun and woven, and everything seemed to prosper, although sometimes he would still persecute her.

One day, she thought it her duty to read the word of God and pray with the servants, as a good many of them by this time had become professors of religion, and some of them would still occasionally follow the practice of lying. She got the cook to get on the dinner, and everything was so arranged that they all went into one of their houses; and Mrs. Smith also went, read and prayed with and for them. By the time their meeting ended, the master returned from the field; and seeing the cook emerging from the house

where they had gathered together, and, we suppose, guessing the cause, "Where have you been all this time?" he bawled out.

His wife, meanwhile, passed on quietly down to the work-house, to give some directions about some weaving she had on hand. He drew near, and belched out at her. But she, being full of the good Spirit, answered him not a word, but smiled under her bonnet, and proceeded on to her work feeling happy and joyful, as she knew she was in the discharge of her duty.

One night she went to a prayer-meeting held at a school-house not a mile distant. A Baptist minister was expected to conduct the meeting. To this man, we suppose, Smith had some ill-will; on what account or for what cause we never knew, unless it was because he had married his brother's widow. To this meeting Smith would not go, nor did he wish his wife to go. But she took some of their little boys and servants, and went. When they returned, lo and behold all the doors were shut and closed against her and her eldest boy and his youngest boy by the first wife! And all the windows were down also. The little boys went round the house again and again, calling and trying to get in. But no answer to them. Now there was one window which she knew had a broken pane of glass. Into this she put her hand, raised the window, and got in and opened the door for the little boys. What do you think, dear reader, of such an example for a professed Christian father to set before his poor little boys? This was the way he fulfilled his promise of going to church with her every time she wished. Promises with some men, and women too, are made only to be broken, or never thought of again, or, if thought of, to be put aside as in noways binding. The moral obligation of a promise has no weight with them.

When the time came round, they went to the camp-meeting alluded to before. Smith kept his word, and never did build a tent. Neither did Mrs. Smith have a bush-tent. But God caused a man to move out of that neighborhood, and leave his tent to Mrs. Smith. And now she begged her husband to let the servants work on it and fix it up. Here was faith and the fulfilment of it. Every servant worked faithfully this time to get off to the camp-meeting, for they knew that if their mistress had anything to eat, they would be sure to get some; and would also stand a better chance to go to the camp-meeting than if she were not there.

The master and mistress did not get off to the camp-meeting until Saturday morning, and then she had all her arrangements in the tent to make. But that was soon done, and presently the old brother, with his wife, daughter, and one son, came. The brother elder did not come until Sabbath morning about nine or ten o'clock. Many inquiries were made concerning him, as his not coming excited some uneasiness among the brethren, as he was expected there on Friday evening. When he did arrive, Mrs. Smith was in her tent and saw him, and went out to meet him and welcome him to their tent. Weary messenger of the cross of Christ, he had been sick, and consequently delayed in his coming. He was weary and travel-worn. Oh who that knows anything about the Christian heart, and what love a truly pious soul bears a truly good minister of the Lord, but must know what joy it is to meet one, especially when we expect to hear the word of God from his lips? He preached the eleven o'clock sermon, notwithstanding his fatigue, from these words, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth." He spoke of the wicked being buried in hell and seeing the righteous afar off. It was an awfully grand sermon.

About that time one of Mrs. Smith's little boys came to the stand in an unbecoming plight, and, no servant being near, she arose herself and took the little fellow to the tent. At the dinner-table the preacher said, "Sister Smith, you did not hear the sermon out." She replied that she was *compelled* to leave on her child's account.-

After dinner there were four preachers all sitting in the entry, which was very narrow. Mrs. Smith was sitting by the inside door of her little room. They were all in what is called the entrance hall, at home, near the door. Mrs. Smith was near enough, however, to hear them talk, the tent being small; and she was listening intently to the conversation of these four veterans of the Cross. It reminded her of her former days when it was her business, on sacred and holy occasions, to hear Jesus's words. And as she did not have Him on earth, as Mary of old did, she thought the next thing to it was to hear these heralds of Jesus when she could. But this was too much enjoyment to be allowed her now. The devil could not endure to see it. What! four of God's ministers on his premises? for the devil goes to camp-meetings, as well as others, for his own purpose.

She saw Smith come stalking down the entrance hall; she saw him look at her and then pass on to the back part of the tent to light his pipe. She followed him and looked into his face. She knew the demon was rising; she saw the venomous leer out of his eye—the green-eyed monster was there sure enough. He did not sit down inside the tent with his brethren, as he ought to have done, but took a seat on the inside of the dining-room. She herself took a seat away from the vicinity of the preachers, so that she might have nothing to say. This was, we think, humoring the devil too much. He never could bear to be petted and humored. The best way to do with him, and all

other cowards, (for he is a coward,) is to show him a bold front. Mrs. Smith ought to have gone back and taken her seat nearer the ministers of God, and talked in good earnest, for she was only a listener before Smith came in; and now to leave off listening, was granting too much to his tyrannical and overbearing soul. No wonder he exacted more. For we venture the assertion that not one of those four veterans of the Cross (all of whom were old or middle-aged men, some old enough for Mrs. Smith's father,) would have injured Smith or his wife in anything whatever, and if they thought of Mrs. Smith at all, it was only as a very good woman, one like Martha of old in caring for their comfort, and like Mary in hearing their words as coming from Jesus. But she let his conduct mar her peace during the remainder of the meeting. She thought she could not feel happy under such influences, with the green eye gazing at her all the time as if she was some guilty thing. Oh would that we could have been there; with our present views and feelings on the subject, we think we would have stared him out, and asked him what he was looking at, and if he had seen and found the villain, and if he was ready to fight it out. Nine chances to one, if a brave front like this had not made better times for Mrs. Smith. Some people have no business with amiable dispositions; they are imposed upon and trampled to death.

Smith knew his wife was too pure to think of any other man, even though he were a brute to her. But he felt his own inferiority; and as *he had done wrong once*, if not more, in his life, he had no confidence in himself in that matter; could have none; and hence, being a bad man himself, though so sly about it, he had no confidence in any man. And that which puzzles us was, he was so little acquainted with true womankind that he wished, or pretended, to have but little confidence in them, although he frequently said

he believed his wife as pure as an angel in heaven, and that there never was such a one on earth before. Too good, by far, for you, Mr. Smith. A wife of a turbulent, violent disposition, and one that would have stood out for herself, would have suffered less in your cruel hands. Still, he had as yet said nothing to her about *any* of these preachers. One of them, the circuit preacher, the old brother, was at their house every two weeks, and, to all appearances, Smith treated him like a brother.

Oh, horror, for a land of Bibles! A man to act thus in the meridian light of a gospel sun, what would he not have done in a dark time? Here were four old preachers, almost every one old enough for his wife's father, old soldiers of the cross of Christ, who would, we suppose, as soon have harmed their own mother or daughters as either Smith or his wife. . . .

The next day there was a general shout in all that camp. Jerome Smith, better than his brother in being what he was, had built himself a *large* tent, and he and all his family were there, five or six of whom had that day professed to find the Lord. Smith and nearly all his family went to his brother's tent, as also nearly all the people on the encampment. Smith went shouting and talking all the way there, but Mrs. Smith could not shout; she never did. Heavy was her heart. One of their most wicked servants was there shouting, and hallooing, "Yonder's my master; don't you see my master?" The same one, by the way, who had said of her mistress, when the man of God came on Sabbath, "Such a running over bushes and logs she never saw," because her mistress stepped over a bush or a log in the way to meet the minister. All who know anything of camp-grounds, remember that bushes and logs are near neighbors to the tents; and in this case especially so, there having been no pains taken to clear them away, as Smith

had not allowed the servants to go and work about, nor on the tent to recover it, until Friday afternoon, when all the other tents were moving in; and consequently this kind of timber and rubbish was almost at the door of the tent, indeed was right at the cooking place, where Mrs. Smith was standing when he arrived. Of course Mrs. Smith could not feel happy under such circumstances. There was too much deception and too much evil eye doing business. Her genuine soul abhorred such worshipping God. Indeed, it was not the worship of God — such mixtures of guile and art, so that even the very servants must partake of the satanic influence that pervaded the mind of the master. How could *she* think him sincere and honest? It was mere excitement with him, for which she knew she would suffer. And it was always so, — the better the preacher, the more good likely to be done, the bigger the fuss the devil was sure to make; and he would most assuredly set himself right after Mrs. Smith with his sharp, hellish stick. Ah! was it because he knew he held her husband by a strong hold, and was afraid these good meetings and good people *might per-adventure* get him straight and right with the Lord? . . .

This was another never-to-be-forgotten camp-meeting; just such, dear reader, as we are afraid you will get weary of. But stop, we are not done yet. Our story lies in and about camp-meetings pretty much to the end. We told you before that the devil visits these places of resort as well as other people, and as well as the angels. It is written, "When the sons of God presented themselves before the Lord, the devil presented himself also." But ought we to call his majesty devil so much? Suppose we change it, and say Satan, what difference does it make? Well, call him what you please. Devil means to pierce through and dart with fiery arrows, sometimes to the quick of the soul. Satan is the grand adversary of God and man. . . .

The preacher (the elder, we mean, for there were many other preachers there,) not knowing anything of Smith's disposition, accompanied the family home from the camp-meeting. He had been there several times before, and Smith had always treated him with respect. Nor did Mrs. Smith herself yet know anything concerning *this preacher* in Smith's mind, for Smith had not yet developed it by words, nor, indeed, by looks, any more than the four in company of whom he was one. She took a long walk with a lady friend, after having seen everything packed to send home. When she returned, Smith hurried her to get ready for going home, saying the preacher and little boys were already on the way. This was another one of the indefinable times to Mrs. Smith. She would have been glad if the man of God had gone some other way, or that her *husband* would be like a husband ought to be; for to be forever afraid to look or speak, for fear she was doing wrong, she knew not what to do. She had gone to this meeting through a great effort, and faith in God to get there. She now knew there was something wrong brewing in Smith's mind. She dreaded a return of his diabolic jealousies as he once had of Evans. As much as she respected true gentlemen, and ministers of the gospel, she would rather never speak to another man, than to have what *she knew* to be his hellish passions revived in this matter. But the preacher had asked if he could get a little washing done. What could she say but tell him yes? Smith was as able, or abler, as any other person in the county, and it seemed right and proper that he should extend a little courtesy to the servants of the Lord. Indeed, it was what he most legitimately owed them, no gift at all.

They all dined. Mrs. Smith had been busy in their dining-room, so that she had not seen the preacher after their arrival till at the dinner-table. Smith took him to the fields

to see his nice crop, for that year the Lord had blessed them with the prospect of a bountiful crop. By the third day of April, when their first quarterly meeting came off, the cotton was chopped out, so as to be seen from row to row in a forty-acre field in upland ground. And, now, why should not the human heart smile as well as all nature? Ah, no! the blight and mildew of hell must be upon it. It would not do; it seemed as if the devil did not have his works going on, too, to mar God's beautiful creation. He twined himself round the vines and bowers of Eden. How many other would-be Edens has he destroyed, if not by a bodily presence, yet by his personification in dark suspicions and characters made like himself, by imbibing largely of his satanic spirit. Come, oh come, that blessed time when his reign shall be at an end.

Mrs. Smith busied herself about her domestic affairs that day, so that she might say but little to the preacher—thus leaving him entirely to the company of her husband and their little boys. She remained in her own room and in the kitchen. The clothes were attended to and sent in to the preacher. That night Smith was caressingly fond of his wife again.

"Oh," said she, "you have not treated me right." For she had not been happy one moment since that *look* on Sabbath, and this was now Wednesday night after. And now he was all to pieces. And whether she ought to have alluded to it or not, we do not know. We suppose a woman has a right to vindicate herself even from a wicked look. It is hard for a woman, or man either, to hold in forever, and never say a word, under the hottest torture of jealous persecution, which is the worst of persecutions. Thus she had been tortured during eight years—bearing her mighty burden alone. Need we wonder if her patience did not or could not last always?

Next morning, while the preacher's horse was being shod, (for Smith kept a blacksmith-shop, and had his blacksmiths,) and his shoes having been blacked, Smith brought them in, and handed them to his wife, and bid her carry them up to the preacher in his room. Such an insult to a modest, virtuous woman was intolerable. It was fiendish ; and although her cheeks burned as if scorched by the flames, yet she said nothing to him but to carry them himself, if he wished them carried. Insatiate demon ; was he never satisfied but in torturing his victim, whom he kept confined to him as with the tenacity of life ? And then he went about like a distracted man, as we suppose he was in part -- at least by sin and Satan. Yet he appeared pretty much like he did when going over the encampment shouting ; and we suppose about as religious in the one case as in the other.

As Mrs. Smith passed through the front room where the preacher sat, all unconscious yet of Smith's doings, — as she had to pass that way to go to the breakfast-table, — she said to him, "Brother —, can you call on the Lord in behalf of Mr. Smith ? for he seems to think there is an *undue attachment* between us." The first time such a thing had ever escaped her lips, though she had borne it so long. The man of God was thunderstruck, as well he might be, for he knew Smith had no cause for such a thought.

"Why," said he, "I would as soon have thought such a thing of an angel."

And so would Mrs. Smith have thought an angel capable of such a thing as soon as this man of God.

We would not thus speak of all who bear that sacred name ; for if we ever believe what we hear and read, we have heard from several sources sad tales of those who ought to have demeaned themselves very differently ; and how they have disgraced themselves, and brought reproach upon that holy name by which they are called ; stabbed the

blessed Saviour in the house of His professed friends, and put Him to an open shame. But this man, so far as Mrs. Smith knew, was as clear of any such monstrous designs and heinous offence as the angel Gabriel is before the throne of God. And Smith knew all the time that he was acting a lie. Why did he not tell the man his thoughts? Ah no! that would, perhaps, have broken the devil's spell. But to speak of preachers. We need not go back in our minds to Bathsheba and David, king of Israel. We have sad stories of woe of this kind of a more recent date. Yea, woful to tell; some that have gone abroad in the earth even in our own time, not a score of years ago. Nor can we do as a great many men do, blame the woman most, as is generally the case. Even the great Dr. Adam Clark, whom we admire in almost everything, in one instance seems to be guilty of an act of injustice to a woman, in the case of David and Bathsheba. He deplores the case and fate of Uriah, the worthy, honest, poor man; pities David, and thought meanly of Bathsheba for too great a display of personal charms. In the name of heaven! how any divine, who is as equitable as the Doctor generally is, could put such a construction on the sacred text, we cannot see. For it simply states the woman was washing herself in the garden. And how any impious king dare be immodest enough to look towards a woman washing, we cannot tell, especially David, the Lord's anointed. We would not have been surprised if it had been old King Henry the Eighth, whom we despise. But David had been chosen of God, from following the sheepcots and taking care of the lambs in the wilderness. We can account for it only in this way. He had been lounging about that day instead of going out to battle, and enduring hardness, as he had before he became king; and now the Tempter came, and he seemed to find a

ready, willing subject in him. He saw a woman washing, and sent and took her.

Now here is a point to consider. Could Bathsheba have refused to go? If she could, then we blame her; if not, the whole blame rests on David's devoted head, who—although now king of Israel, and the Lord had brought him through so many sorrows from Saul and Saul's family, and had exalted him above him and all his house—must now fall that disgraceful fall! tempted by the potent and awful sight of a woman washing! "O tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon." Wonder not if the daughters of the uncircumcised laugh! O wonder of wonders to us, that a man who is called a man after God's own heart could ever do such a thing. And herein is where you men are not to be accounted for. How glad would we be if no such story was in the Bible, and still more glad that it never existed; because it is so oft resorted to by the licentious, the libidinous and lustful as a support for their conduct. Of course, the sacred text bears no such construction. But they wrest that, as they do all the other Scriptures, to their condemnation, forgetting that the blessed Saviour says, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." And this seems to be without her consent, too, for it does not say nor intimate that the woman so sinned against even knew it or was aware of the adulterous look. And this David should have thought of, and turned his eyes another way, or have gone on his knees in mighty prayer to God, like he prayed when Saul was hunting him down; for how dare he, the holy king, the anointed of the Lord, look on such a sight as a woman washing?

Alas! alas! well may it be said, in common phraseology, poor human nature; but we are of opinion this is not human nature, but devil nature. For did he not begin tampering

with the woman? and since that time, is not *his* nature so mixed up with men, and woman too (more the pity), that it is hard to tell the true characters from the counterfeits? And herein is his grand device, that we may believe there is *none good*. Alas! alas! what injury this falsehood has done to bleeding, innocent, suffering virtue! For we believe there are thousands and millions of our sex, good women, who would never do wrong, though no eye on earth should ever see them. Of this class was our heroine; for she remembered that the *great eye* of Jehovah was upon her. . .

The minister had said that his wife was about the size of Mrs. Smith; and whether he felt any more attachment to her from that circumstance than to other sisters of the church, we do not know. Of one thing we are sure; that although Mrs. Smith esteemed him very highly as a truly apostolic man of God, yet she paid him no more attention than she did other preachers. But there were not such women as Mrs. Smith to be met with every day. One so kind, so gentle, so modest, and so conversant with the Scriptures, so ardently devoted to the Lord, with such warm affections to all the people of God, could make them so welcome at her house, and with such cheerfulness, alacrity, and delight would wait on them, would have considered nothing a hard task to perform for the dear disciples of her Lord. And this Smith knew, and if others knew it too, he should not have blamed them. On the contrary, he should have been proud of his wife, which, in reality, he was, or pretended to be, when in a sane state. For she had waited on him and his with the same delight, gratuitously too, as much in one case, or more; for in one she got the words of eternal life preached to the comfort of her soul; in the other, she received naught but the pittance of what she ate and wore, and much begrudging about that, especially among *his* children.

Mrs. Smith thought perhaps the man of God would speak to Smith about this matter ; thinking, perhaps, it might have a good effect upon his imbecile mind. So little did she know him yet, after having lived with him eight years in the close intimacy of married life. And if he had known, hypocrite that he was, that his wife, his poor victim, had dared to name this subject to this man, no matter if it was to have them face to face and an explanation take place, it would have been curious to know what Smith would have done. He might have held in while he was present, but after he was gone, woe be to her. For there was a tale rife among these old negroes of Smith's which had some truth in it ; it was this, that no matter what *these* Smiths did, especially of that family, no matter how true the story might be, woe be to you if you told it, if they ever found it out that you told it. Or he might have become raging, and boiling, and so made matters ten times worse than they were. This was one thing that induced Mrs. Smith to bear this dread secret so long in her own bosom. She knew him not, after all this time ; she was indeed blind. But she asked the minister, before he left, if he had named it to her husband. "No," said he, "I'll never mention it to him."

Another reason of Mrs. Smith's was that she hoped the preacher *never* would come again, and then perhaps Smith would leave off telling her of him. Vain hope ! the minister *never did come* again. But after he left, Smith went about like a crazy man. Mrs. Smith was determined, for one time, she would not run after him with endearments after such recent developments, and such shouting at the camp-meeting. She thought and knew he might do better. Just, as it were, coming, as he seemed to think himself, from the very droppings of the sanctuary, where he had been walking about praising God aloud, from under preaching of this very man, whom he knew had not spoken five

words to his wife all the time at the camp-ground, nor at their home, without his eye being upon them. Now he would go to the field and return, and now follow her up stairs, where she oft resorted for meditation and prayer, and now he would look at her, and she at him ; yet not a word said on either side. Once she said, mentally, " Shall I speak ? " and instantly replied, " No ! I will tough him out this time. He knows he is following a phantom, an imagination of the brain, and if his heart is in it, it is the worse for him." But it was at her cost not to speak, and whether she ought not to have spoken and broken the dread spell that was upon him, we cannot decide. Her speaking might have broken it, or it might not. And she was weary to death (yes, death would have been preferable away from that family) of the never-ceasing tale of vindication, to which she was of course *compelled* to, when she spoke at all. And she knew well that *he* knew, and believed, her innocent ; had he not said so a thousand times ? And we doubt very much, if any one had said a word against his wife, whether he would not have had a fight on his hands, or some heavy words. He would have talked very angrily and wrathful, we suppose, judging from his temperament on such matters. Then, wherefore, all this malice and vituperation against his cherished object ? We cannot account for it, unless the man was a fool or a madman, or both. Judge ye who read. But now, while under his frenzy, he would go about, and take up his little girl in his lap and soliloquize to himself, and say, " O thou adulterer and adulteress ! " This was a horrid word to sound in Mrs. Smith's ears, but still she said nothing. She knew it did not apply to her case ; and if he himself was an adulterer, it was more than she knew or thought then. She did not retort on him, and say, " Mr. Smith, who do you mean, or to whom are you talking ? " No ; she was silent. That

well-bred and Christ-like way of not hearing evil and impertinent and malicious remarks is ignored by the vulgar, or construed into "silence gives consent," not to the holy magnanimity and Christ-like, soldier-like heroism which inspires it.

Now about eventide, having said nothing to his tortured wife *all day* since the morning, nor she a word to him, he took a freak to pretend to go off; put on his overcoat, and pretended to bid them all good-bye but her; went to an old negro woman, whom he had even endeavored to make his wife believe was the chief one in making his children to hate her. He went to the old negress, we say, and asked her which of his children she had rather live with. Was not that funny? Was not that noble? Was not that wise? Was he not now joined with the enemy, if this old negress was one? O sin! how beautiful you think you are, and how beautifully you make your favorite votaries appear.

And then, after exciting all the household but Mrs. Smith, he went off, *all the way* down to the *gin-house*, about a hundred paces from his dwelling-house, and there stayed awhile. Bravo, Mr. Smith! Where now? Are you bound to California? Why not stop and take some of your family with you? Take that old negress, especially. What will become of your broad acres of cotton and corn, for which you are selling your soul and all your best interests? We declare you are a strange man. Ah, but we know you are not going far. You are only 'possuming, thinking *somebody* will come after you.

The family was in an uproar. They had not seen such a freak as this exhibited openly since this wife's time with him: he had done all his bad doings of this kind in secret.

The pert old negress alluded to above came rushing in, and exclaiming, "Miss Grace, what have you done to master?" Although not a word was said about Miss Grace, in

all his distractions; yet such were the attachments he pretended to this wife—and believed to be by his family of most of his negroes and children—that they very naturally centred on her for a cause of this precipitate pretended leaving of them. As self-preservation is the first instinct of all animals, both brute and human, they cast in their minds, “What will become of me, if master goes away?” No care farther than self was concerned. And it does seem to us that it would have been a justifiable act, if the old evil one could have been hurled out at the door for her impertinent interference. But Mrs. Smith had been so mild and gentle to them, besides, they had been allowed such unbridled use of the tongue, that they feared not to say anything they pleased.

One of the boys, the third son, was, poor fellow, really afraid his papa would go off; for he was too young to know how he had done in his mother’s lifetime, having never seen anything of this kind before in Mrs. Smith’s married lifetime, for, as said before, she had kept all his doings secret. And he, Smith, was making it public before his family for the first time now. This boy said to Mrs. Smith, “I know he always loved you so much.”

And she replied to the poor fellow, “I suppose *I* ought to know about that matter.”

Mrs. Smith backed the pretended madman out this time. She did not scream, nor follow him, nor promise any amendment: how could she? She had done nothing but bear his abuse. She made no ado about him, had supper, and the table-things all cleared away, and went in their sitting-room and sat down with the little children, three of her own and two youngest of the former wife. Poor little forlorn creatures! to have such a father. “Ah, but,” says one of the enemy, “to have such a mother.” Pray, sir enemy, what evil had she done? Even Pilate, (Smith himself,) if in

a sane, sensible mood, would have said, "I find no fault in her. Take ye her ye say, and crucify her; for *I* find no fault in her."

Presently our hero came sneaking back, came into the house where she sat all innocently with her children, after having gone no farther than the gin-house. Brave hero! almost as triumphant as when he burned the newspaper. And we do declare, aside from the seriousness and pain it must have cost Mrs. Smith, it is enough to make Satan laugh. And we suppose he did laugh. These were just such doings as he liked. We imagine he had a jolly time with his compeers over this conquest of Smith. His wife they could not conquer; though they could bruise her heel and heart too, sometimes. Yet she could, by her Saviour, "bruise his head." But these present triumphs of Satan over Smith were well calculated to do away all the good resulting from a good meeting, or anything else that was good.

The same old negress, who was a favorite with the master, said these were no strange doings to her or any of the older servants. That master could never go to a camp-meeting without setting the plantation afire when he returned home. That their former mistress used to say he was mad about the time lost and what was eaten; for we do not know that he did or did not throw up the preachers to her. Poor, foolish man. We do not suppose any of them wanted either of his wives; and it was nothing but Satan's doings that he carried on so. He suffered himself to be led by him captive at his will. He did not resist him at all; or, if at all, it was so feeble that it amounted to no resistance. The poor little children, five in number, knew nothing of all this work of their papa, unless it was the oldest daughter, a cunning girl to learn evil, especially from apt teachers, such as our old negress. But unless she did learn or hear

something from that source, this poor child, who really then did appear to *love* her *mother*, knew nothing ; for Mrs. Smith, for the world, would not have talked of their father to these poor children. Hapless children ! How will Smith account in the day of judgment for their moral culture. He cared not for it ; or at least paid no attention to it. He gave them meat and bread, and took no farther pains about their souls. He never prayed with them ; if he prayed for them, we know not. When Mrs. Smith would have them together every morning, and the eldest read a chapter in the Bible, and then all to kneel down and say, "Our Father," etc., Smith would be in the next room. And if anything came in the way ; if the hogs got into the yard, through the gate being left open, or in any other way, he would be driving them out, while his wife and *five* of his children were thus engaged. This was his course. Mrs. Smith not only had the five white children thus engaged, but all the little darkies that stayed about the house. Each one repeated the Lord's prayer after her till it was learned by all. And in the evening each one was taught to say that almost universal evening prayer taught by mothers to their children, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. SMITH AND THE PREACHER.

MRS. SMITH feared now that Smith had, in common parlance, let the cat out among some of the negroes at least ; nay, all, for such a tit-bit as that could not fail to be repeated to every one on the plantation by the old

negress, if no one else. And also some of the older children knew it. We heard, years after, that that same boy, after he was a man, when under some peculiar circumstances he might have done Mrs. Smith some good by being just, very injuriously said that his Pa went off and left her at one time. Bravo, young Mr. Smith! God help you: you are almost as brave as your father. Did you not tell her then he loved her very much? And did she not tell you she ought to be a judge of that matter? And if her judgment is, that neither of you knew, towards her, what love means, would she not be right? Poor fellow! we are sorry for you, that you should let ignorance, prejudice, envy, and malice so sway your mind that you could not do what you knew to be justice to this woman. Heaven help you; for you have yet to give an account of these words. As it happened to be one who was disposed to be friendly to Mrs. Smith, it did not injure her with that one. But how many have been prejudiced by you against her in the same way, who knew her not, judge ye? Look into it, for you will be compelled to face it when the books are opened and all flesh shall stand before God.

Then there were grounds for fears of wrong versions getting afloat in the world; still, all-conscious *Truth*, she would think, how could it be otherwise than that her side and cause should be vindicated, because it was the right side. Poor woman! how little did she know of the world, or the people in it. Married very young, all she knew of the world, or the evil of it, aside from her father's inebriation, and trouble consequent from that circumstance, was confined to Smith's family. True, she would open her eyes sometimes in bewildered amazement at some monstrous development of sin from some young sinner of the family, not over fourteen years old, who it would seem to her ought to be a hundred years old to show such a growth in sin,—

not taking into consideration the apt teaching of the darkies, the prolific soil, and nothing of a moral nature to check it. Not even the Bible read, so as to learn duty on all such occasions as that of speaking of another, or trying to injure one in his absence. But she did not think the whole world like Smith's family. Pity that it should have been. Nor was she conscious of half the evil going on around, and in the neighborhood. Nor do we know whether her course of conduct was ever righted with the vicious in that section. Sometimes we have thought it might *never* be adjusted until the day of judgment. We have often thought of that Scripture, in reference to this case: "Shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day." Surely, God's word cannot fail; let God be true, and every man a liar. Surely, He will bring it forth in His own good time, which will be due time. The ways of the Lord are past finding out, and His judgment and counsels unsearchable.

The more the true Christian suffers, the brighter he shines and the happier he is, because grace is ever given to the true child of God proportionate to the weights and burdens he carries. And we would not this day exchange the condition of that persecuted woman of God for all those pleasure seekers and pleasure-loving and ease-loving daughters of Zion—nominally daughters who go about rolling in their ease and all the splendor that their money can procure them. What good do they? Almost a perfect nuisance in the church of the Lord. Some of them, when they do perform a good act, or give a few dollars, seem to think it ought to stretch through all time, and exonerate them forever from farther effort or sacrifice in the cause of Christ. Sacrifice, indeed! when did they ever deny themselves one groat's worth of comfort for the cause of Christ? Why, they almost think in their hearts that the Almighty is com-

plimented by their munificence; not considering that all they have, yea, the very breath in their nostrils, God has given them, or rather lent them. The Almighty lend to them? Why, what a wide mistake they make we think. It is their own industry, perseverance, and economy that have procured all these things for them. "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded," the language of some; even forgetting that some of them have what they possess by inheritance, and never worked a day for anything in all their lives; but they have saved it, and added to it. They have lived on the income, which perhaps is pretty large, and, absorbing it all to themselves, have had ample for all their wants and wishes; and have in many ten thousand instances forgotten the poor, who labor hard for their daily bread; and do not know, neither consider, nor care to think how a *little*, just a *little*, of their abundance would help to ease the burden of life with these honest, laboring poor, whom the Lord loves, and has left here for the purpose of trying their virtues. "The poor ye have always with you," said our Saviour, "but me ye have not always." Some will go so far as to say, that if they (the poor) would labor aright, they would not be so poor. Now this seems to be in direct contradiction to the word of God, who, it seems, has left, by His providence, some of His best people on earth poor. Yea, some whom heaven itself derides riot in luxury and pride, while some of God's dearest children are bathed in tears, He having provided some better inheritance for them; that is, an heavenly one, and an enduring one. For rarely do we see many rich who are not seared, or more or less affected contrary to gospel teachings on the subject.

And we do boldly affirm, without fear of contradiction, that it is one of the rarest things our eyes have yet beheld, to see one who has everything about him superabundantly, who has a tender heart towards the poor; who does not

pique himself more or less on account of it, and look down with contempt upon those who have not these advantages. Let the poor be ever so good, it is all the same with the purse-proud. He will say that they should have done better, and then they would have had more of this world's goods; forgetting that their quarrel is with their Maker, who can prosper whom He will, and can turn things to their advantage as easy as He can turn the rivers of water, yea, and does it, we suppose, where He sees it best for the salvation of the soul; but otherwise withholds it, because the soul is of infinite more value than *all* on earth besides. But woe unto many daughters in our land who are at ease in Zion. They have forgotten the word that speaketh thus: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the *least* of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

But why waste pen, ink, paper, and time on this subject? Some, we fear, will never mend on this duty, until they hear the awful words, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting woe, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was an hungered, and ye fed me not," etc. For these, we must remember, were professors of religion as well as others; but only half of them did good, the half that had oil in their lamps. And the others (foolish ones) are not charged with wickedness and crime, as we denominate them, but with neglect of God's people — His poor, of course, as the rich people do not often meet with neglect. But His poor, who, as it were, stink in the nostrils of those aristocratic, purse-proud Christians. Some of them forget the hole of the pit of poverty from whence they were digged; and as soon as they reach the mount of comparative wealth look down upon all below them, and seem to have begotten a kind of holy scorn for their still struggling fellow-creatures. Very different is the truly well-bred Christian man or woman. Always in affluence,

always blessed with the bounties of heaven and the smiles of a good Providence, their hearts, if properly exercised by the love of God, run out to all their fellow-creatures, and both hands and hearts are open to dispense the blessings of the Lord. But the others are far otherwise. They seem to have no bowels of compassion, and say, "Go thy way; take care of thyself; we desire not the knowledge of your ways." O ye Mammon-loving, God-forgetting daughters of Zion. What will ye do when God shall call you to give an account of your stewardship? Ye have not made to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. How can ye be received into everlasting habitations?

Now after Smith came back from his runaway trip, it was of course known among the negroes. It reached Jerome Smith's ears, and Mrs. Smith's sister heard it. The oldest and best servant-woman, who belonged to Jerome and was a doctress in the families, had been on a tour in the neighborhood. On returning, she called at Napoleon Smith's house, and said to Mrs. Smith,—

"Do, pray, Miss Grace, do not think of it. Massa Napoleon ought not to act so; for he no more believes such a thing than I do."

And this poor, honest servant, although she had raised these Smiths, thought there never were two such women on earth as Napoleon and Jerome Smith's wives. And we know she really did love them more than she did her young masters.

Mrs. Smith's sky was overcast again. Her cheerfulness, her vivacity, and life seemed to be gone. She thought she saw another flood before her very, very weary spirit. And how to stem it she knew not. The year now began to wane and draw to a close¹ The old preacher spoken of came by on his way home. Mrs. Smith asked him if he thought he saw anything amiss in her at the camp-meeting towards the elder in question?

"No," he replied; "nor did I ever hear any one hint such a thing. Who said so?" asked he.

"Mr. Smith," she replied.

The good man was astonished beyond measure. And well he might be. This horrible thought had entered no busy, prying brains but Smith's. And why Mrs. Smith should have let the thing prey upon her mind from August to November we cannot tell, unless we had been in her place, and heard his name rung out to her in a most tantalizing manner, as Smith could do, "Send for *him*," with the grimace of hell in his face. Because, in the spring of the year, when he had been among them once or twice, at their several meetings, and Mrs. Smith had said to this old brother, as related in this work, "If we do not go to that meeting, Brother H—— tell the elder to call by and see us on his route to his next appointment."

The old brother H—— left next morning and went into an adjoining county and State, among some of Mrs. Smith's relations on her mother's side; and he, with them, was talking over these things.

"Well," exclaimed he, "I have been much about Napoleon Smith's family in both States, and during the time of both his wives, and he never did make his children and negroes mind him; and as to his present wife, she treated me as if I had been her own father."

18— ushered in a new year, one most fatal to Mrs. Smith. Volcanoes cannot forever blow and fume without bursting and overflowing. She had no peace long at a time ever afterwards.

It happened that there was a contest among the candidates of the annual Conference for the preachership of that circuit. We make such frequent reference to preachers and circuits because they are so connected with this story that to leave out one we must necessarily leave out the other.

One of the aspirants for the (to them) enviable office was an old local preacher residing within the bounds of that circuit, and the other was a younger man, a mere licentiate, who never had the appointment of a circuit before, and who was, in fact, a mere jackanapes of a preacher, who reminded us of the messenger that begged to go to carry news of a very important victory achieved in battle, but behold, when he came, he had no tidings. The younger preacher was the successful aspirant. This threw the old preacher into a diabolic fit of spleen or malice. The same elder was sent to that district again that year. Now our old brother preacher concluded that the elder had done the whole business in sending this junior to that circuit in preference to his reverent self. He had forgotten his vows of allegiance and obedience under which he had mustered his reverent self, and very naturally (not graciously) levelled his charges against this devoted elder.

Now, we think a very different course would have become this old local brother; and we think, if we had been in his place, we would have called patience and fortitude into requisition, tried a little Christian grace, meekness, and submission, and *at least* said but *little* about our mortification and chagrin, and very *little* about our more fortunate rival. But not so with our reverend, *great*, divine local preacher. His disappointment and vexation were so great that he could not or would not hold in, but vented all kinds of spleen against his successful brother preacher. He would come to Smith's and sit up till two o'clock in the morning, talking with Smith in his and Mrs. Smith's room, to her great annoyance; for just such as he could wind his way around Smith. He wanted a little corn out of Brother Smith's crib; and as he knew from some source or other, perhaps from Smith himself, that he did not like the elder in question, he would cease to blame the Conference as much as he

did at first, together with the other preacher, and throw his whole force of argument, in Smith's presence, against this elder. To the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church we refer our readers, to know the truth of the appointment of preachers, and what part the elders of their respective districts have in the matter.

One night especially he sat up very late, talking after this fashion. Mrs. Smith was compelled to sit up too, as it was in her bedroom they held their holy confab; for Smith, when it served his purpose or whim, could have some of these old fellows in her room seemingly very agreeably to himself, no matter whether she was cheerful about it or not; he did not ask her. What would one think of such a man being jealous of the preachers? Ah! it was not these old ugly fellows Smith was so much afraid of; it was such as preached the word with power, and with the Holy Ghost coming down upon the people, such as had a more pleasing address, more intelligence, better educated, and such as thought it *beneath* their holy profession to speak of absent brethren, and defame. These were the ones that Smith despised, because *he* thought they were more agreeable to his wife.

But that night this old preacher went on relating tale after tale, and talking depreciatingly of his absent brother preachers. Although he told a dream he had on a certain night that the Saviour told him that at the judgment-day he had to be damned, and this he said he dreamed three times in succession in one night, after which, he said, he slept no more that night. He said he told the Saviour, "No, he would not be damned." "Yes, but," the Saviour said, "you must; and it is not for breaking my commandments, but for not preaching my word aright." "Take care, old man," thought Mrs. Smith, "how you act, lest that dream come to pass while you and Smith are indulg-

ing in a dish of *holy* slander and uncharitable talk about your brethren," for uncharitable conversation is not only unmethodistical, but altogether unchristian.

Not very long after this, he came to get some corn of Brother Smith. Now Smith was none of the giving sort; but as the old man had no money to pay for it, Mrs. Smith had said to her husband, "If I were you, Mr. Smith, I would give him two or three barrels of corn." For, aside from his egotism and talk about his brethren behind their backs, Mrs. Smith liked him as well as any of the brethren, and really felt a sisterly love towards him. She had heard him preach some few sermons, and felt the Spirit of the Lord attending her under them. He was a perfect gladiator in controversy; but these were not the sermons she liked most of his preaching. It was when they were fullest of love and joy, and good tidings to all people. But now he was down upon his rival brother preacher's bones again, telling Smith great tales about his reproving *his* son for laughing and misbehaving in church; and he knew if his son got hold of the preacher, there would be "bad times."

Mrs. Smith could endure no more. She never could hear one person speak of another absent one without vindicating, if she could, the absent.

"Brother ——," said she to the old man, "I do not believe the preacher reproved your son without cause, or he thought, *at least*, he had a cause to do so. Your strifes and contentions about the preacher, which you have not been prudent enough, perhaps, to conceal from him, are enough to engender contempt for him, and thus, perhaps, he set at naught this man, and forgot himself in the church. I do not know that this was the case, but there is a possibility that it might be so. How careful should we be how we speak of others before our children."

This kind of heroic speaking for the truth and right put

a stop to it for the time, and she then fully resolved that no other preacher, or any one else, should speak against the absent in her presence without being faithfully told of it by her.

One of these old croakers said that the great and good Dr. Levick Pierce was ruined by pride. They were in the hall with Smith again, speaking these words; she was in her room, in full hearing, reposing on a low couch, for that day she had been so indisposed she had not attended their little log church close by, neither had been at the dinner-table with these poor, weak, jealous, envious brethren. But when she heard that word, "Dr. Pierce ruined by pride," she rose hastily up, and repeated, "Dr. Pierce ruined by pride? No, sir, you are mistaken. Would to heaven all ministers were ruined by pride as Dr. Pierce is. I have known him from my youth up, and a more humble man I never knew."

These words came like a bomb-shell among the conclave of slander-mongers, and no more did we hear of it. But did they not grind their teeth for revenge? We guess one did, and that was Smith. Never mind, he will pay her for that some of these days.

Well, if there had been blows threatened then, Mrs. Smith could not have held her tongue. That was one and the same as if they had spoken against her dear mother or one of her sisters, whom she loved so dearly and devotedly. And *no* minister on this broad earth was ever held in such holy veneration as this man of God was by Mrs. Smith.

But this year was an inauspicious one in every way. Evil seemed to be afloat on every hand. Jerome Smith made a trip to the adjoining State in company with his eldest son, who always reminded us of the Scriptures which say, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" When he returned, he

disgorged himself of the offensive stuff given to him by his son on his innocent wife and her relations again, chiefly her mother, who never had an enemy in her life that we know of, unless they were now such. It seems, however, that he had been telling tales to his father about his wife's mother with regard to his younger children. So he commenced on her to his wife, cursing and abusing her, and saying if she came there again he would throw her over the fence and break her back. The poor innocent old lady was then at a distant town, having gone with her husband there to stay some time. Jerome cursed them all, calling them damned apostates. Heigh-ho, Mr. Smith! at it again? What does that mean? Apostate; what is it? Why, we believe you are one *yourself*, as you are the chief among all the rest who left your religion, if you had any, on the other side the river, when you crossed to come to this State. Now these poor sheep, except the father of these two dear young women who married you and your brother Napoleon, have endeavored to keep their faith, notwithstanding all the persecution gotten up by you and your brother. So the epithet apostate seems to suit you and him better than any other. Apostatized, indeed! who had anything to apostatize from?

Mrs. Napoleon Smith heard this dreadful news very soon, for her dear sister wrote it in a letter, and sent it by the same good old family servant spoken of before. Her letter commenced very emphatic, saying, "Oh, that I were now in my grave!" Poor Mrs. N. Smith thought this was not bearing her troubles as well as she had done, for she had ever as much as possible kept her troubles within her own breast. However, she thought it was high time for her to resent some things, and some of Jerome Smith's doings; and so she resolved, not by talking, either, but by silence. So the next time she saw Jerome Smith, she did not look at him

nor towards him. Whether this course was best or not, we cannot, at this late day, pretend to decide. Certainly she had a right to refrain from speech to those who had outraged every feeling of humanity and brutally cursed her mother, if she chose to do so. Speech had done no good; she would try what virtue there was in silence. And although they were often backbiting, they dared not say much to Mrs. Smith's face, because she attacked none of them, asked them no questions, and gave no answers; yet when anything, in her estimation, got beyond endurance, she would show it by silence. And although they pretended to despise her; yet it would make them mad almost enough to kill her when thus treated with silence by her. Strange inconsistency; if they cared for her no more than they pretended, why care for her speaking or not speaking? Everything seemed to be tending to a crisis now; the devil was impatient to have a scene. Mrs. Smith's patience was severely and often put to the utmost test. And their malice was waxing and boiling hot, hotter, and hottest.

Jerome Smith was hauling some wheat to his brother's to be threshed. There was a two days' meeting at that time at their log-cabin church. Not a quarterly meeting at which the elders attend. The one in question *never* did come again into that settlement. The swine-lovers had, if not verbally, mentally prayed him to depart out of their coasts. They loved their hogs, their corn, wheat, and cotton, anything of this world, better than a Christlike man, who would tell them of the way of life, and cast out devils by the preaching of the gospel.

Mrs. Smith attended church that day in company with her little children. Smith did not attend on that day. The old talking brother local preacher went home with Mrs. Smith and the children to dinner. Now, after dinner, Smith and the old man repaired to the sitting-room, to have another

dish of scandal over their brother preacher again. Mrs. Smith did not know that the elder had been in discussion by them ; but we suppose he had by what followed after. When she went in, they had the same circuit preacher on the carpet again about his reproving his son. That seemed to be a great thorn in his flesh — that his son should have been reproved by one he so cordially hated. Mrs. Smith again told the old gentleman that she surely thought that the brother in question thought his son misbehaved, else he would not have reproved him. There was nothing said in reply by either of them.

Jerome Smith coming at that instant with a load of wheat, Napoleon Smith said to the old preacher, "Sit here, and talk with Grace, while I go to the gin-house," not choosing to be jealous when it suited his purpose not to be. Now what Jerome and he talked of at the gin-house, perhaps, never will be known till the day of judgment ; but it was thought that they had some mischievous conversation. When Jerome returned on his way, he called to the old preacher to go home with him ; and he was so delighted because he showed such attention to him, that he hardly knew what to do with himself.

"Well," said he, "I *must* go with him. I used to know Jerome, and he is a good fellow." Although Jerome, at that time, cared no more for him than he did for any other old Methodist dog, as he seemed now to consider all as such pretty much.

Mrs. Smith had waited supper for her husband, and while waiting had walked out into her garden. This was the last time she ever beheld those beautiful flowers in that garden without feelings such as she *never* experienced before.

Smith came into the dining-room, sat down, and commenced eating. His wife came in and sat down beside him. He said to her, "I do not feel right without you at the table."

"Oh," said she, "*you* do not care for me." In the right way, she meant; for had he not been talking mischievously of her just a moment ago at the gin-house with his brother?

That night Mrs. Smith was very weary and fatigued, and quite unwell, having considerable pain in consequence of her situation. She had become *enceinte* of her second daughter, but was unconscious of the fact, but now began to suspect such a thing from her peculiar sensations; for only the day before, Mrs. Jerome Smith, her sister, being to see her, she was scarcely able to be up all the day, although she attended to her domestic duty of house-cleaning, etc. And now, having gone to church, and been up all the day long in the summer, in her situation it is no wonder that she felt exhaustion.

Smith began in his usual way of being overly fond and caressing, and because she was not as lively, nor as able, nor willing under the circumstances as he wished, — as if a wife had no rights, but is only man's slave, made to be the instrument of his pleasure or take his abuse, as she pleased, — he flew into a violent passion, and said, "You insulted old man —, to-day."

This was strange to her, for she knew not that there was any offence taken. She knew there appeared to be none towards her by the old man; and this was what he and his dear brother Jerome were talking about at the gin-house. For Napoleon Smith had not been with the old man after that, because he went home with Jerome. This was his kind of love, you see. She replied, —

"I am not afraid to speak to any person, Mr. Smith, about the heinous offence of evil-speaking or backbiting."

"You are not ashamed," said he, in the most insulting, damnable way a wicked, lying man or demon could ever frame his unruly member the tongue to say, and jumped up out of the bed. She got up too, went to the door, as was

her habit to do on such occasions, and looked out upon the stars of heaven, having put on her clothes, and sat on the door-sill, gazing up into the heavens as far as the naked eye could penetrate. He went back to bed, and so did she, and put her hand gently on his face, and said,—

“Mr. Smith, you deserve to be slapped for talking so to me. What have I done that you should be eternally—every time anything goes a little adverse to your wishes or passions, whether they are just or not—throwing up *that* elder to me as you formerly did Evans? for you know we are all innocent; you know it as well as you know you are a man.”

He replied not, but tried to get herto yield to his caresses again. The thing was impossible without force; who could feel any conjugal affection, and give conjugal embraces, under such circumstances? who, but a very demon, would have expected it? Could any refined woman under heaven have felt a disposition for connubial love under such a blast from perdition? We think not; and for our part we could or would as soon hug a grizzly bear or the deadly serpent; one is no worse than the other in the fatal results, unless it be that the human bear or serpent is the worst. You think this is strong language; you will see the truth of it by and by. And now she thought within herself, “It is my privilege not to murder myself for him every time, no matter what is my situation or condition. I cannot, under the present course of conduct, while he is so continually lyingly accusing me of others, I cannot yield to him forever at all times, no matter what pains or aches I may have, without doing violence to my nature, as well as great injury to my weak body. I cannot, I *will not* this time, and he *never* amending his ways towards me.”

Mount Etna and Vesuvius, what are thy fires to his wrath? He flew out of the bed again like a mad maniac

who had no earthly control over himself, and said, "If that rascal ever comes here again, I'll *shoot* him down." This he had said many times before.

She replied, "I do not suppose he will ever come here again, sir ; that is the reason I told him what you pretend to think of me and him, so that he might never trouble you again with his presence." And now his rage was rampant and wild ; he knew no bounds. He never knew till this moment that she had told of his accursed jealousy which he was following up so persistently ; for it had been a full year now since the running away scrape of going *all* the way down to the gin-house took place, and he, because she had kept all these things within her own breast, thought she would do it forever. He boiled ; he could hold in no longer. She had not put on her clothes as before ; she sat down before the hearth, on which there was a light burning. He sat there too, smoking his pipe and abusing her all the time, and said, "You sent for him," alluding to the time before spoken of, the year before. This he had been ringing in her ears all this time ; whenever he got angry, and wanted to wound her, he would say, "You sent for him." This was the way to make love, was it not ? Young ladies, how would you like the process practised on yourselves. Look at this poor creature sitting there now under the peltings of his abusive tongue ! a very martyr. Was not this a fix for a tender-hearted, sensitive, nice, Christian woman to be in ? And bearing it with patience, fortitude, silence, meekness, seemed only to make the tyrant gather more strength with which to torture his victim.

She replied, "Mr. Smith, I did not send for him in the way you speak of, but simply said to old Brother H—— to tell him to call and see us on his way to his next appointment, which you heard me say. I did not say it secretly ; and since that you have wrested my words, as the Jews did

our Saviour's to their own condemnation, fifty times, I suppose, or more." Our blessed Saviour said, (alluding to His body,) "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it again." They applied it to the temple at Jerusalem, and made Him out a blasphemer and a liar, when they understood not His words, or pretended not to understand. "You understood me well. You know that *I did* not say those words in the sense that you, in your boiling, heated passions, inflamed by the devil and sin and the most ungovernable lust—legalized lust, you think—pretend to think, and attach a meaning to them as far from the truth as heaven is from perdition. You had treated the man politely, and even brotherly, many thought, and *he* had no thought of this viper of suspicion lurking in your bosom until the day I told him of it, which has been a year ago; and it was long before that that I said the word to old Brother H——, just as I would have done to any other minister of the gospel. He had a long, rough ride before him, and why not stop at your house and rest as well as at any other Methodist's house in the way? You claim to be a Methodist, though you do not care to join the church since you left the old State. So you are very much mistaken, and *you* know it, when you are so *often* repeating those tantalizing words that I sent for him in the way you insinuate."

"You tell lies as fast as a dog can trot," said he, quoting an expression used by his eldest son's wife in reference to *his* children. Now he transferred it to his wife in this dreadful accusation. Young ladies, this is no picture of the imagination, but a *bona fide* relation of facts.

Mrs. Smith very calmly, mildly, dispassionately, and truthfully replied to him, —

"You judge me by yourself and your children."

Mount Etna and Vesuvius again! See the diabolical tyranny and injustice of the man! *She* must be charged

with lying in the most dastardly manner, for he had her in his power while under his roof as his lawful wife, entitled to protection from him; but *she* must not tell him of the atrocious lies he was *forever* telling on her, or saying them to her, when the fits were on him.

Instantly he jumped up, doubled up his fists and pounded away on her jaws as hard as he could, almost enough to dislocate them; choked her, and looked behind the door; got the butt end of an old whip for the carriage, the lower part being broken off, and beat her with it across the shoulders and arms nine or ten licks; such as left the bruises, great red and purple stripes, which did not wear off for more than two weeks.

We wonder she had not fled from him after the fisting spell, before he came with the whip; but she seemed to be completely paralyzed with astonishment, and sat mute, silent, patient, and dumb as a lamb before her slaughterers.

Nor do we know if she could have escaped him if she could have made the effort. Amazement and astonishment both seized her, so that she seemed to be riveted to the spot, not moving at all, nor said a word to him all the time. Not even a groan, nor a cry, but only, "Sir, I wish you to kill me." For now she knew she might as well be dead, and better, too, since he had violated all laws, both sacred and human, and done this dreadful deed. She had seen a brutal grandfather strike down a sainted grandmother, when a petted grandchild; she had seen her own father cruelly beat a good mother, and as noble a woman as was in the world; and she had vowed, at a very tender age, that if ever she were married, she would do all that a good wife *could* do. She would never deserve beating from a husband; and if ever he transcended the bounds of civilization and humanity so much as to strike and abuse her with his hands or whips, she would *never* live with him again! She was

not old enough then, nor had knowledge of the ways of true noble men, the workmanship of God's own hand, to know that one of *these* never strike a woman — but especially one *called wife*, who is as the one ewe lamb to every true husband, and that he would as soon strike out his eyes as the wife of his bosom! We do verily believe there are men in *this world*, men whom God our heavenly Father hath made, men whom the devil has had no chance to make over again to his own liking, that would suffer death before they would impose on a suffering, confiding woman, who had forsaken all the world, father, mother, brother, and sister, to nestle under his strong wings for protection, and near his noble heart for love, before he would even think of raising his hand against this tender one. Oh, there are such in our sin-cursed world yet; and we do thank the Lord that there are, and humbly hope that the number will be vastly increased, and let the brutes and savages that beat their wives go to the wall or the bottom of the sea, for what we care. What! beat a woman called a wife? Language fails us! Our vocabulary of words to apply to them is exhausted. Neither do we believe in railing accusations, but say, "the Lord rebuke you, Satan!" or, "the Lord rebuke you, Satans;" as we fear ye are yet in the plurality. If there was but one wife-beater, we could soon chase him out of creation, or awe him out of countenance by better company, so that he would never more dare to lift up his craven head among his fellows, knowing that none gave him favor.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. SMITH'S ENEMIES REJOICE.

NOW the fatal work was done! that kind of work which Mrs. Smith had said all her days (which had strengthened with her strength, and grown with her growth,) would separate her from a husband. What must she do? Must she keep her word? Now while he was replacing the whip behind the door, she asked herself had he forgotten her vow? Why did he not try to detain her? for she rose from her seat very deliberately, where she had been all this time (statue like) sitting, barefoot and in her night-gown, and went to the front door. "Shall I go?" said she to her own soul. "The die is cast; yes," she replied again to herself, "the die is cast. I can lie down with him no more." And with that thought she ran across a little orchard of different kinds of fruit-trees, which she had planted between their house-yard and a fence that ran between the orchard and a branch of water on the west side of the house. As she fled through this small orchard and favorite spot, she met the veritable bad house-girl; and although as bad as sin could make her, yet she was compelled to feel distress when she saw this mistress in trouble, for she had been not only a mistress but as a mother to her.

"What is the matter, Miss Grace?" said she.

"There is a great deal the matter with me," said Mrs. Smith, and on she went, bending her way to their nearest neighbor, Mr. W——. H——.

As she passed the branch, a peculiar kind of croaking sound among some of the water animals saluted her ears, the reverberation of which seemed to penetrate her heart and ears both for many, many long days after. Nor did

she ever pass that place again without such sensations as are more easily felt than described. Sometimes, when near the little stream, a halo of sacred sorrow would seem to glow in her heart, and those words of a hymn, in reference to our Saviour's betrayal, would come to her mind, "That doleful night in which our Saviour was betrayed," etc. And truly the illusion was not so great. Was she not betrayed? Was she not betrayed into the *hands* of sinners?

Her feet were badly cut and bruised by the time she reached the place to which she bent her weary steps. She called gently to the lady of the house, whose husband was absent. Mrs. H—— said she knew there was distress in her voice as soon as she heard it, and very sympathetically condoled with Mrs. Smith about these strange things that happened. She bound up and anointed her lacerated feet, examined her wounds, and said, "These are no very light stripes." She further remarked :

"Mrs. Smith, I have always thought Mr. Smith thought a great deal of you."

Mrs. Smith then told her how he had treated her by violent hands besides his tongue, and she thought best now never, never to live with him again ; which, of course, would be the best for her now that confidence was destroyed forever. Mrs. H—— would say :

"Mrs. Smith, you bear this trouble the best in the world," and the tears would stream down her face. Oh, how much she did need some one, just at this time, to advise and direct her where to go and what to do. Far better for her had she been left to herself alone, than to have had the counsellors she did have. She had tried *all* Smith's household for eight long years, and this was the result, the reward of her self-sacrifice and immolation. And she felt no disposition to return to that place of torment, as it had been, with but few intervals, all the time to her. How much, *she* only

knew, and *He* who sees and notices the fall of a sparrow, and puts our tears in his bottles.

After Smith's dreadful abuse of his wife, as soon as he missed her, he searched everywhere about his premises for her. But she was not to be found. The next morning, suspecting, we suppose, whither she had gone, he sent over to Mr. H——'s to learn if she was there.

This holy Sabbath morning's light and sun dawned upon Mrs. Smith sick in bed. And although as brave as any woman that ever lived, yet such had been the shock which came over her from Smith's demoniacal looks and conduct towards her while using violence on her body, that she was frightened at the very sound or thought of him, and would as soon have seen a bear or the devil as to have seen him.

The old talking preacher returned from Jerome's to Napoleon Smith's again on the way to church. Not knowing what had happened, he asked Smith if he was going to church, and if Sister Smith was going.

Smith replied, "She is not here; that she had gone off the night before." And then came another one of their holy conversations. How the old man felt we cannot tell, but we fear there was something like a satanic joy in his old breast; because Mrs. Smith would not join him in evil speaking of his absent brethren, or such as he called brethren, while stabbing them under the fifth rib. And as to Smith, we almost wonder the devil had not taken him alive, soul and body, when he knew he was sitting there and telling such awful lies to this old man, and imposing on his ignorance, and pandering to his love of slander, with no one to contradict him; for Smith had all the advantage this way. He could tell this old brother devil as many lies as he pleased; and, as Mrs. Smith never talked of her family matters, any one envious of her, and wishing to do her an injury, could believe and report what he pleased for the

truth, and those might believe it who chose, as in the case of the Saviour of men, "Say, while we slept, his disciples came and stole him away, and if this comes to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you." This coming from Mr. Smith, the richest man in all the county, who will not believe it?

Many things he distorted, besides telling the old slander caterer absolute falsehoods. As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so this already condemned sinner, condemned in his own mind, did. He told the old tale-bearer that "she," meaning Mrs. Smith, "struck him first." Now this was a worse lie, if possible, than Ananias and Sapphira told. Mrs. Smith never had in all her life the least disposition to strike a husband. Her principles were so elevated, that all bickering and arguing in the wedded life was perfectly horrible to her. Hence her great taciturnity about family matters, and she could not have been excited to such an act as that by any or all the provocation the devil and all his angels could have charged on her. She would have fled, however, as she often did; got her bonnet and run off to the garden, or some other sacred spot to which she oft resorted, to meet with God, and leave the blast and tempest behind. Now this tale was as false or falser than when Satan said to Eve, "Thou shalt not surely die, but be as gods, knowing good and evil." Making God a liar, for He had said, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

Mrs. Smith had said, "Mr. Smith, you ought to be slapped for talking to me in that manner, when *you know you do not* believe it yourself." Words he said to her in a perfect hurricane of passion and satanic rage, such words as could never be written in a book, and such as were a scandal for even a decent negro to have said,—who are more given to vulgarity than any other race we ever knew,—much less a man who called himself a gentleman, and who *had* pro-

fessed the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus. And what else he said to the old preacher perhaps will never be known until the day when men shall be rewarded as their works shall be. But from the way the old scandal-monger spoke of the elder, and the way the old mistaken hypocrite carried himself towards this persecuted saint, we may *very charitably* suppose he made a good tale for himself, and said things that were detrimental to both Mrs. Smith and the preacher. Five or six months after he was heard to say at their next camp-meeting, by which time Smith, from the power of his own conscience, had become so ashamed of his conduct, when left to himself, that he quailed and turned pale if he came near those who knew the deed he had done. But old slander "*tales*" was heard to say, "*He wished to get Jerome Smith to go to the annual Conference and inform against this elder. Not but what he thought Sister Smith was as prudent and virtuous as any lady, but it did not look well in the preacher.*"

What did not look well, old brother Ahab? You had been about Napoleon Smith's as much as this elder ever had, or more; had sat up talking until two o'clock in the morning in her bed-room, Smith being present; and this was more than the brother elder ever had done. What had he done? Ah! don't you see? He had not given him the appointment of that circuit that year, and hence he pursues him with satanic malice. He was in the priest's office, and he wanted "to eat a piece of bread."

But, somehow, wicked as Jerome Smith might be, and as much as he had deserted the church of God, to which he had belonged over the river, in the good old State, and no matter how much he now might hate the people of God, and his sister-in-law in particular, because *he* could not break her spirit, yet he had a little too much honor to sell or lend himself to this dirty work, this foul play. His own

wife was the sister of his brother's wife, and what credit would he gain? He could gain none, unless he could establish, beyond a doubt, that his sister-in-law was not a correct woman; and that he knew he could not do, for he himself did not believe his brother, but thought him, when *he came* to himself and reasoned calmly and dispassionately, an insane fool.

Already there was much ado about this unjust act, and if it should come to the bar or pulpit, there would be a much greater stir. As it was, it raised the greatest fuss in earth and hell that we ever knew in these days, and still will be a greater before it is decided. Hell and earth strove hard for the mastery; but as heaven and heaven's king are stronger than them all, victory will be on that side,—the right side, the fair side. What! are there not enough of victims who are verily fallen, (poor creatures!) that these satanic bands could not be satisfied, but must select one of the purest, and best, and most virtuous of God's children, and set her up on high, falsely accuse her, and have these sons of Belial throw stones at her? Ah! but God did not choose that she should be killed, as Naboth was, when the insinuation was given by the hypocritical but nominal member of the church as Ahab was, like our old preacher also, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up; which parallel could not be carried out in the old preacher, that we ever knew of; for his wife, we suppose, was a good woman. But this time they failed killing Mrs. Smith, as Naboth was. And when we have thought of these two old fellows,—one we know a would-be libertine, (Smith,) sitting the one telling and the other believing or hearing tales as false as hell itself on those who were as pure as the angels of God, so far as fleshly lust was concerned,—we have felt that we could have crushed them into oblivion, where their names ought to be forgotten forever. There was one little listener to this

holy confab, else *it* might have been buried in oblivion until the great day.

O God! where art thou gone? why sleepest thou, Lord, over such foul doings? Thou that seest and knowest all hearts, how couldst thou suffer the innocent thus to be treated, and the guilty pass unpunished? Our very soul is harrowed up when we think of this matter. For Mrs. Smith no more believed, nor had any idea that *any one* could ever dare believe, any such thing of one so pure, so holy, so chaste, modest, and virtuous as she had ever been, than she believed God was Beelzebub, or that Beelzebub was God. In fact, this thought never came to her mind; her all-powerful innocence she thought sufficient guarantee to establish her, beyond doubt forever, a pure woman. In fact, she had ever been above suspicion where she was raised; and the devil would have had a funny time, if he had attempted such an attack on her good name where she had been best and longest known; but, as stated before, she was among people who knew not Joseph. And for reasons before stated, that of hearing that they were busybodies, and delighted to hear idle tales told of her from the negroes and children, she sought not their acquaintance. This they worked up as capital against her, — (“she was proud.”) Therefore would they rejoice in any calamity that befell her, for she knew there was no mortal on earth, in heaven, or the pit, *who could say* that he, she, or they had ever seen any departure from the purest life by her, and tell the truth. O cursed be such libidinous wretches, who can never see any character, no matter how transparent, only through their own beclouded, bedaubed, and bemired glasses of sin! their own hearts giving coloring to all they see, and, as they are as black as Satan ever dared to be, of course all they see partakes of the same hue.

This glorious news sped like wild fire through all that

settlement. Jerome Smith's family had set out for church, some went to Napoleon Smith's and returned home. Some went on to church. Why one man's abusing his wife should have created such a terrible ado, we never could see, unless it was as in the case of the Saviour of the world. She was so innocent and guiltless in all this matter that the very heavens were disturbed, and the heathen raged and imagined a vain thing; for she in very deed was crucified both in body and mind. For we bear testimony before God and high heaven, that if she had been murdered right out, it would have been better for her in this world than it was, as the thing existed then; for woe to any one when these Smiths rose up against them, (he or she,) true or false. They would get the better of the matter by lies and insinuations, for we are sure it *never, never* could have been done by fair play. The old negress, wicked as she was, said master would drop down into the pit before he would openly avow a wrong. If rightly represented, it could never have done her harm; but, on the contrary, must, most undoubtedly, have greatly exalted her in the eyes of all good people. Good people, indeed! we wonder where they dwell? in heaven? Ah, yes! not exactly about that section and region of country at that time. True, there were *some*; but they are ever, on this green earth, few and far between, like angels' visits. . . .

Jerome Smith's wife was one who returned from N. Smith's, and came where her sister was, while her husband remained with his brother, in great sympathy with him, no doubt, and glad in his heart that this unconquerable sister-in-law, in a little right doing, had got a beating; for he was an unjust man, and willing that she should be punished, because she would not be as they were, or how we cannot tell; for they pretended any thing but righteous things. As soon as she beheld her dear sister in bed sick, and

bruised up, she burst into tears, and wished that N. Smith had been dead.

And now, while the sisters are here in this mournful condition, let us turn our eyes to Smith's residence. It was situated in a somewhat wild country, and rather romantic in appearance. The house was built of hewn logs, such as are common in new countries. It consisted of four large rooms, two above and two below, with two brick chimneys, one at each end; three glass windows to each room below, and two apiece without glass to those above. About thirty paces from the western door was another house of hewn logs, with one brick chimney, which they called the dining-house; also where the larger boys of the house had their room, and lodged. A little farther south of this house was the well and kitchen, and to the south-east the gardens lay. On the north waved the long-leaved pine, the sound among the tops of which was like the roar of distant waters. On the east was an oak growth and a great variety of young trees and swamp evergreens, and on the south-east and south rolled a beautiful and pretty large creek; while on the west was the meandering, romantic branch spoken of before, from the banks of which ascending were hills and slopes of country almost mountain high.

In this domicile, surrounded by flowers, roses, shrubbery, and sweets of almost every kind of nature's productions planted by the hand of Mrs. Smith, sat these two brothers, meditating what? — peace? Ah, no! we guess not, else they would have had that all the time. But what they did meditate, God only knows, as it is impossible for us to know only a part. And what we do know was made known by many little things and words spoken. In that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, then we may know.

In this house, too, were the five children Mrs. Smith

called her own, and which she had up to this age raised. The oldest of the first wife's two youngest children, a girl of some ten or twelve years, her youngest son about nine or ten, Mrs. Smith's own eldest son about six, her second boy about four, and her own *only* little daughter about three years old; all these were wandering about hunting and calling for their ma like so many little stray partridges or chicks without the parent hen. For up to this time these children had seemed to love their mother better than any thing else on earth. The daughter, a sharp girl, was listening to everything that was said of her mamma. For a time Smith and his brother Jerome rejoiced over their triumph. Smith was heard to tell his brother that he wanted to get rid of his wife, and that he had given her only two or three licks so that he might effect this purpose, (it seemed he remembered her saying then, but what cared he for that?) and that he was now glad that she was gone. This he afterwards denied; but his own child (not hers) told it on him, however, and that without any making, this time at least; for what would she have cared for a vanquished stepmother now, if she had so minded to be against her? Was not her noble papa and all her brothers ready to be for her, and had not they all the power?

Some of the negroes that same night had gone over to Smith's eldest son's; for they were all nestled round their father on his plantation, watching what was going on, and planning destruction. So when *he* heard it, he gave glory to God, and bellowed as he had done at some of the camp-meetings before, and we fear shouted more than he will when the world is on fire, for we very much fear his shouting will be another way. Thus the wicked rejoiced over the fall, as they thought, of one of God's own children, a much abused one. But "rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; for when I fall, I shall rise again," was her lan-

guage, and all that day the peace of God as a river flowed through her soul. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Shortly after their holy confab at Smith's, Jerome returned, and called for his wife to go home from her afflicted, though glorified sister. For here we may be allowed to digress a little from the thread of the story, and say, in our opinion, this was her seal of martyrdom, here she received the crown that set her among the holy throng who had suffered for Jesus' name, and shed their blood. Her blood was verily shed from bruises of shoulder and feet, too. And may she not, in the day of righteous revelation from God, be able to look upon this scene, which, to earth, looked so dark, (and to some was the clouding and shrouding the heavens over her forever in this world,) as one of peculiar grace and glory, that she was counted worthy to suffer these things for her Saviour, and to enter into his glory. And oftentimes in reading that beautiful passage where the two disciples walked to Emmaus and were sad, Jesus said unto them, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have written, ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" would she feel it applied to her mind many long years after, though she did pass through many a dark valley and shadow of death, that she ought for her Saviour's sake to have suffered these things and enter into his glory. It sealed her with the crown of martyrdom; it set her among the saints who were beheaded for Christ's sake; it gave her deep fellowship with the sufferings of Christ; and Dr. Adam Clarke says, "He that is persecuted, or suffers persecution for the cause of Christ, is eminently honored of his Creator."

The poor little children, while their papa was engaged with their uncle, stole off, and ran to see their dear mother,

and told her all how they were doing and talking. Smith had threatened his daughter almost with death if she went to see her mother, when *he* knew she would do it at the risk of her life, such appeared to be her great attachment to this friend and guide of her youth. Some of the servants also stole off, and carried some of Mrs. Smith's clothes to her. Smith had not yet come to himself, nor was likely to do so, while under Jerome's influence.

Shortly after Jerome left, Mrs. Smith received the following lines from her yet savage husband.

"Mrs. GRACE SMITH:—I did not drive you off. You can return, if you see proper; and if not, I will settle a child's part on you during your lifetime. Send me word what you will do. I am sorry things have turned out so, but your *will* is my pleasure."

Recently got so, thought Mrs. Smith; *her will*, your will, your pleasure, indeed! if it had been so, even in a half-way justice on your part, this sad occurrence never would have astonished any person nor gladdened enemies. Insulting wretch! to add insult to injury and murder. To this *kind* epistle she made no reply; but her own mind was never, never, never, come what would, to return to him and his wicked family again, in which she had received every injury possible, even to bloodshed, and that from the hand of one called by the name of *husband*, a perjured man, who had sworn at God's altar to protect and shield her, instead of heaping reproach, contumely, and insult to the highest degree upon her devoted head. And then, as if to cap the climax, and fill up the hard bargain, to as good as murder her, and throw her under the hedge, to be worried and torn by all the wild boars, dogs, and vultures who might pass by and please to do so, from within his own borders, and as many more from the world as chose to join this holy company.

After awhile, seeing his beautiful note had not the desired effect, Smith began to come to himself a little, being, as we suppose, not yet quite damned. All sparks of feeling might not yet be gone—feeling for himself, at least; for we deceive ourselves, and she was deceived, as when she first married him, if we or she believed his relentings were for her or her sufferings. The sequel will prove that to demonstration, if we ever present that to our readers. However, he began to repent or misgive from some cause or other.

The little children, as their papa began to be busy with himself, and forgot to watch them, stole off to see their mother again, and remained with her all the afternoon. The daughter told her that on their return home in the morning, her father had scared her nearly to death,—threatened to kill her; for he knew she had gone over there just to tell her mother everything they said, and a pack of lies, too. Poor child! if she did, we think she had an apt teacher in her father. And need we wonder at some things which came to pass a few years after, in this child's conduct towards this poor mother? A brother of hers, too, had perhaps more to do with the change in this girl's mind towards this much wronged woman, who had always been not only so very "careful of this child," as her neighbor expressed it, but really did love the poor child as her own.

But why did *he* fear his child's telling his poor persecuted wife and her despised stepmother anything? Were they not kings? Why need he, or Jerome either, fear *anything*—especially anything they should say—being told such a woman as they were wont to make his wife appear? This is all mystery to us. And we shall not now undertake to solve it. The Sabbath night passed away. Mrs. Smith was still happy and trustful in God. The Holy Scriptures were her great support and comfort in the day of trouble.

She was possessed of the spirit that enables one to burn at the stake, and sing in the flames — “at midnight Paul and Silas sang praises to God.” She had some of Daniel’s spirit also — “cast me into the lion’s den, and I will still praise and pray unto my God as heretofore.” Some say that the opposition to the cross of Christ has in a measure ceased. Not a bit of it. It is as rank to-day as ever. The secular arm restrains these diabolions a little. But just give them that, as heretofore, and the blood of true Christians would flow as St. Stephen’s did, in the early ages of Christianity. See how many devices Satan helps his votaries to, by which to torture those who will not serve God and mammon together. This was one of his masterpieces of strategic policy, which he committed to his faithful general, or generals, as we might call these Smiths, who had departed from their God, and were serving their own lusts and malice. . . . Monday morning brought a new state of affairs. Smith had, during the Sabbath, in attempting to go up-stairs where *she* so oft resorted, fell on the steps, or pretended to fall ; had nearly fainted, it was said, under a sense of what he had done.

Jerome went over there again this morning, *his* wife having stopped with her sister. Presently, he returned with a note from his brother to Mrs. Smith, not daring to present it himself, for a more unpopular person on earth (to Mrs. Smith) could not have been sent on an embassy of negotiation than he was, for she considered him, if not the prime cause of all this matrimonial confusion, at least a great abettor to it. It was as if the hand of an assassin should hand a note to her. No, he should not come near her.

In our mind’s eye, we can see them all three now, — Jerome hastily riding on his fine gray mule, looking for all the world like a condemned man ; Mrs. N. Smith flying from the house, lest she might encounter his disagreeable pres-

ence; her sister pursuing her with the note in her hand. Mrs. N. Smith, at a safe distance from the house, got upon a stump, her sister still in pursuit, while, with a voice she hoped loud enough for Jerome to hear, she said, "Go off with your land, and all your property propositions. All the Smiths in the world have not money enough to buy me. Your land, away with it." For her sister had told her some of the propositions Jerome said his brother would make to his wife. And then she still continued speaking: "This eternal reference to a little property, my soul is sick of;" for Smith had worried her much; perhaps hundreds of times had said to her, "Just say the word, and I will make over everything I have in the world to you." And as oft would she reply that she *never* would do such a thing. "I never will wrong your children. I came not into the family to act unjustly, but expected to be called 'the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in;'" and now such everlasting wrangling and talking about property—I will not, away with it."

If Mrs. Smith had been a designing woman, she would have endeavored to please Smith alone, and let his children go. It was thought she had great influence over him. Be that as it may, if she could not influence him to do right, she *would not to do wrong*. But her sister still pursued her with the note, laughing, and reading in her mischievous and funny style, saying, "*Come here, my dear.*" Mrs. Grace Smith read it. It commenced as follows:

"MRS. GRACE SMITH:—My dear, it is my desire that you return home. If you will, I will send a horse for you."

Now, serious as the times were, the sisters could not refrain from laughing at this epistle. "Oh, mighty dear am I to you now," to be sure, thought Mrs. Smith.

Jerome returned to his quondam brother, and informed him of his unsuccessful embassy. Send some other mes-

senger, you foolish man, if you wish to succeed. There are none in all your crowd but what would be treated with the same scorn. So he came back to his wife, and said that Napoleon was as pale as death; and if Grace did not return, he believed he would be a corpse in less than ten days. No danger of that, my good brother, we guess. He is only afraid of the lawyers, and a lawsuit, and his own condition. He does not care two straws for the injured wife. This touched Mrs. Grace Smith's tender heart, though she did not wish to see him. His savage looks on Saturday night haunted her vision night and day.

One of the servant-women — the bad one — came over, and said, "Oh, Miss Grace, do come back; there are all your books and clothes hanging, and you absent; it seems as if you were dead!" An old faithful servant, when he saw how his mistress was beaten and bruised, the tears coursed down his manly cheeks as if she had been his own color, or his child. His wife, an old woman, came to strengthen her hands in God. And while she was talking to her mistress, and saying God was on her side, she looked towards home, and exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Grace, yonder comes master!"

Mrs. Smith looked and saw him, pale and white, haggard and frightful, come tilting as hard as he could walk, with his walking-stick in hand. He looked fearful to her. And away she flew out of the door through the back door, the backway opposite the road he was in, through an orchard in the rear of the house where she was. He came; some of the servants of the family on being asked told him which way she went. He bent his steps after her. She looked behind and saw him coming. She mended her gait, although very weak from exhaustion and fright, and ready to faint. Now she was entangled in some briars and ready to fall, but still *determined*, at the risk of her life,

he *should* not get to her, nor overtake her. She made for the road to which her way wended, or wound out to the west of the house. Again she spied him. She again quickened her pace. And now perceiving that, if she kept the straight road to the next house, he would most assuredly overtake her, she spied a little cabin in the woods, and taking the covert of some bushes that intervened between her and her pursuing foe, she turned aside with all her might, panting for breath, plunged into the house headlong, and fell on a bed more dead than alive.

The little cabin was the house of the overseer of the gentleman at whose house she had taken refuge. The woman of the house, being the only inmate there except a little child or two, exclaimed :

“Oh, Mrs. Smith, what is the matter?”

She told her in a few words, as she could gather breath and strength to speak.

“Are you so afraid of him as that, my dear madam? Why, you are as pale as a corpse!”

But she thus eluded his pursuit. He could not find her. Now the thought came into her mind while she was running from him, that if he could get to her, and she all alone, with that stick in his hand, he might beat her to death, and no one would ever know it. She had no better opinion of him at that time . . . But he failed, and went back home, which he had made desolate by his own brutality and violence; and she, after reviving sufficiently, returned to the house whence she had fled. Another one of her neighbors having sent for her, she went thither, and spent the remainder of that day and the night also with her. She still determined never to return to him. And while there she opened the Bible, and the name “Joseph” lighted on her mind, having caught her eye as soon as she opened the book. The comparison of that pure young man’s case to her own was too obvious

to pass unnoticed on this trying occasion. She derived divine consolation and support from it. The innocent and virtuous must suffer when in the hands of sinners, in the hands of the wicked. . . .

By this time Mr. H——, husband of the lady to whose house she first fled, had returned home, having been absent when this dreadful affair had taken place at his neighbor N. Smith's. He had ever seemed to respect Mrs. Smith for her superior good sense, and she and his wife were on the best of terms as kind neighbors. And while he was passing by Smith's, on his way to his daughter's, whither his wife had gone on account of her daughter being sick, Smith called to this gentleman, and asked him to use his influence with his wife to get her to return, saying, "He had done that in a mad fit, for which he wished his right hand or arm had been cut off to his shoulder before he should ever have done it," and added, "that when he got mad, he had no more reason than a mad dog."

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. SMITH'S RETURN.

JOSEPH was sold for a servant; his feet were hurt with fetters, he was laid in irons." That night passed and another day came; Joseph's name was still on her mind. The comparison was striking; it sent a thrill of holy delight to her soul. Without reading another word, she rejoiced. Joseph was imprisoned, and lay low with other accused culprits, all for a lie told on him. Her own mind and judgment was to go to the town, the county site of the adjoining

county, employ counsel, and get a bill of separation from Smith and all his unholy doings.

Mrs. Smith was entitled to this by his brutal violence alone, without the evidence of the long tissue of persecutions by the tongue, by the statutes of both States in which they had lived. And in this thought she seemed to derive comfort from the God of heaven. The Holy Spirit seemed to inspire and direct in this course. Not that we believe the God of heaven, or the Holy Spirit of God, countenances such courses for *everything*, even incompatibility of temper. Yet the Saviour of men said, "Moses," whom we know was God's law-giver, "suffered these things for the hardness of their hearts." Because the infinitely good One, the Father of all, saw that in *some cases* it was best for the poor, down-trodden woman that she should be separated from her cruel, tyrannical husband, than to dwell with him in eternal torment, or torment and torture so long as they both should live.* And we do think, after many years' experience and observation, when a being *called a man*, but who is not a man in God's sense of the word, at an early period of the married life begins to cut shines, and get up a dust about nothing in the world but his own distorted, false view of things, that right there and then, nine times out of ten, it is best for the poor woman that she separate from this brute of a man. Because, no matter how the thing is patched up, the same demoniac principle that caused him to act unjustly will cause it again. And farther on in life there may be others, their helpless offspring, to suffer besides themselves — always taking it for granted that one or the other of the married parties are innocent. For if both are guilty, the law acts as a bar upon them, considers them equal, and gives them no legal separation. A very proper law, we think, among many that are unjust towards the woman especially. That is, where our law-makers are biased by their own selfish

interest, and in decisions are influenced by the weight of the tyrannical husband's purse, or his ill-gotten evidence against his victim, as in the case of Naboth, against whom were suborned wicked men of Belial, who said and swore to things false, to get Naboth stoned to death.

Mrs. Smith thought the surest way of safety and peace to herself and her dear little ones, now in his power, was the justness of her cause and an appeal to the justice of the laws of her country. Of this Smith was afraid; hence his great anxiety to repossess her, and get her to return. He had a mortal dread of getting into the hands of the lawyers or the law; not so much a dread of law and lawyers, as for the sake of the dollars and cents. He had staked all, and had accumulated a pretty comfortable estate of negroes and lands; had made them his idols; and whatsoever a man loves most, to that he will cling with the greatest tenacity. He had some dread of public scandal; but that he could soon waive by putting it all on his hapless, helpless victim, not considering the reproach equal, or even thinking or caring what bearing it might have upon his children. Blind man! "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He had sown to the wind, and was now reaping the whirlwind.

Mrs. Smith told Mrs. W—— what she thought of going to town. "Oh," said she, "he will think you will *ruin* him, if you go there."

Well, if he were ruined, it was his deserts and not hers, he and he alone had brought it on himself. In her hands, if let alone, it would have been very different.

Twice had it been said that she would ruin others by leaving them. Self-preservation, the first instinct of nature, ever presents itself first with what is best for us to do. It is a law in our very natures and souls, that is like the best of lawyers, ever on the watch-tower or lookout for us, to

guard us from our enemies. And if from cowardice, or policy of others, or unwise advice of others, which amounts to the same thing as policy, for if others who are our true friends, as the good lawyer is, give us advice at all, it is for our best interests. And they weigh well the matter before advice is given. Others, perhaps, wish not to be obnoxious to the adverse party, or have *some* latent interest in us, which they are afraid they might lose, if they advised the way we wish. There is some selfishness mixed up with their motives. Or they may not be apprised of the depths of our wrongs, and hence should withhold their advice. Especially, if they know we have not suspected them enough to discern their flimsy garment of sophistry, of pretended friendship—interested friendship; or their utter incapability of giving advice in our case. But this does not suit their purpose. They wish us to remain blind to their real motives. . . . Self-immolation had been her portion all these days and years past, and now must she, for the sake of her awfully selfish husband (or he who had been), be still further sacrificed on the altar of his lust and ambition, under the semblance of contrition for his conduct? True contrition being entire reformation and restitution, where anything has been taken away by detraction and false accusation. Alas! there was none of this spirit *truly* about him this time, though it might have that appearance to other eyes than those of Mrs. Smith's, who had been behind the scenes. We have heard of bed-curtain lectures. Of these she had had line upon line, and precept upon precept, until she wished no more. Her very soul loathed these scenes. And would he desist from a lifetime practice now? Did she not know the voice and language of wounded arrogance too well to think his repentance genuine?

While still at Mrs. W——'s, in the afternoon Mr. H—— and his wife both came with a message from Smith to his

wife. One of his sons had come. Poor fellow! called an imbecile in the family, but one who had more grace to treat Mrs. Smith well than any of the other and older boys, who *thought* they were wiser than this their brother. He offered all that he was worth, poor fellow, if Mrs. Smith would return. But she had soon sent him away, telling him to leave her alone.

Mrs. W—— said, “Well, Mrs. Smith, I think you could plead your cause very well, judging from your eloquence to that poor boy.” This lady never took it upon her to advise Mrs. Smith, but was truer in her friendship than many that did.

Mrs. Smith had felt a cloud overshadow her mind, as her faith began to waver from hearing so *many messages* from mistaken friends. And immediately after dinner came the chief one. Mr. H—— and his wife had come by Smith’s on their return from their visit to their daughter. Smith had feigned himself sick, and perhaps was really so, and told Mrs. H—— that he expected to die soon; and that it was very heart-rending to hear the little children going over the house calling for their mother, especially the only little girl Mrs. Smith had; “and,” said Mrs. H—— to her, “he requested me, as if it was the last word he had to say, to beg you, if you please, to return, if it was but to see him die, and that he will *never* treat you amiss again. That he made this request because he knew Mrs. H—— had more influence with his wife than any one else in the neighborhood.” Look at the cunning of the man, even when pretending to die. Wonder if Mrs. Smith was to return, how long it would be before he would forbid her visiting the old lady; would be jealous of her sons, or even of the old man? But this kind old gentleman did not know this, and told Mrs. Smith what Smith had before said to him of his conduct; “and although,” said he, “he has done so wrong, he

flung the tears from me in a hurry; and now, my dear madam, if you can return, do so. The Lord God of heaven is able to redress your wrongs, and he will do it."

Mrs. Smith was overwhelmed. Her sympathetic nature was touched. Yet she could not have much confidence in his repentance, knowing better than any one else his former freaks, and frequent changes from bad to good, and from good to bad again. Yet the idea of his being prostrated on a bed of sickness affected her kind, generous, forgiving heart, as it should not have done; for his sickness was *only* feigned, and it needed only her presence to arouse him from that bed, and ere long the demon would return, and he be returned to his wallowing in the mire, and be studying some more diabolical mischief in his brain with which to torture his victim. The only trouble now was that the bird was out of the foul cage. But her plan was (and a good one, too), that if she ever returned, before she would again trust herself in that unjust family,—inasmuch as by his violence he had made the thing public (for had he not said to his brother he wished to get rid of her, and therefore had given a few licks?)—if he did not wish a legal investigation, of which he stood in so much awe, as it had been about the preachers, and the more innocent ones especially, that he should now call a company of these together, and before them, and before the world, so far as the news had gone, both by written and oral declaration, make a public confession of his wrong; right her before *all* men, and ask pardon, not only of her, which could be done in a corner, as had been done a thousand times before, but perhaps denied if he thought proper. But as public as this thing was, so public should be his recantation. The law of restitution demands it, and woe be to the man or woman who has sinned against another that does not make haste and fulfil this law. He or she shall be bound down in prison, nor

shall they ever come forth until they have paid to the uttermost farthing. Oh, if we had injured another in mortal life, we would make haste, as from the windy storm and tempest, to make restitution. Zaccheus said, "If I have taken anything away from any man by false accusation, I restore *him* fourfold." How was this man to restore Mrs. Smith fourfold? It was impossible; inasmuch as money can never be put in competition with one's good name. "A good name is to be preferred to gold or silver." "He that steals my gold, steals trash. It is something, it is nothing, and has been servant of thousands, but he that takes my good name from me, takes that that cannot enrich him, but leaves me poor indeed." An impoverished creature, indeed, is a dear, good woman deprived of her good name. It is her royal diadem. In it the stars of virtue and goodness, modesty, and real worth outshine all the gems and costly pearls that ever glittered in the crown of royalty. It is far more brilliant; yea, it is more brilliant than the royal king of day in all his splendor, for is it not said that the righteous shall outshine the sun?

But to return. The kind old gentleman again told her what Smith had said. How he wished "his arm had been cut off to his shoulder before he had ever raised his hand against his wife;" and how wrong it was. "Yet, my dear madam, if you can return, please do so." Then, again, Mrs. H—— said, "Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith appealed to me, in his distress, to speak in his behalf, because he said he knew you had more confidence in me than any one else in the neighborhood." (Mistaken confidence, we fear.)

And now the clouds began to gather about Mrs. Smith. Her dear mother was away. Her own sister, Jerome's wife, had sent word to her, by the good old servant, to please to return; that she would rather see her in her grave than that she should be thus situated — going from one neighbor's

house to another. This was Jerome's voice and version. Do we, need we, wonder at it? She had visited but two neighbors besides the little house in which she fell when running from Smith. And which was the more pleasing sight before God and man? a man, or a creature called a man, beating his wife; or that wife taking refuge from his violence in a house or two? Judge ye! We think the latter far more pleasing. But these Smiths could not stop people's tongues. And they dreaded so much the getting abroad of the true version of the case.

But Smith's stratagem of being sick, and the thought of her poor little children, especially the little baby girl, influenced Mrs. Smith. She had not yet found out to its depths the deep deception of Smith's heart. How could she? For when she repented, it was always sincere repentance. How else could she judge of another? Though she had doubts of him, yet, as this was a desperate case, a desperate wrong, might it not be a godly repentance? She rose up, and nobly resolved to go to him because he was sick, and because of her little children. Still, it was against her own mind and judgment on the subject.

An enemy of hers might say, — one of Saul's house, — "I wonder what would have become of her, if she had not returned." We venture to say, dear enemy, if she had not returned, but asserted her rights and privileges as a human being, a free being, that the God of heaven would have made a way for her escape, and that of her dear children, better, sooner, and altogether more endurable than that which she submitted herself to by going again among all the enemies ever she had in her life. True, the Red Sea was before her and Pharaoh's hosts behind; but God was for *her*, and all that she would have had to do would have been to believe God instead of these evil counsellors, and gone forward trusting in Him. She had a lawyer friend in the

town referred to, of whom Smith had not known, we presume, one who had known her in the town of S——, when of unsullied popularity. Had he known of this man, we guess he would have been more uneasy than ever. But Mrs. Smith had been so long in bondage, first under inebriation from a father, and then of this cruelly, unjust jealous husband, that her mind was somewhat like the children of Israel under similar circumstances. She knew not that God had intended now to deliver her. She saw no Moses, and hence her faith wavered. She was not as strong as Abraham in that grace. But if she could have been left alone, this would have been her course, even if she went to see the sick man, and left again. But yielding her own judgment again, to her own detriment, she, in company with two or three ladies, and the old gentleman spoken of before, rode over to Smith's residence. Oh, how changed everything! There were her cotton patch and her orchard, no longer possessing any interest or beauty for her eyes. And when they got to the threshold of Smith's residence, some obnoxious persons were within; some enemies of hers, for whom Smith had sent during her absence because he, poor fellow, was sick. How sick? Of the devil and sin. Ought not Mrs. Smith to have known by this how the thing stood, and what he was after? Why did she not fly again and leave him to these to hug to his soul forever, and leave her alone? As it was, while they remained, she would not enter the den of the lion. She went off, highly insulted, and sat on the fence that ran towards the little branch. As she passed, the good cook said :

"Miss Grace, do, if you please, remain at home."

"Let me alone," she replied. "You know not what I have suffered."

The kind old gentleman followed her and begged her to return.

"Mr. H——," said she, "you, nor any other mortal, know nothing of the thousandth part I have suffered from this family. And then, in my absence, to send for those whom he knows would have me killed, if they dared! And did she not slander my own sister, her uncle's wife, and her own husband? No, I will not return while they are in that house; I will die first. They shall not have everything their own way with me, their victim."

What else she said we do not remember. By this time she had waxed eloquent, being fired up by the sight of those designing persons. But when they left, she went in; the old gentleman all the time trying to persuade her, which this time had not much effect; for she never would have returned if they had remained. Smith was lying on his back on the bed in their room, apparently very sick. As soon as he saw his wife, he turned hastily to her, and said:

"Come here, my dear. I have treated you very meanly. Will you forgive me? God has forgiven me."

So much calling "my dear" on this black occasion! We are not sure God forgave him. We are of a different opinion. Nor do we think it is forgiven yet, because never repented of in the right manner. And no restitution was ever made. Meanly is a poor word for his treatment. If he had said "murderously," it would have been more definitely the true word. Perhaps he had no proper sense of the atrocity of his deed. If he had, he did not have grace to properly acknowledge it. Acknowledge, indeed! The veritable old servant of a former chapter said, "Before master would publicly acknowledge this wrong, he would drop down into hell. I knows 'em, Miss Grace; needn't tell me! they'd a great deal sooner beat you for telling the everlasting truth than to acknowledge they'd done wrong." And we found the old negro told about the true tale, the true way of their doings. . . . And then, when she was within his unholy walls again, he began to arouse in a moment of time.

The language of wounded pride was certainly his, for he began to tell how popular he had been in a county of the old State where he had formerly lived. How, when constituted an officer in that county, his neighbors and friends flocked around him, and almost pulled him off his horse. This was long before the tocsin of war was ever sounded in our own country, and he was made an officer of the militia. But what that circumstance had to do with his present conduct, we could not see, unless he was recounting how popular he once had been, and now how fallen! But be of good cheer, Mr. Smith. Whipping your innocent wife won't damn you here, if it does in another world. He talked on, however, in this strain, while the company remained. All were in tears but Mrs. Smith. She knew the sound too well, and again had misgivings. Of one thing she was sure—he would *never* raise hands against her again. But she was doubtful of him otherwise.

As soon as their company left, Smith got up from his sick bed. He was well now. He had got the bird back again in the cage. Poor, fluttering heart! It mattered not to him now that *she* shed no tears while he was glorifying himself, and telling of former popularity, while all the others were shedding tears at hearing his words. Never mind, poor heart, you will have plenty to shed for yourself and your children in time.

Smith could not do enough, it seemed. He told Mrs. Smith how he had fainted, and fallen upon the steps on the Sabbath; and, being eager to have the bed made on which he had been lying, did not, or would not, wait for the servant-girl to be called in to attend to it, but lifted the bed off himself, stirred the under bedding, and made it all up nicely, so that his rescued victim might rest from her great fatigue and weariness of body and mind. Ye gods! not much rest will she get on that befouled bed; for is it not

like a bird befouling his own nest, to speak of private matters, and then run wild to get the mate-bird to the filthy nest? But what cared he for that, so he repossessed the bird?

For nearly nine long years had Mrs. Smith as much as possible kept this infernal injustice of Smith, about others, to herself—locked within her own breast. And if it had not been for his insane and very reprehensible imprudence, it would have *forever* remained there, or descended to the grave with her, and gone into the other world, with her lips sealed on this subject. So little was it known, that persons without were perfectly astonished—persons who had seen them together, and thought they esteemed one another so very much. This was indeed true on her part—so long as she could excuse and forgive his private injuries and abuses. But after the thing through him got out, which she had so sedulously guarded, especially from her foes of the household, how could she, if she could help it, let *them* know that their father was thus daily and nightly torturing her, when, if they did know it, they would rejoice over it, and make it twofold more difficult to get obedience from the servants already slack in their duty, when headed by these willing allies in an insubordinate family? The father, the son and daughter, and servant, were all too much for one poor little woman. But now Smith and the devil had got it out, and she was not righted. She had always determined that at some future day, in God's own time, her version of the story should go abroad through all the earth. And let him *who dares*, contradict it. Who will own such a sire as Smith? We know no such man. And yet all this tale is as true as the sun ever shone—but the name. But there was a real name, and it could be given, if necessary.

We have, during our progress through these pages of sorrow, often reverted to the conduct of gentlemen—of the

treatment of some towards woman. Shall we paint our ideal of a *man*? man made in the image of his Maker? We cannot have all tall men, unless physiology was more attended to — as the wise husbandman pays attention to and selects the seeds that are to bring him the finest productions. But we would have our ideal full five feet ten inches, or six feet. Tall and manly, massive brow, and powerful intellect. It matters not so much whether he has a ruddy, fair skin, as a fair heart. He must rank among white people, however, as we have no fancy for the sable color — though his honest cheeks might be bronzed by the sun of heaven, and yet be glorious to look upon in our eye. He must be *noble* in every pulsation of his heart. Magnanimous and brave. Brave enough to do right under all circumstances. We care not if he is a philosopher, a lawyer, a prophet, a priest, or a minister of the gospel, a merchant or mechanic, or day-laborer, or sailor on the mighty deep, or a lord. But *he must* be a Christian. And if a husband, one who had knowledge enough to view the marriage relation in its true sense; would love his wife — as Christ loved the church — enough to lay down his life for her, if necessary. Anticipating all her wants and wishes, sure of having his own anticipated in return. A man whose whole delight, next to his Maker, is *his* wife. Who ever looks upon her as the joy of his life, the light of his eye, and pride of his heart. Yea, happy is that man that is in such a state. There is so much more that might be said of this man, language would fail us to describe him. He is like the cedars of Lebanon. He is like the angels. He is like the good God, the great Father. He looks down with smiles upon his loved ones, and beautiful is his glorious face — reflection of his Maker. He looks, and imparts happiness and bliss in all his household. None grow sorrowful and gloomy on beholding him. But the beatitude

of his manly, godlike face spreads light and sunshine all around. The tread of his feet is music in one pair of ears at least, and mayhap in many others, if there are little ones to share the joys of this image of a father made of God. Thus high is he in our picture-gallery. And what woman would not worship such a man as this next to *her* God, her Maker?

The reverse of this character of man is already painted in the hero of these pages — Smith. Well, do you now want our description of the good woman — the whole woman? We can hardly describe her. The good man can sooner find her than we can fully depict her. As is the man, so is the woman. She must be everything that is noble, great, and good. The Scriptures are replete with her picture. The thirty-first chapter of Proverbs contains a beautiful painting of her. Sarah, of old Testament memory, is held forth as a model to us, in obeying Abraham, calling him Lord. The only objection we have to Abraham is that of his obeying Sarah to the spoiling of the peace of the family, in the case of Hagar. And, consequently, we do not consider Sarah as perfect a sample as we might find in this century. Glorious things are spoken of the women of Zion, and much praise do they deserve in this day and time. But not those who are so graphically described in the third chapter of Isaiah. “Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion. . . . In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the

tablets, and the earrings, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well-set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty. . . . And she being desolate shall sit upon the ground."

Have we not suffered enough? Why invoke any more curses upon devoted heads by folly and vanity? During the late war that swept over our country like a whirlpool of destruction that had drawn within its dread vortex all our interests, our daughters vowed they would no more wear those goods coming from whence they considered all their troubles came. No sooner was the war over, than those very daughters *vied* with one another to see who could pile the most of this costly finery on. Beautiful silks, three yards long in some cases, to trail the ground in the dust. And we have heard of one-thousand and three-thousand dollar dresses for some of our daughters. And on one occasion we saw the nodding of a plume, half-way down to the shoulders of a lady, in a place where hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of the sister womanhood were almost starving for bread. We mentally said, Will she plough the fiery deep for these gewgaws, and let her sister woman perish almost at her door?

What does all this bespeak? A mighty sore, an ulcer, a deadly-eating cancer somewhere. Some people think cancers can never be cured. Well, then, are our daughters gone? It is not for us to regulate or dictate the dress of a nation. But while a nation is under a curse already, does it behoove it to riot in luxury and pride, and let their fellow-beings suffer for the very necessities of life? And

would it not have been more in accordance with good taste alone, for us to have paid more attention to essential points, and left superfluous ones alone? Would it not have recommended itself to our Maker? We talk not of the proud oppressor. We would not humble ourselves to him, but to our Maker? Tasty dress and neat dress, by all means, but none of your Alps and Atlas mountain heights heaped upon our poor frail bodies, to the utter disfigurement thereof, an offence in the sight of heaven, and, if the smell of earth goes up to heaven instead of sweet, a stink; because in this pile of finery may be the blood and bones of some of those hated ones whom God has left here to try your virtue by. "The poor ye have always with you; but me ye have not always." Especially those Judases who have the bag of money, and keep what is therein, and are *mighty* zealous for the poor when it comes to giving to Christ, which He considers Himself. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." This subject alone is inexhaustible. Our digression, therefore, will be too long, and hence we hasten on. There is not much more to be said, as we are verging to the close of our story for the present.

There are one or two more characters, however, we wish to advert to. First, that of the bachelor—the old bachelor, as he is styled. He is called an enemy to his country, because he has not married, and reared up children. He is an honor to his country, because he has not married, and raised up such children as some with which our country is cursed. He is a brave man, because he has chosen to suffer alone, rather than bring some good woman into suffering, and because he has not married as Smith did, and buried one wife in the prime of her life, and then tried to abuse another to death.

Second, the single woman. How heroic she is, to be and

continue all alone, treading her solitary way through life, rather than marry an uncongenial brute of a man to be misused all her life, and not only suffer herself, but have her helpless offspring in such a condition that they must suffer also. We do not mean the ordinary suffering that comes to the lot of all mankind, but those extraordinary troubles that grow out of the unbridled passions of mankind, such as jealousy and drunkenness, and a host of others that might be named that come of legalized prostitution; for where a man acts the brute towards the woman he marries, it is legal prostitution. We can make nothing less of it. It is not marriage as God intended it.

And now, dear reader, we will prepare to bid you good-by for a time. At some future time, if it is deemed suitable, and we have opportunity, we will present the sequel of this Bread of Heaven, and Husks of Swine; or the Curse of Jealousy to you. We have touched on some points of interest, as they occurred to us in our progress through these pages, and now hasten to take our leave of Smith and Mrs. Smith for the present. We have heard of the widows of China being burned on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands while the warm blood still coursed through their veins. What is that to the torture both of body and soul, to a fine mind, for many, many long years? In our future work we expect to glance over seven long years after this sad affair, to which the torture Mrs. Smith had borne before was as but a drop. How he, Smith, falsified his word. How he let her be persecuted to death (death of happiness!) without ever manfully clearing up the matter. Oh ye Smithfield fires of England! what are your flames compared with what she bore? Ye torture and, in truth, consume your victims' bodies in a few moments, or hours at most, but she was kept burning for seven long years without consuming, until death put a stop to any further persecutions

from him, and left those that he had educated for the purpose, to continue the perpetration, and complete what he had begun. In all this the smell of fire was not on her, for the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego was with her. And although much distressed about him when he died, and sorrowing to see him die, and sorrow for herself and little ones,—for a glance through the vista of the future foretold, in part, what she would suffer,—yet the word of God came in this hour of distress as a visiting angel, and said to her, “The heavens do rule.”

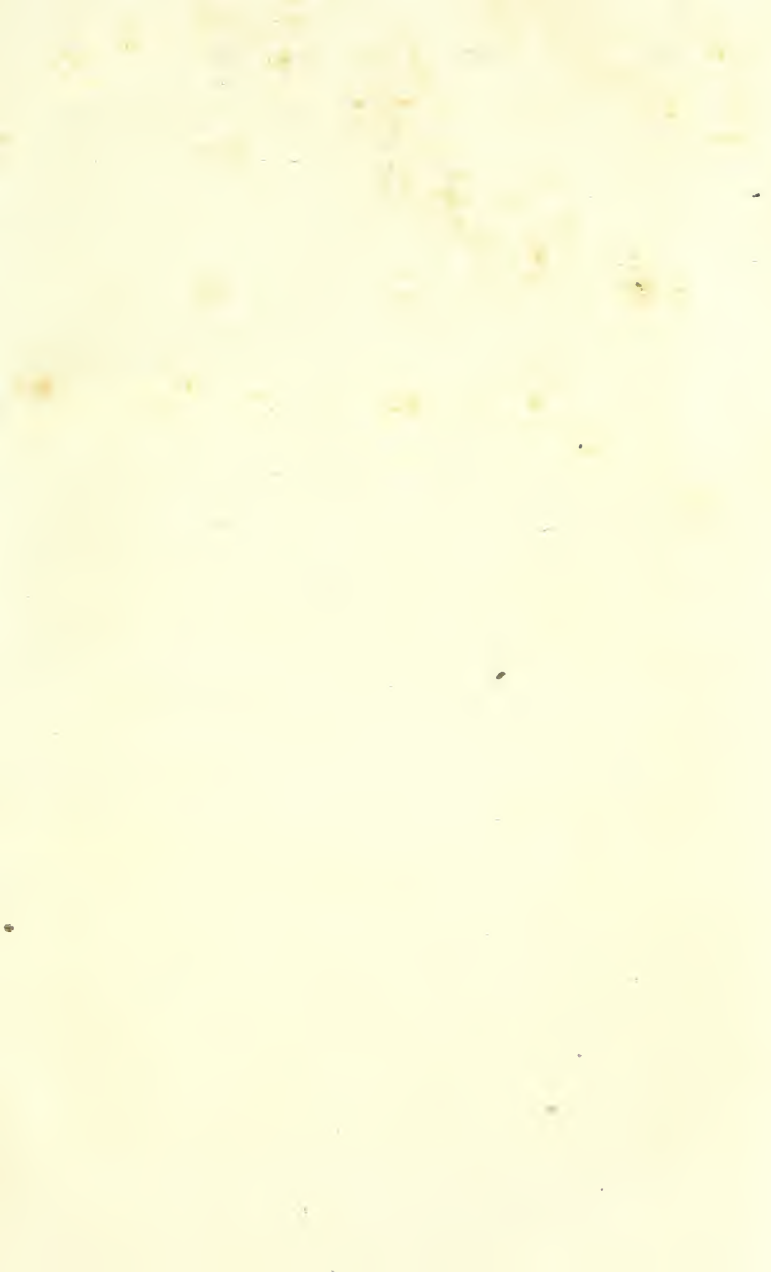
All her lifetime she had wished for some blessed, congenial spirit to love with all the ardor of her heaven-born and heaven-bound soul, and to be beloved in return. And this sad life Smith had led her was *the return* she met with in his embraces, and that of his unholy family. And, oh, we could this day weep over all the sorrows of mortal life till we shed tears of blood, if it would avail anything. Yet are the embers of hope in our breast. For we repose on the bosom of God, and expect, with longing eyes stretched forth, to see the promise of God that the wicked *shall cease* from troubling and the weary shall find rest. She is still looking upon high to see if “the heavens do (indeed) rule.”

All this horrid treatment of Smith towards his wife, briefly sketched in the foregoing pages, was often rehearsed by him to his wife in private. And he would always say that he believed her to be as pure as an angel in heaven; and that he did not think there was such another woman on earth so pure, so holy; and he was sure he never loved one so well before. Pity the one he loved less then. He assigned as a reason for his jealousies that he did not think any man could see her without loving her. And to be in her company, he thought her absolutely irresistible. And he did not wish any one to see her but himself, *lest he might love her*. How he deceived himself. Love, true love, works

no ill to another. But in this case the cup of matrimonial bliss was put to his lips by his gracious and divine giver of every good and perfect gift, (for a good wife is from the Lord,) and, like an infuriated and infatuated madman, *he dashed it away from him*, and in ten thousand pieces broke the precious vessel, and let the blessing slip. . . . She baptized all her sorrows with tears, and still lived on and hoped on. "Hope on, hope ever," is a favorite motto, nor will it be extinct while the vital spark remains in the mortal tenement. A burning bush not consumed — a living martyr, that will not die till called for; from whose holy ashes, Phoenix-like, we are looking for and hoping much and great happiness to arise. "I am as a wonder unto many," (said she,) "but thou art my strong refuge. *Thou*, who hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side." Thus shall it be with the man or woman who makes the Lord his trust.

KATE MURRAY.

THE END.





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Bread of Heaven and

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